THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

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SELECTED AND TRANSLATED
WITH A PROLEGOMENON

by

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THE PROLEGOMENON

The Greek Anthology, first collection of verse so called, contains some four thousand epigrams, the flower-drift from the centuries that betided between the ancient wars of Greece against Asia and the final collapse of the Byzantine Empire, whereby the Turks finally avenged Marathon and Salamis. Epigrams they are called, though many are above and some are below the modern meaning of the term. Landor, the most classical of northern barbarians, referred to "those exquisite Idyllia, those carvings as it were on ivory or on gems, which are modestly called epigrams by the Greeks".

Many a silver pitcher has been lowered by many a purple cord into these gathered fountains of Hellas, and this attempt will not be the last to dredge that ancient but sweet-smelling deep. This collection is for the many, the "*polloi*", who know no Greek nor why they are so called, but would as gladly fathom the content and sample the savour of the Anthology as a periphrase of Dante or synopsis of the Rubáiyát or reading of the Song of Songs. Keats discerned Homer through Chapman's translation like a new planet swimming into ken, and the first reading of the Greek Anthology should be a manner of breaking the Milky Way upon eyes unaccustomed to the telescope. The Epigrams read distantly from our civilisation, but a little modern dress brings some of them deliciously home. Rhyming translations into English have not been happy, though scores have tried; but where even Prior or Shelley failed to fly, it becomes pardonable to take the pedestrian trail. Mackail's selection gives English readers the nearest idea of what a Greek Epigram could be and his exquisite collection is in prose. Once only was an Epigram translated into something equally wonderful in English verse, when William Cory of Eton College sublimated Callimachus' lament for Heraclitus. Few poems are better known from his book called *Ionica*. It is interesting to compare it with the bald but not less beautiful original given on page 113—

> They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
> They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.

I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

With Simonides the Greek Epigram reached an immediate height, to which it never reascended, but the decadence of Alexandria and Constantinople was strewn with the intellectual and the ingenious. The nearest parallels to Simonides in English have been Tennyson's Epitaph on Sir John Franklin, Wordsworth's cry for Lucy, Walt Whitman's stanza on President Lincoln. Housman's Army of Mercenaries, Landor's Rose Aylmer, Dryden's Milton and Kipling's Sleepy Sentry are Greek epigrams in other manners.

Of all collections of translations the best for the struggling reader is the Bohn Anthology, which provides the poetical transfers side by side with stark and literal renderings in prose, and often keeps the savour of the Greek invariably lost in all metrical translations.

The translations in this book are not always literal when they attempt the impressionism of the original. Changes of phrase in English sometimes save points from the Greek. Lucky words or surnames sometimes carry over the jest or pun; by translating, for instance, Tryphera by Delysia or Parmenis by Constance. Sometimes the jest can be made easily, when Greek words have already been borrowed by English word-makers, for instance in the Epigram about *sandal* and *scandal*. The Greek word has sometimes been carried into the rendering and the reader can smack the sound, if not the full sense, of the Greek. He is of course fortunate if he obtains either in a translation. Greek words, which look like alabaster amid Anglo-Saxon clays and granites, have been retained, as *glaucous*, *ikon*, *demiurge*, *kudos*, *pathos*, *picric*, *lithic*, *daedal*, *eidolon*. *Hydropot* for teetotaller, and *angel* for messenger are irresistible. Ben Jonson found it so in applying "angel" to the swallow. For these reasons this collection may be found suggestive in Academies and places where they teach

Greek for examinations. Quite apart is the fact that the Anthology runs the gamut of all known Greek from the classical marble of Simonides to the Alexandrian daintiness of Callimachus and the powerful pathos of the Byzantine Palladas, the last champion of Paganism. The Anthology is like a Mediterranean Breviary drawn from such scattered writers as Leonidas of Tarentum, Theocritus of Syracuse, Antipater of Sidon, and Meleager of Gadara, that sweetest erotic writer of antiquity. The Hellenic deities have been Latinised for the sake of the man in the street and Greek words retained in modern script for the same reason.

In making a single volume of selections, hundreds have been omitted as dull or indecent or repetitious. Many daring and unmoral Epigrams have been retained with a goodly balance from Christianised Hellenism. In dealing with the Erotic, a frank cleavage has been made between the natural and unnatural. It is too late in time to explain why the Greeks attributed so much romance to the love described in Scripture as passing the love of women. Many a flashing line and winged word cover legitimate hero-worship or joyous admiration for youth in the Anthology, but the section entitled "*Stratonis lusus puerilis*" cannot be accounted blameless. Too many Epigrams therein had better been tied to a mill-stone and dropped into the sea—"Better never published or never written", said the sage Lord Neaves in his summary of the Anthology. A certain number, however, can be salvaged for modern readers by the accident that they were originally inspired by passion for women, who, like some modern actresses, had taken the names of boys. A few Epigrams have been omitted owing to corruption of text rather than of morals. Many passages would embellish Proverbs and Ecclesiastes in Holy Writ and some have the *naïveté* of a saying of Christ. The Greek Anthology links the centuries. The final editor of the Anthology was Planudes, a monk and ambassador of Constantinople in the Fourteenth Century, and he severely eliminated the lewd. A century and a half later the Planudean text was printed. A century and a quarter passed before Salmasius, the Renaissance Chatterton, discovered the unexpurgated text in the Palatine Library at Heidelberg. Even so, the Planudean is needed to

make a complete collection, for it contains nearly 400 Epigrams unknown to the richer treasure of the Palatine. The Palatine Manuscript was captured in the Thirty Years' War and presented by the Bavarian Archduke to the Holiness of Gregory the Fifteenth, whence the quintessence of Paganism became known as the *Codex Vaticanus*. It is curious that the French invaded Italy during the actual publication of the Planudean with the result that the dedication to Peter Medici was cancelled by Lascaris, the affrighted printer, while during later wars, before Jacobs could finish his edition, the Palatine had been carried away by the Holiness of Pius the Sixth in the face of another French invasion. It was wrested by Napoleon from the Pontiff and transferred to the suitable setting of Paris, but after Waterloo it ceased to be the *Codex Parisianus* and was returned to Heidelberg.

Lascaris printed the *editio princeps* in Florence from the Planudean as a work of art with the statement that Planudes "had less arranged than mutilated and castrated the book by subtracting the more lascivious epigrams to his own glory but that his merit in so doing must be left to others to judge". However, the omission of the purely lascivious does not entail a castrated book, and the present collection makes a stronger appeal to the masculine than to the effeminate, for this collection is not to garnish a scholar's study or to make a grammarian's holiday, but for the man in the street, the woman at home, the country gentleman, the traveller, the mourner and the cynic, the preacher and the lover, the moralist and the poet, the journalist and the *littérateur*.

This translation is based on the text of the Loeb Classical Library, which again was based by Mr. W. R. Paton on Jacobs and Stadtmüller. But variant readings have been taken frequently from the French text of Didot.

The Synopsis following will give a brief survey of the different Books in the Anthology, but not all the Epigrams alluded to will be found in the subsequent translations, which amount to 1325 out of the 4150, roughly, which are translated in the Loeb edition. Mackail's selection contains exactly 500, of which one half will be found in this collection.

SYNOPSIS OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Book One gives the later Christian Epigrams precedence, "even though the Pagans are displeased", says the scholiast's note. They are chiefly inscriptions from Byzantine Churches written in far-away centuries when the Catholic Church spoke not Latin but Greek. The first is from Sancta Sophia, and Claudian, the first poet named, opens with a mosaic-like rhapsody to the Saviour. The quaint bartering with the Saints, which opened Bazaar in Heaven, finds early examplar in Studius, who exchanged a Church for a Consul's wand. An epigram on an Archangel's Ikon summarises the Iconoclastic Controversy. Others read like translations of Crashaw. The Greek Hades becomes Hell or Limbo, and like a new Hercules Christ descends to chain Cerberus and harrow Hell. Many are inscriptions on pictures.

Book Two is devoted to the Epigrams of Christodorus of Thebes, who tediously described the statuary in the great Gymnasium of Zeuxippus at Constantinople in the style of a Greek Baedeker. There is little rift of music in the dully beaten bronze. The gallery includes such classical types as Caesar and Plato and Hermaphroditus. The latter was a bisexual statue of the type that puzzled antiquity and of which the Louvre copy inspired the saddest and sincerest of Swinburne's songs.

Book Three contains the Epigrams devoted to signal instances of filial piety. From the verses the statuary, which two brothers erected to their mother, may be guessed. Sons slay their stepmother. An angry father blinds the sons who object to infidelity to their mother. Ulysses meets his mother in Hades and Dionysius leads his to Heaven. The Book may be called the apotheosis of the Fourth Commandment.

Book Four contains the prefaces to the original collections. Famous is the Wreath of Meleager associating a flower with each poet, a vine-twig for Simonides, a crocus for Erinna, a myrtle for Callimachus "and the golden bough of the divine

Plato". Unto Sappho were signalled "few flowers but roses". The Wreath of Philip introduced the latter writers. Agathias the Scholastic supplied the final Byzantine preface chiefly in panegyric of the Emperor Justinian. Agathias divided the Epigrams under the headings of Art, Death, Fortune, Satire, Venus and Bacchus, which certainly cover a wonderful diapason. Agathias concluded: "Neither Plato nor Homer take pride in colour or monument but in wisdom alone and not in the emptiness of images".

Book Five contains the famous Erotic Epigrams with all the lamps, garlands and metaphorical panoply, which the lovers and poets of all ages since have inherited. The fierceness of the true Venereal flame is equalled by the poetic scorn for the Venal goddess, who could be bought and sold. In this Book Meleager makes good his claim to be the supreme love poet of Greece. His passionate utterances steam like bonfires of wine-scented incense. His extravagant reproaches and despairs ring sincerely under covering of that heroic hexameter, which to Mackail can equally convey "the sigh of a lover or the lament over a perished Empire".

Meleager's compliments to the divine sex are the richest and his lamentations are the most human in the Anthology. He can make delicious play with the mosquitoes, "the shameless *siphons* of human blood", whom he sends to his mistress to remind her of a sleepless lover. Rufinus often approaches Meleager, as when pretending to mistake his mistress bathing for Venus herself: "Whence is this beauty? I think you have despoiled the goddess". But in the next poem he sends her flowers with the bitter postscript that "both you and the wreath pass into flower and pass away". Asclepiades adds his barbed shaft to the flanks of the unwilling: "The joys of Venus are amongst the living, but in Acheron we shall lie bones and dust, O my Virgin". This is a theme which lies deep even among the chanter's revelry and riot. Much erotic perfumery is labelled anonymous, *adelon* or *adespoton*, but there is no note which is not touched by these unknown singers of the Anthology.

Greek lovers seriously resented the coquette and the flirt. Asclepiades complains to Venus that the girdle of one bore for

motto, "Love me, but do not grieve if another hath me". Macedonius complains that Parmenis is not as Permanent as her name, while Agathias suffers the agony of being loved by one while loving another, and cries that his torture is double. Women, who kept their charm in spite of age, find consoling versification. Agathias writing of one "whose rosary of years was not slight", adds that "her childish spirit remains. Thence I learnt that Time cannot conquer Nature."

Pallas Athene and the Cyprian Aphrodite, Minerva and Venus symbolise the everlasting rivalry between Logic and Love, between Reason and Passion. Paulus Silentiarius points out that no man can serve two mistresses. "To Pallas belongs the Law and to Venus desire." In confessing love in old age, he bids Venus "laugh at her conquest over the wise Minerva". In the Semitic legend the woman gave the apple to the man, but in the Greek it is a man who presents it to one of three divine women. Marcus Argentarius may be coupled as another successful Epigram-maker, whose cleverness would have qualified him more than once for the Prize at the modern University. But Paulus Silentiarius had a touch worthy of great love. He could compare his sufferings to the lighter pains of Tantalus, for Tantalus "never saw thy beauty nor were his lips torn away from thine, more delicate than the chalice of the rose".

Book Six is Dedicatory. The art of composing Dedications as metrical exercises appealed to many pens, but many votive inscriptions are preserved, as genuine as those which decorate modern shrines. Their variety covers human life. Women make thanksgiving before marriage or after childbirth. Safety in shipwreck, victory in games or gratitude for cures were all minutely commemorated. A favourite type was a veteran's dedication of the tools of his toil or the ensigns of some profession. Bee-wards and carpenters, farmers and fishermen, hunters and warriors, Spinsters and Courtesans made the *comédie humaine* of antiquity.

Love no less than Labour commemorated its retirement. At fifty Nicias hangs up her girdle and sandals and the pageantry of Venus. Parmenis gives her fan to the goddess who rewards her

with soft Zephyrs. Laïs hangs up the famous mirror, into which she will not look, since she cannot see herself as she was. Greek writers made Laïs the Queen of Courtesans since she "captivated the Greece which conquered the proud shield of Persia". The old fisherman dedicates his nets, promising the happy fish "freedom of the sea", the first appearance of the phrase in antiquity. His catalogue of fishing-tackle and appliances makes prey for precious scholars noting the "many-eyed net" or the fishing-rod as "the child of the marsh" or the anchor as "the boat's firm hand". A girl dedicates "the heavenly razor" which shore her hair. Calligraphers dedicate their rulers and pumice-stones, pens and ink, as "the mysterious machines of human speech". The artist's sponge is quaintly eulogised as "Triton's sea-couch" or the "blossom of the salty sea". The hardened toper dedicates an empty cask, for which he begs kindly acceptance, "for it is his all in all". A whole series of poets try their pen on the theme of the three brothers, hunter, fowler and fisherman, the joint pursuers of fin, fowl and fur, who pray for good sport in different elements. Lucian added a humorous parody on three Courtesans, whose charms lay in three different fields. For a thread of humour from homely pun to bitterest sarcasm runs through the Anthology.

Sobered Bacchantes dedicate their knives and tambourines. Goldsmiths dedicate file and bellows and "the hare's-pads that collect the leavings". Gardeners dedicate "pomegranates in yellow and olives in golden coats". A dedicated lamp is lit by pride, and cries, "When you have looked on my lights, you will say, Star of the Evening, how art thou fallen!" curiously recalling Isaiah's "Lucifer, Star of the Morning, how art thou fallen!" A poacher dedicates snares and promises something better if he is successful. The shipwrecked offers his hair to the Lord of the Deep since he has been left with nothing else. A hedgehog caught stealing grapes is hung to Bacchus. A sportsman offers Pan hound, game-bag and spear, but borrows back the dog to share his crusts. A tramp dedicates his hat to Diana, Lady of the Road, in sign of wayfaring. Diana presides equally over birth and the chase, and a subtle English epigrammatist might weave play between childing and "cubbing". "Diana, you were thinking of

your murderous hounds", cries the poet when a lady of Lesbos dies in child-bed. The irony of the Hebrew scripture "peradventure he hunteth" applies to the Greek divinity. The Anthology is full of chaff of the blessed gods. A sweated seamstress hangs up her weaving comb to Minerva with the remark, "I will take up the trade of Venus and vote against thee like Paris". Venus and Minerva symbolise the love-bird and domestic hen in human life. But Minerva has her revenge in an anonymous epigram which covers the Harlot's Progress as surely as Hogarth.

Lovers play their turn. One chivalrously cries to a woman no longer young: "Your Autumn is better than another's Spring. Your Winter is warmer than another's Summer"; or fiercely envies the length of a Polar night: "Nothing suits ephemeral men. He, who is the servant of love, desires Cimmerian nights."

A boy puts away childish things and dedicates his knuckle-bones and spinning-top to Mercury. A mother records a faith cure in the grove of Asclepius "in despair of mortal skill but all hopeful of the divinity". Jockeys dedicate "the punishing speed-bearing whip and the bloody rowels of the spur". Cooks dedicate cauldrons and ladles, and even the glutton dedicates his greasy eating-gear to Gula.

Amid the flotsam and jetsam lie the identical epigram commemorating the battle of Plataea on the Tripod at Delphi. Little verbiage was needed to record the greatest victories between East and West. As with a sword Simonides, the master of the Epigram, cut Laconic words upon the walls of historical Time.

In Book Seven Simonides touches the acme of funereal inscription. His couplet on the Spartans at Thermopylae outlives every war memorial in the world. Likewise the Epigrams on the Athenians at Plataea and the Corinthians at Salamis. Compared to the antithesis and allusion in later writers, the simplest prove the finest and most enduring. We feel the effort of the file when Aceratus the Grammarian addresses the dead Hector: "At thy death Homer was stayed and by thy silence the Iliad was hushed".

This Book is entirely Sepulchral. Few of its immortelles ever graced an actual tomb. Epigrams were written to recall the

greatly admired or the everlastingly lost, but with a lighter and more pathetic touch than the poems which sometimes load the modern deceased. That the Christian art of Epitaphs has proved a ghastly failure is shown since they are more often cherished from a sense of ridicule than of beauty. The Greeks wrote Epitaphs of pure literature outliving the tombs upon which they were never carved. The fate of the modern Epitaph has usually been the reverse.

The two Antipaters, Leonidas, Callimachus, and Agathias the Scholastic are attractive contributors to the Seventh Book. The name of Plato is nine times represented and Sappho twice, mourning a dead girl and a drowned fisherman. Julian the Egyptian Consul writes as concisely and well as Diogenes Laertes writes boringly and wretchedly, for the Anthology includes specimens of the impossible in verse. Classical heroes and writers are hymned in themes which are sometimes wooden and sometimes exquisite. There is a Poets' Corner in which Homer is hailed as "the second sun in Greek life". There is humorous mention of the Homeric critic who "called the *Odyssey* mud and the *Iliad* thorns", and of a minor poet, whom the Muse diverted into Iambics out of charity for the great Epic poet. Antipater's phrase on Alcman might be given in a sense to Shakespeare: "Here he lies disputed by two Continents".

Critics have sometimes expressed disappointment that so many Greek Epigrams lack point. The most beautiful only seem to press a flower between iron leaves, but the perfume and the irony become one. The victims of life are carried out to a sound of undersong instead of upon shoulders of undertakers. A father becomes blind weeping for his sons and "somehow one common night holds all". A husband builds his wife's tomb that he may have her love even among the dead. Weddings turn into funerals, whether it is due to "unwilling Hymen or willing Hades". A dying mother leaves one twin to care for her husband and takes the other as his souvenir. "After this let women pray for childbirth", sighs a lady with triplets. The perfect wife is "Venus to her lord, but to others an impregnable Minerva". A modern couple discover too late that they did not really hate each other, "but some envy or folly led us into so great an error". "A whip,

an owl, a goose, and a bitch" seem curious emblems for an admiring husband to carve on a wife's tomb, though Antipater of Sidon derives symbolic accomplishments from each.

Irony naturally leads to that humour which survives death, perhaps the only emotion that does. Diogenes exchanges his tub for the stars, Democritus, the laughing philosopher, joins the Great Unamused, and Timon is found too uncompanionlike even to become a genuine corpse amongst the Majority whom he had joined. A bachelor is embalmed in the suicidal wish that his father had been one too, and one sentence suffices that "celebrated woman who had slept with only one man".

Passions of life survive in shadow. The wine-bibber calls for wine in the dust, the sons of Oedipus continue phantom fratricide and dead lovers reach into each other's arms. "Let us drink, for the harbour of Hades is common to all", cries a dead abstainer, and Hiero's nurse, an Achaean Mrs. Gamp, is buried near the vats since she never stickled over a second cup when living. The lyrical cemetery includes the musician on whose fingers "was saved some little fragment of ancient song"; the crippled slave, loved of the immortal gods and another, who cried, "I am thine, Master, even in Hades". We have the physician, who sang of diseases "in forty books of heroic verse", which, however, did not cause his death like that of another of the craft to be included among the three Sorrows of Medicine. We have the sporting trainer, who mourned that his mare did not kill him racing but while training. We have the gambler, whose tale could be guessed from the different throws of dice carved on his tomb, like the English nobleman whose Epitaph bade him await the Last Trump.

The soft wind of irony is seldom far. A Positivist is asked if he still doubts his own death. The gardener's grave is overgrown by the brambles against which he waged war and the wild fowl flit upon the trees above the dead fowler. Bachelor cannot escape the bridal room of Persephone, goddess of the Underworld and mistress of the dead. A dead baby becomes her plaything. Persephone's golden hair amid the asphodel makes a radiant motif compared to the skully emblems of deceased Christendom. For an After-life the Anthology wavers between a wineless and loveless

house of regrets underground and a starry overworld, into which ascended the Demigods and Demiourges, the Sages and Plato.

An Epigram describes how Cleombrotus committed suicide after reading the *Phaedo* of Plato, whose name sanctifies the two most beautiful Epigrams of antiquity written in honour of a youth named *Aster*. The play of words would only be imaginable today in the case of a boy whose family name happened to be Starr. No chance or word-play is ever missed. Another youth of promise died, since it pleased Fate "to disorder the order of the Universe". As the same Greek word covers ornament and Universe, the Greek phrase is simply and untranslateably "*kosmon akosmon*". *Crater* has a Bacchic as well as Volcanic sense in Greek, so that Empedocles falling into Etna is said to drink death from the crater.

The Epigrams upon animals are as artificial as the Aesopian fables, for only rarely the Greeks showed a sense of Nature, though their pets, even their singing cicadas, accompany them into another world. Like the Hebrews they disliked the sea, and like the Hebrews they set their own animals above the barbarian Gentile. The pessimism of Ecclesiasticus compares with the Anthology as mother-o'-pearl to pearls. The morality of the Semitic Scripture is generally lacking, though chastity finds commemoration in corners. Three maidens, for example, prefer death to lawless love and prettily make Hades their guardian. Not unlike a story of Guy de Maupassant compressed to six lines is the description of an adulterer buried by a falling roof with the wife of another and consequently sleeping "in unceasing conjugality". Rather grimly the tomb of a brothel-keeper is spared because his trade taught young men other ways than adultery. Courtesans are allowed their social as well as their artistic value. The tomb of one cries, "O lovers, through what a furnace you passed!" and the saffron-scented shrine of Laïs remarks that "had she not auctioned her bed like a slave, all Greece would have toiled for her as for Helen". Upon Laïs even Agathias the Scholastic shed a learned tear. In accordance with the Greek dread of the sea the shipwrecked appeal with special pathos. Their tombs cry better luck to those who pass: "Sail thou on, for, when we perished, the other ships sailed on". Milton wrote a winding ode to Lycidas

drowned in the Irish Sea but how briefly Callimachus commemorated the submerged Lycus.

Leave awhile the pagan world lying in its sweet-smelling dust. A new wine is swelling in old metres. The Christian Muse like some Vestal Charwoman commences to labour among the tombs. Sophronius the Patriarch commemorates the deaths of Byzantine clergymen. The sententious Epigrams of Saint Gregory Nazianza occupy the Eighth Book. Amid the white pillar-stones of Hellas glitter the mosaics of the Byzantine Siren chanting Greek across the waters of the Bosphorus. The Satyr's pipe passes to the Shepherd of souls and the Trias of the theologians takes the place of the Olympian Personages. But the Christian Underworld has no "golden-haired Persephone". The Nazianzene tended to be repetitious. The death of Nonna his mother in church produced a filial sequence of fifty Epigrams. Another fourscore were flung at the violators of tombs, for whom he coined the not extinct sin of *necrophony*. Some of his curses would apply to-day to those who desepulchre the Pharaohs: "Show not the stripped body of another to mankind or another shall strip thee. Gold is often a dream."

Book Nine preserves the immense collection labelled Declamatory. Many are artificial or rhetorical, but some preserve the studied detail of a Dutch picture. The odd, the curious and unexpected, are rendered with the verbal and metrical skill which delights the Alexandrians and the race of literary schoolmasters. Art and allusion compensate for illusion and nothingness. Even Hope and Luck are reckoned low and shown their place with perfect politeness. "Hope ever steals the time of life. The last dawn surprises many incompletions." This is the Greek variant for paving Hell with irresolutions.

A number of Epigrams commemorate the destroyed cities of antiquity. Mycenae and Troy may live in Homer, but "thou, Troy, art yet city when Mycenae hath disappeared". Gone also is the musical city of Thebes which "rose in the lyre and collapsed with the flute". No less a personage than the Emperor Hadrian

inscribed to Hector the words: "Troy is habited and a famous city. The Myrmidons have perished."

Literature is prettily annotated in the Anthology from Herodotus, the Patriarch of History, to Aristophanes, the glory or the Old Comedy, and "the very equal of the soul of Greece, hating and laughing aright". Plato himself gives Sappho her meed, but it is cold comfort for the loss of her poetry only to learn that she excelled Erinna in lyrics as much as Erinna excelled her in hexameters. Philemon writes that he would have hung himself to see Euripides, and by way of a bookworm's joke Palladas mentions the child of a Grammarian's daughter having all three genders! Callimachus writes a charming review of the *Phenomena* of Aratus, concluding, "Hail ye delicate phrases, symbol of the sleeplessness of Aratus". Crinagoras inscribes a copy of Callimachus' chiselled poem on *Theseus* to Marcellus, wishing him equal strength and renown, but this was the Marcellus, nephew of Augustus, whose early death Virgil bewailed in lines which the Latin mediaevals read in allusion to Christ. Later in the book an anonymous piece of irony does refer to Christ, whose birth had been graven on a shield: "How simple was the engraver who drew the Nativity of the Prince of Peace upon a shield of battle".

Pity for animals creeps through the Anthology, and the cicada or cricket receives the same love that Christians bear to robins. The fowler who limes a locust is condemned to bad luck thereafter. The hen dying to protect her chicks is immortalised. The poet releases a locust from the spider saying, "Be saved thou that speakest with voice of music", and rejoices when the blackbird escapes the net since "the race of singers is holy and even deaf traps have care for the winged".

When a swallow builds her nest on a picture of Medea, Leonidas of Alexandria asks her, "Do you expect the Colchian woman to keep faith with thy brood when she spared not her own children?"

The only bird for which the epigrammatist has a bad word is the heron, for it once revealed the shallows of the sea to the besiegers of Calcedon, and was hated much as the Covenanters hated the plover, whose cry on the moors so often betrayed their hiding.

The aimless cruelty of life is marked. A mother who had lost three children destroyed a fourth, saying, "Why should my breasts toil for Hades?" Antiphanes describes the bitter bridal of a girl flying from fear of the first embrace to be killed by the watchdogs of the bower. Archias commends the Thracians, who mourn a birth and feast a domestic death. For the Greeks there was no sure medicine or hope on this side. Three girls draw lots which shall die the first, and "the lot told true as it ever does when it is evil". The sight of a Temple of Fortune reduced to a tavern (we must imagine a modern Casino sunk to a café) amused Pallas, who wrote: "Things as I see them are upside down, and now it is Fortune whom we see misfortuned".

Tyche or Luck is rated low one moment but highest another. "For at thy nod all things work for the glory of him to whose right hand thou stretchest thy divine neck." Hers are the miraculous steeds of opportunity. Several sensible epigrams touch ancient gambling with a touch that would befit Monte Carlo. No words could better: "To the gentle-minded this is child's play, but to the unrestrained it is madness and frenzy and self-sought pain".

The Greek appreciated the smaller values of life, and the Anthology glitters with the trivial and detailed. Palladas' excuse for failing dinner is not out of date: "My soul does not rejoice as a connoisseur of the eatable but is nourished by tasting of honour alone", which recalls Swift's "Send me your bill not of fare but of company".

Palladas wishing to console Heracles, whose image he finds flung down by the Christians at the cross-roads, is rewarded by a vision of the god, who philosophically remarks that he has learnt to serve the times. The pagan gods had a human side, and accepted chaff over love affairs. Jupiter could bear allusion to Leda when Love threatens to turn him once again into a swan in spite of all his thunder, or to drive him in the plough as Europa's bull. The allusions to mythology are often cleverly used. The Caesarean operation is described as "Mars taking to midwifery". A harlot's bed made of laurel, the tree of the chaste Daphne, is simply inscribed: "I fled from the bed of one to become a public couch". Lesbians are "runaways from the bed of Venus".

The varying sex of the Hermaphrodite fascinated the maker

of Epigram almost unto riddle. "Now from bride I am called bride-groom," says one of these subtly named freaks, "and I wreath the altars of Mars instead of Venus." Chalcis welcomes in *chlamys* one who formerly wore the *mitra*; in other words, one who has changed a girl's scarf for a boy's smock. Another epigram refers to a Hermaphrodite which appropriately graced a bath for mixed bathing, or, as the Greek neatly says, "an androgynous bathing place". There is a run of inscriptions culled from the public baths of Byzantium, and others referring to Myron's marvellous Heifer, the masterpiece which deceived calves and herdsmen, if not artists.

Book Ten contains the epigrams of admonition, a mixture of Proverbial Philosophy and Epicurean common sense. Death is inevitable: "Be not anguished dying far from your country. From every point the same wind bears to Hades." Meantime, "enjoy thy goods as one about to die, but spare thy possessions as about to live", says Lucian, and again, "Mortal are mortals' goods and all things pass us by, and if not, we pass them", and again, "The labour of the wealthy is that of the bee in his many-celled combs, for others gather the honey". In this book is Palladas, one of the last of the Pagans, who likes to rub the new mysticisms into the dust. "Plato dreaming planted pride in thee, calling you immortal and a heavenly plant. Of clay thou art made. Why are thy thoughts high?" Naked is the beginning and naked the end of man. Only the dead need not be mourned, "for there is no suffering after death". Struggle not against fate, but if struggle there must be, "struggle to lead the delighted soul to happiness". But why worry at all in a life which is so short compared to all that follows? "In life torment not thy soul as though after the Judgment." Death itself is monstrous enough, "for all of us are kept and cared for Death like swine".

Palladas discovers the consolation of all sinking faiths: "I think God is a philosopher", for He overlooks blasphemy for the time and bides his vengeance. His fellow-scribes are not more cheerful. Aesop's summary of life is that "the beauties of nature are sweet, earth and sea, stars and orbs of sun and moon, but all the rest is fears and griefs. And if good hap a man, the balance of

Nemesis follows." The Toledan Cardinal whose tomb was inscribed UMBRA CINIS NIHIL, echoed Glycon's Epigram that "all is a laugh and all is dust and all is nothing".

BOOK ELEVEN is devoted to the Convivial and Satirical. Palladas is joined by two writers, Lucilius and Nicharchus, who write like Martial in Greek, perhaps because Martial wrote like them in Latin. One element of Greek satire was comic exaggeration. Ammianus describes the coming of Death, the purple-clad, "and some he shall melt and others he shall roast and others puff, but he will bring all into the one pit". In spite of decline and fever and dropsy, conviviality is life's only cure. "Let my bones within me drink all the more wine now and, when they are dead, let Deucalion overwhelm them", or, as we say, "after us the deluge". Deucalion was the Greek Noah, and Nicharchus neatly dates a lady's prime to the days when Deucalion looked out on the vast waters. The objects of satire are modern enough, poets, pugilists, physicians, old women. Grim little idylls illustrating situations which recur with the centuries.

The cuckold joke is as old as Greek, for the husband, possessing an unfaithful wife, possesses "a horn of plenty". Men to each other are as *homo lupus homini*, tempered only by the mellowing wine: "In the evening we are men when we drink, but when dawn comes, we are beasts roused against each other".

The pugilist can at least symbolise life. The state of his face raises gentle satire. "It has become a sieve or the underneath of a worm-eaten book or strait and crooked like ant-holes or notes of music." The retired boxer, who marries, gets more blows at home than ever in the Ring. The professional runner is ridiculed for his slowness. In a race of six he came in seventh, for his trainer carrying his coat was the sixth! The thin and small of girth and stature are outraged unmercifully. Erotion, carried off by a mosquito, believes that he is suffering the rape of Ganymede. Macron strangling a mouse remarks, "Father Zeus, thou hast a second Hercules"! Gaius diving had to fasten a stone to his feet. Diophantus hung himself with a spider's thread!

Doctors receive their time-honoured meed of sarcasm. For

the patients of Alexis, "there was one night, one drug, one undertaker, one tomb, one Hades, one wail". On the physician Agis let coffin-makers heap garlands! Finally a physician and a sexton conspire together, one to steal grave-clothes for bandages and the other to send his patients to be buried. Poets are liable to menace even the dead, and warning is sent to Hades that Eutychides the lyric poet has twelve lyres and twenty-five chests of music with him. An astrologer forecasting his own death is constrained to commit suicide to show that he was right. A sick miser uses a penny piece to revive himself instead of smelling-salts. Another dies to save a drachma. A burglar stealing a statue of his patron Mercury remarks that "many disciples outdo their teachers".

The world's best stories and jokes have descended from the Stone Age. It is curious to find in Greek the old Hibernicism attributed to the simple-minded man who blew out the lamp when the fleas bit him, saying: "You don't see me any more". And the ever-ridiculous device of washing a blackamoor receives gentle rebuke, "Stay that dodge. You cannot enheliate dark night."

The poetic agnosticism of Palladas reappears, bidding each believer analyse himself before he counted the infinity of earth: "If thou canst not reckon the body's little clay, how canst thou know the measures of the unmeasurable?" In the course of a woman's life Palladas reckons two good moments: "her bed of marriage and her bed of death".

Lucilius joins in the scorn of mere wealth, which is only worth amassing if a man could live to the fabled years of the stag or the crow. Otherwise he compares the millionaire to a mule carrying bullion on its back and eating hay. Lucian adds a poem to the Gout, the "hater of the poor, sole victrix of wealth". Gout flies the penniless threshold of the poor but creeps to the feet of the rich.

Lucilius again endowed a portrait painter with twenty sons, but not even among them did he get a likeness. Hatred can be ferocious. Let the earth lie light on Nearchus, an Epigram commences piously, but only that the dogs may drag him easily out. When a viper bites a Cappadocian, it dies of his yet more venomous blood. When long-nosed Proclus sneezes, he cannot

bless himself, because his nose is too far away from his ears to hear. Lazy Marcus once dreamed that he was running and avoided sleep in the future.

A slightly ponderous form of humour consisted in eliminating the possibilities. For instance the prophet, who was consulted before a voyage, said, "First have a new ship and don't start in winter". The voyage would be accordingly successful unless "a pirate takes you at sea". Likewise the philosopher, consulted on the nature of the soul, replied, "If the soul has a nature, it is altogether mortal or immortal, material or immaterial, and when you pass to Acheron, you shall know the truth like Plato". Likewise the astrologer prophesied good crops on condition there should be no frost or hail, but sufficient rain, and of course provided "no goat browses on the corn". This type of Epigram satirised the safe oracles delivered by the great shrines.

Book the Twelfth is largely devoted to Strato's *Puerile Muse*, which is a euphemism for poetry inspired by the love and beauty of boys. Poems written by Greek Hedonists to boys or girls were sometimes difficult to distinguish, and Strato's collection has received a number of Meleager's lovely compositions to girls with masculine-sounding names. To Greece the romance for boy or youth was acceptable and became an intimate part of Greek life and literature. The apples of Sodom are generally omitted in Greek studies, but such of their dead blossoms as survive in the Anthology turn to dust in modern taste. A Byzantine editor adds a few words of apology to say that "in dances a chaste woman will not be corrupted". For the Greeks there was a love surpassing all other love, as one anonymous sang: "The love of women is not in my heart, but boys like brands have heaped me with coals unquenchable. This is a greater flame and a sharper desire for the same reason that a man is stronger than woman." No doubt it was often too strong to be anything but Platonic. Its weaker side was gross.

The recurring theme is the swiftness of a boy's beauty. It comes and is gone, passed on like flame in the torch-race. "Remember, remember," says Thymocles to a youth, "when I told you the Holy Writ that the Prime is fairest and the Prime is

lightest-footed. The swiftest bird in the sky will not pass the hour that is Prime." All the poets compare their beloved boys to Ganymede and pretend to fear descending eagles. And Meleager, abandoning rivalry with Zeus, cries, "I am content, if only the boy going up to Olympus takes my tears from earth to wash his feet in memory of my love". Boys pass quickly through their youth and fall in love with other boys themselves. As Meleager says: "Here is a new marvel I see. Fire is afire and burnt by flame." Strato's verses are crudely naked under their skill, while Meleager's are those of a Laureate writing to a set theme. He aims more at his own pretty effect than at the prettiness of the boys. After he has seen Alexis in the hot sunlight he writes: "The sun's rays Night hushed again, but the rays from his eyes were stirred in dreams by the phantom of beauty. So Sleep the pain-looser wrought only pain for me." But it is a woman's eyes that inspire his wonderful outcry to his limed and struggling soul: "Love himself has bound thy wings and set thee upon the fire and rained thee with myrrh in thy faintness and given thee hot tears to drink in thy thirst". The pursuit of boys seems to him a mockery: "Cease, ye boy-lovers, from empty toil. Stop from woe, ye misminded men. We are maddened by unaccomplished hopes." And Callimachus rejoices in Hunger and Study as the two charms against the misery. "The Muses reduce Love and the drug of learning is the Panacea of all. I think this is Hunger's only good that it cuts out the boy-loving disease."

Book Thirteen contains experiments in various metres, some of them as barbarous-sounding, as the scazon trimeter. One amusing Epigram commemorates a bombastic poet thus: "He is dead, let us not throw at him, but if he were alive he would be blowing his trumpet".

Book Fourteen is a collection of Oracles, Riddles and mathematical problems thrown into verse. Their standard is that of the Prize Epigram at the University. Some of them are considerably below. Their solutions are negotiable with a little elementary algebra. The subtlety of some of the Riddles has defeated the

commentators though they generally compare favourably with that of Samson. The Oracles, which are mostly recorded in Herodotus, have a historical value. It is a curious thing that at Delphi the authorities prophesied that the Persians would conquer Greece. How they hedged their oracular pessimism is not told. The Oracles of Bacis delivered on the victories of Salamis and Plataea were more wisely written after the event.

Book Fifteen contains a miscellany chiefly Christian, as of a martyr under Diocletian: "God made me His faithful martyr Nicander, a boy of seventeen years unmixed and undefiled". Compare with this cut diamond a long pseudo-Homeric poem by Cometas about Lazarus in which the Gospel story is swollen with Homeric fustian until some furious commentator added the lines: "Cometas, thou wast a Thersites, wretch, how didst thou assume the part of Achilles?" There are epigrams by Constantinus of Rhodes to the Crucifix and to the Ikon of Mary, beginning: "If one would paint thee, Virgin, he would need stars rather than colours". And amid the same garland are the beautiful Epitaphs to a pagan priest and his wife and a handful to famous charioteers who competed in the battles of the Greens and the Blues, Anastasius the Lisper on the Crucifixion, and pleasant little poems embalming the monk Paul or the nun Febronia, whose Epithalamium was with Christ, "Whom she took as the holy Groom of her Virginity, keeping bright her lamp with the oil of charity".

In the very next epigram Theophanes brings the virginal lily to earth, sighing, "Would that I might be an argent lily that thou mightest take me in thy hands and sate me the more with thy skin". A curious one suggests that Palamedes should have his own bones sawn into the Draughts he invented, "the war of friends on a wooden field", and Palladas of Alexandria weighs all pagan pessimism in three lines: "In silence pass this wretched life by silence imitating Time himself. Live unknown, for you will be so when dead."

Book Sixteen, called the Planudean Appendix, contains the vast collection of Epigrams in the Planudean and not in the Palatine Manuscript. The majority commemorate statues of anti-

quity, which have long since perished, the Venus of Praxiteles, the Nemesis of Pheidias, which was carved from the marble brought by the over-confident Persians. The famous Olympian Zeus of Pheidias lives in the lines of Philip, who insists that either mortal visited heaven or that god descended to earth to produce such a likeness. Hercules asleep, Love fettered or Love asleep drew the skill of the Epigrammatists, who were as fond of reducing a statue to epigram as the Prae-Raphaelites of framing a picture in a sonnet. There are poetical versions of the twelve labours of Hercules as portrayed in reliefs.

The poets garlanded the statues of successful Charioteers, who in Constantinople held an even greater place than Jockeys or Prize-fighters in modern times. The Greeks artistically lavished sculpture upon their athletes rather than on politicians. Apart from these statuesque verses the Appendix does not contain great poetical value. The editor of the Planudean obviously copied from a MS. containing a Book which was not in the Palatine. For that at least we must be grateful to its pious editor.

Such is the great rolling stone of Greece, which gathered not only moss down the ages but withered rose-leaves and the crushed wisps of asphodel and amaranth and thyme. There is no beginning nor end to the Greek Anthology. It may be read by those who run or by the sedentary scholar. It covers the long development of the Greek language and it touches most experiences in life. It is a brittle mass, for at the touch it scatters into a thousand crystals, lenses and fragments of broken or coloured glass. However unequal in literature, each fragment is complete in itself. The riches of the Anthology are encyclopaedic. The Greek tapestry is woven by a thousand deft fingers down the centuries—through the golden and silver ages, through the Alexandrian and the Byzantine. Christian and pagan intermingle as though the old tradition were too beautiful to suffer destruction at the hands of the new God. Here lies in Epigram and Epitaph, in poesy and punning, in pathos and humour all that the Greek mind cared to crystallise concerning life and love, sport and art, Nature and Philosophy. Herein was stored flower and fungus, wreath and rubbish, hive beside hive, and honeycomb

within honeycomb. The dull and the didactic were joined to the sentimental and the sublime. The thoughts and themes of Hellas passed through their Pagan sieve and under the Christian winnowing-fan, to be ground between the millstones of Hexameter and Pentameter like fine grain worthy of the lips of the gods.

The constancy of the passions and the transiency of human emotions remain marvellously reflected in its pages. Time added a magnanimous tolerance for all the gods. All the vices, all the virtues, all the arts are represented and descend side by side. The scrap-heap of Greece survives in a scrap-book. If there is a Bible portraying the Greeks as the Old Testament portrays the Jews, it lies less in the Homeric Canon than in the Greek Anthology.

SHANE LESLIE

BOOK ONE

THE ECCLESIASTICAL EPIGRAMS

1. *On the Dais of Sancta Sophia.*

The Ikons, which the heretics here took down, the pious princes have restored.

3. *On the Apse of Blachernae.*

The previous Justin built this all-beautiful temple to the Mother of God. But the younger Justin waging empery endowed it with greater splendour than before.

4. *On the Temple of the Forerunner*

To John, mighty servant of Christ, Studius built this house beautiful. And swiftly he found his labour's wage on receiving the wand of Consul.

8. *On the Church of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul.*

Justinian, to honour Christ-King-of-all,[1] built this splendid temple by his dear labour to Peter and Paul. For he who honoureth the servants offers glorious worship to the Lord. Here is gain ready unto sight and unto soul. Let each both take his meed by prayer and joyfully behold the beauty and splendour of the house.

9. *On the Church of the Archangel in Bothreptus.*

This work was wrought to be the furthest sung of your labours, skill-famous Gerradius. For you have shown afresh the beauteous temple of the Captain of the Angelic host.

[1] Late in time the Holiness of the Eleventh Pius has decreed the Feast of Christ-King.

11. *On the Holy Physicians, refusers of Silver.*[1] *Saints Cosmas and Damian.*

I, thy handmaiden Sophia, offer thy servants this gift. O Christ, receive thine own and grant thy reward to mine Emperor Justin, victory upon victory over barbarians and diseases.

14. *On the Church of St. Euphemia dedicated by Olybrius.*

Thus Juliana, following her mother and grandmother, has smoothed old age from me and I bloom afresh.

19. CLAUDIAN: *To the Saviour.*

Christ, Who guardest the wise travail of the fire that is eternal, Who ridest upon the revolving necessity in the Universe, life-giving source of the life which flows from God, first-born voice of God the unbiddable Father. Thou didst bear the burden of Thy mother's pangs and Thine own birth from bridals without bridegroom. Thou didst stay the fanatical rage of the Semite race.[2] Thou didst dissolve the lying orgies of the empty idols. Thou didst ascend the Seven Zones of Heaven's belt. Thou sittest upon the mystical wings of the Angels. Have mercy, Thou Who art the august eye of all-creating God, Guardian of life, Saviour of mankind, Lord of ages!

24. CLAUDIAN: *To the Lord Christ.*

Equally enthroned and equally birthless with Thy Father and the Holy Spirit, Thou that rulest the dead and the living and those to come, grant Thy grace to him that wrote this that he may rightly fare on life's path in Thy commandments.

31. *To the Most Holy Mother of God.*

Queen, thou holdest in thine arms the all-ruling Son of God, Child of Thine, Dread of the Angels. Make Him merciful in His counsels toward men. Protect and guard the whole world from woe.

[1] Lit. "the Holy Anargurians". The Saints refused fees. The Greek word could be exactly used of those who uphold the gold standard in the bimetallist controversy.

[2] Lit. "Assyrian".

32. *To Michael the Archangel.*
Here are stored divine remedies for the wretched of mankind, whether stricken in body or soul. Straightway doth Sorrow's saddening nature flee thy name, thy image or thy temple, O Michael!

33. NILUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On the Archangel's Ikon.*
How bold to metamorphose the bodiless! However, the Ikon guides upward to spiritual memory of the heavenly ones.

34. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On another Ikon in Platé.*
The greatly daring wax fashioned forth the invisible Angeliarch, bodiless of form and shape. Yet not without Grace, for the mortal, who sees the Ikon, turns his mind to the Higher Phantasy. No longer doth his worship wander, for the inward imprint of the image causes fear as though in the presence. The eyes stir the depths of thought and Art can ferry the soul's prayers upon the colours.

37. *On the Birth of Christ.*
Flourish of trumpets! Lightning flashes! The earth trembles, but with soundless step Thou didst enter the Virgin's womb.

38. *On the Birth of Christ.*
The manger is Heaven and greater than Heaven, for Heaven is the Babe's workmanship.

39. *On the Shepherds and Angels.*
One choir and one melody for men and for Angelicals. Man and God have become one.

41. *On the Wise Men.*
No longer do the Mages bring gifts to fire and Sun, for this Child made the Sun and the fiery beam.

44. *On the Annunciation.*
Hail, blissfulest maiden full of Grace and stainless bride! Thou shalt receive a Son without father, God's Embryo within thy womb.

46. *On the Presentation.*
Old man, receive the Child that was begotten before Adam. He will release thee from living and bring thee to life eternal.

50. *On Lazarus.*
The same One Who wrought the soul shaped the body. Lazarus He brings back from among the dead to light.

54. *On the Crucifixion.*
O passion, O cross, O Blood, releaser of passions, cleanse all my soul's presumptuous sin!

55. *On the Crucifixion.*
Christ said that the virginal one [1] should be the Virgin's Son, Himself again. Lord of pure virginity, be merciful.

56. *On the Resurrection.*
Christ being God took all the dead away from Hell, leaving homicidal Hell a vanquished solitude of souls.

58. *On Gideon's Fleece.*
One fleece has dew and gave dew to the bowl. Yet the same fleece is dry. Encrypt the cryptic [2] in thy mind.

59. *On Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter.*
The Egyptianess and a hidden babe near water. Only to the reverent do they typify the Word.

62. *On the Ark crossing Jordan.*
The stream yielded to the Golden Ark. Be merciful, O Christ. The Ark is type of Thee in future baptism here.

65. *On Abraham.*
Abraham leads his son as sacrifice to God. Be merciful! What sacrifice does the mind see in this type described?

66. *On Melchisedeck giving Abraham Bread and Wine.*
"King and priest, Melchisedeck, who art thou, giving bread and wine?" "I am the type of the Infallible." [3]

[1] Saint John the Divine. St. John xix. 26, *Mulier ecce Filius tuus.*
[2] These are the Greek words—*Krupte kruphia*, "hide what is hidden".
[3] *atrekia*, lit. "undeviating truth".

67. *On Abraham entertaining God.*
God here hath only man's shape but later He entered veritably into human nature.

68. *On Jacob's Eulogy of Isaac.*
I have taken the smell for the Spirit and the skin for the Letter. The mind that beholdeth God rejoiceth a father.

70. *On Rebecca.*
Queenly Rebecca was courted not far from water because she typifies the Gentile bride.[1]

71. *On the Shunammite.*
Elisha's prayer twice delivered thee thy son, O Shunammite, first from thy womb and a second time from the tomb.

72. *On Elijah's Mantle.*[2]
This fleece foretells the Lamb of God to be here baptized for all men's life.

73. *On David's Anointing.*
In my heart I know and I tremble at Him of Whom this David, whom you see anointed here, was called father.

75. *On the Samaritaness.*
No Type is this, but God the Bridegroom saveth His Gentile bride, perceiving her beside the water.

78. *On the Apostle Peter.*
Peter is the Hierarch of all the Hierarchs of God, for he received this office by the voice of God.

79. *On the Apostle Paul.*
Paul saw the divine light of Heaven before him and filled the whole earth with boundless light.

81. *On the Apostle John.*
John heard the Word speak and John was the first who said the Word was God.

83. *On Matthew.*
When he left his Publican's house Matthew wrote all the exceeding wonders of God's Incarnation in pages.

[1] The heathen over the water or beyond Baptism.

[2] In the Jordan, 2 Kings ii. 8.

84. *On Luke.*

Luke clearly embroidered the deeds of Christ which brought eternal life within the belly of his book.

85. *On Mark.*

Darkness is no longer portion for the folk of Egypt, dark though be her name,[1] since the voice of Mark has given her light.

88. *On St. Dionysius.*

Thou didst sing the ordered hierarchies of the heavenly choirs and bring to light the hidden sense appearing in figured types. Thou lightest the God-loved torch of oracles unto life.

90. SOPHRONIUS, PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM: *On Saints Cyrus and John.*

In feeble gratitude for recovery from an agonising disease of the eyes, Sophronius dedicated this book to the divine martyrs John and Cyrus, who are endowed with a supreme measure of healing.

94. GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On the Dormition of the Most Holy Mother of God.*

To the house of our immaculate and blameless Lady came the disciples, lifted in the air at the divine hest, summoning each other in glorious raiment, some from the East and some from the Western land. Others came from the South and others from the North, desirous to bury the body of the world's Salvatrix.

96. *On a Sceptre.*[2]

This honour came to the good Amantius because he was faithful to the Emperor and rejoiced Christ by God-fearing ways.

99. *On the Column of St. Daniel at the Bosphorus.*

Midmost of Heaven and earth the hero stands without fear of the winds that rush from every side. Both feet he roots upon the column.[3] Fed by ambrosial hunger and

[1] Lit. "eponymously Egyptian".

[2] The Patriarch's sceptre or crosier.

[3] The same type of Saint as Simeon Stylites.

pangless thirst he proclaims the Son of the Immaculate Mother.

100. *On Nilus the Great Monk amongst Ascetics.*
The stream of River Nile can water earth, but the word of Nilus the monk can rejoice the soul.

101. MENANDER THE PROTECTOR: *On a Persian Mage becoming a Christian Martyr.*
I, Isbozetes, was once a Persian magician and hung my hopes upon destructive deceit. When fire lapped my city I came to the rescue. But there also came a servant of Christ omnipotent. For him the power of the fire was quenched, and I was conquered yet natheless to achieve a conquest more divine.

102. *On Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—Son of God.*
O Beyond of the beyond, for how can I further sing Thee? Supremest of all, how shall I name Thee? How shall I sing Thee in phrase, O Thou that art unphraseable?

105. *On Eudocia, Wife of the Emperor Theodosius.*
The wise Queen of the world, fired by reverent love, presents herself as a slave, and she, the worship of all men, worships the tomb of One. For He, Who gave her throne and husband, died as a man but liveth as a God. He lived as a man below, but above He was what He was.

107. *On the Golden Hall of Mazarinus.*
Michael Autocrat![1] thou has preserved the precious beauty of the Ikon as of old. Thou hast conquered all carnal stains. Thou hast ikonised the Lord in picture and strengthened the words of dogma by thine act.

108. ANONYMOUS: *On Adam.*
Not without meaning was Adam called Adam of old. The four letters are the four climates of the world. The A is from the Anatolian sunrise. The D is from the Dip of the sun. The second A is from the Arctic, and the remaining M is from the Mid-day of the South.[2]

[1] The Imperial title retained by the Czars.

[2] The letters are taken from the Greek words *Anatole* (east), *Dusis* (west), *Arctos* (north), *Mesembria* (south).

111. *On the Crucifixion.*
Hell's corpse vomits the dead, finding the Flesh of the Lord a purge.

112. *On the Transfiguration.*
Christ, shining upon Tabor with fuller light than light, hath removed the shadow of the Ancient Law.

113. *On the Presentation.*
The Child seen now in the old man's hands is the ancient Demiurge of the Ages.

117. *On the Blind Man.*
The blind man sealed from birth received sight, for there came the all-seeing Grace of Christ.

118. *Prayers.*
Our worst enemy raised a triple wave of passions against us and blew upon the sea, whence he tosses, sinks and drenches the cargo of our soul's hulk. But Thou, O Christ, calm and stayer of storm, anchor us gently in Thy harbour and dry up our sins and soak this enemy with calamities.

120. *On our Lady of Blachernae.*
If thou seekest the dread throne of God on earth, marvel at sight of the Virgin's temple. For she beareth God in her arms to this place's glory. They who are set to be rulers upon earth believe that their sceptres here retain victory. Here the sleepless Patriarch averts many a cosmic cataclysm. When the barbarians were attacking the city, they saw her leading the army in the field, and straightway bent their unbending necks.

122. MICHAEL THE ARCHIVIST: *On the Madonna.*
She that bore a child remained a Virgin yet. Be not affrighted, for the Child is God willingly incarnate.

123. SOPHRONIUS: *On Golgotha in Jerusalem.*
Thrice blessed rock, thou didst catch the spouting Blood of God. With breath of fire the heavenly hosts guard thee round while earth-dwelling kings chant thy hymn.

THE EROTIC EPIGRAMS

2. ANONYMOUS: *On a Courtesan.*

Sthenelais, though heavy her fee, fires the town and breathes a smell of gold upon her desirers. But in a dream she lay nakedly with me all night and lavished herself till the dear dawn for nothing. No longer shall I be suppliant to her barbarity nor bewail myself, since she is within the gift of sleep.

3. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On Cockcrow.*

Chrysilla, dawn has gone and the early cock crows to fetch the jealous Morn. Curse thee, most jealous fowl, for driving me from home into the multitudinous chat of striplings. Tithonus, thou agest. For why dost thou drive thy bed-fellow Aurora so early from thy couch?

4. PHILODEMUS: *The Midnight Oil.*

Philaenis, with oil intoxicate the lamp, the silent witness of the unutterable, then depart. For love alone loves not living testimony, so, Philaenis, close the door. And then, beloved Xantho, kiss me—but, you, O lover-loving couch of mine, learn now what Venus leaves us.

6. CALLIMACHUS: *Love's Oaths.*

Callignotus swore to Ionis to love neither boy nor girl more than her. Callignotus swore, but they say sooth that lovers' oaths do not enter the ears of the Gods. Now he is burnt with love for a boy, and there is as much word or count of the wretched girl as of the forgotten folk of Megara.[1]

[1] Proverbial of a forgotten city. As we might say of Sarum or Selsey.

7. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Lamp.*

In thy presence, O lamp, Heracleia thrice swore to come and she cometh not. Lamp, if thou art divine, avenge her guile. When she is playing with her lover within, quench thyself and give no more light!

8. MELEAGER: *Love's Oaths.*

O sacred Night and Lamp, we both chose no other witness to our oaths but you, and he swore to love me and I to cling to him. You witnessed both. But Night, he says those oaths were writ in water,[1] and you see him, O Lamp, upon another's breast.

10. ALCAEUS: *The Evil of Love.*

Love I detest. Why does he not fling himself heavily upon the animals instead of archering my heart? What boots it to the God to burn a man or what rich trophy shall he ravish from my head?

11. ANONYMOUS: *A Prayer.*

Cyprian Venus, if thou savest shipwrecked men at sea, save me, beloved, while I am perishing on land.

12. RUFINUS: *A Bumper.*

Prodikë, let us wash and wreathe ourselves and drain the unwatered wine, piling larger bumpers. Short is life for those who are happy. Old age will soon cut off the remnant. And the end is death.

14. RUFINUS: *Love's Kiss.*

Sweet is Europa's kiss, though it reach only to the lip and only touch the edge of the mouth. The edge of her lips touches not, but sucking[2] my mouth to hers she drags my soul from the very finger-nails.

16. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Love's Pursuit.*

Look at this, O golden-horned Moon and constellating stars, whom Ocean folds to breast. The fragrant Aristë has gone and left me alone, and for six days I fail to find

[1] Read *nux* for *nun* and "*en hudati graphesthai*" to forestall the epitaph of Keats, which also occurs in a Fragment of Sophocles (742), who wrote "women's oaths in water".

[2] Read *erusasa.*

the sorceress. But we shall capture her all the same, if I cast the silver-footed hounds upon the tracks of Venus.[1]

17. GAETULICUS: *A Prayer.*

Venus, guardian of the sea-struck shore, I send thee these little cakes and sacrificial gifts. For to-morrow I shall cross the broad Ionian wave and hasten to anchorage [2] in my Idothea. Queen of bedroom and of beach, shine favourably upon my love and upon my boat.

20. HONESTUS: *Love's Ripeness.*

Neither maiden nor hag would please me to marry. One for pity and the other for reverence. Neither green grape nor dry raisins for me, but ripe beauty, seasoned for the chamber of Venus.

21. RUFINUS: *Old Age.*

Did I not say, Prodikë: "We grow old"? Did I not foretell "the anti-Aphrodisians[3] will soon come"? and now they come, crow's-feet and grey hair, shrunken body and a mouth that has lost its former charm. Who makes advance to you, proud one, who flatters or entreats you? We pass you by now like a tomb.

23. CALLIMACHUS: *Love's Revenge.*

As thou makest me sleep at these icy doors, so sleep thou, Conopion, and as thou lullest thy lover, wretch, so sleep thou. Thou didst not dream of pity. Neighbours sympathised but thou didst not dream thereof. Grey hair shall straightway remind you of all this.

26. ANONYMOUS: *Love Lasting.*

Whether I see thee with radiance of dark hair or with golden locks, my Queen, the same charm gleams from both. In these tresses Love shall lodge when they are still grey.

27. RUFINUS: *On a Courtesan.*

Melissa, where are the golden and spectacular beauties of

[1] Meaning that silver can buy her.

[2] *kolpos* means "harbour" and "bosom".

[3] *dialusiphiloi*, lit. "love-dissolvers".

thy far-spoken vision? Where are thy arching brows and proud thoughts? Where is thy long neck and the golden riot of thy disdainful ankles? Thy hair is now ragged and impoverished. Trash covers thy feet. Such is the end of rioting courtesans.

28. RUFINUS: *Love's Spite.*

Now you wish me good-even, you bewitcher, with that smoother-than-marble face gone from you. Now you flirt with me when you have lost the locks that rolled down your proud neck. Approach me not, nor come to meet me now, my scorner! I won't take a bramble for a rose.

29. CILLACTOR: *Harlotry.*

Sweet is the act of Love and who says no? But when Love demands brass [1] it becomes bitterer than hellebore.

32. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *To Bee.*

Bee,[2] you do everything like your flower-loving namesake. I know this too well, and I lay it to heart, lady. When you kiss, the honey drips from your lips, but when you beg, you sting me unfairly.

33. PARMENION: *On Danae.*

You rained yourself in gold upon Danae, Olympian Jupiter, that the girl might be won with a gift and not terrified by him, who was Son of Time himself.

35. RUFINUS: *The Judgment of Beauty.*

I judged the thighs of three, for they chose to show me their starry nakedness of limb. The first was stamped with laughing dimples and rose like a delicate white flower from her hips. The second lifted herself upon snowy flesh that blushed redder than a purple rose. The third was like a mill-pond rippled by a soundless wave, for all her exquisite skin trembled of itself. If Paris, who gave judgment among the goddesses, had seen them, he would not have wanted to see the others again.

[1] *chalkon*, lit. "brass", used for money as in English.

[2] The Greek for "bee", *Melissa*, made a proper name.

39. NICARCHUS: *The Gourmand.*

Am I not doomed to die? What matter if I reach Hades gouty or a trained runner? Many will lift me then. Come let me go lame. Nevertheless, you see that I never miss dining out while alive.[1]

41. RUFINUS: *On Beauty beaten.*

Who has beaten you and thrown you out without a stitch? Whose heart was so stony and eyes so blind? Perhaps he arrived at the wrong moment and found you hiding [2] a lover. This is the way of all women, my child. But next time that he is out and your love is in, bolt the door against similar disaster.

42. RUFINUS: *The Golden Mean.*

I hate a girl who is too easy and I hate an over-prude. One consents too slowly and the other too soon.

44. RUFINUS. *On a Pair of Courtesans.*

Miss Pinnace and Madam Schooner,[3] both courtesans are always anchored off Samos harbour. Fly away, you whole rout of young men from the pirate ships of Venus. He that goes into action with them will sink and swallow the wave.

45. CILLACTOR. *Erotic Economy.*

Thanks to Nature not to Work, a maiden girl increases her savings.

47. RUFINUS. *Love's Disappointment.*

Thalia, how often I prayed to take you in the night and satisfy my soul with loving frenzy. And now I am unnerved and my limbs are stricken with languid sleep when yours are beside me in sweet nudity. Wretched soul, what has come over thee? Awake and faint not. You shall yearn yet for this bliss of bliss.

50. ANONYMOUS. *Between Gulfs.*

Poverty and Love are my two misfortunes. One is easy bearing, but not the Venereal flame.

[1] Reading *sos* for *isos*.

[2] Reading *kruptomenon* for *gignomenon* (a lover to the fore).

[3] Lit. *Lembion* and *Kerkourion*—names of boats.

51. ANONYMOUS: *Anonymous Love.*

I loved. I kissed. I won. I achieved and I am loved. But who she was, and whose, and how, only the goddess knows!

53. DIOSCORIDES: *Prayer to Adonis.*

Beloved Adonis, the seductive Aristonoë wounded me when she beat her breasts at thy shrine.[1] If she will grant me the same grace, when I die, let there be no dilly-dally. Take me as thy fellow-voyager to Hades.

56. DIOSCORIDES: *Love's Sundew.*

Rosy lips and sparkling speech, they drive me mad and my soul melts at the doors of her nectarous mouth. Eyes that flash under thick eyebrows enmesh and trap my heart. Beautiful pair of milky breasts, shapely and sweeter than the chalice of a flower. But why am I showing juicy bones to dogs? The reeds of Midas witness warning against a babbling tongue.

57. MELEAGER: *Love's Fire.*

Love, if you singe my cindered soul once too often, she will fly away like a moth. She has wings as well as you, my cruel one.

58. ARCHIAS: *Love's Arrows.*

Baby Love, of a truth thou devastatest me. Empty thy whole quiver into me and leave not an arrow. Slay me alone with thy shafts, so that when thou wouldst pierce another, thou shalt have no arrowhead left.

59. ARCHIAS: *Love's Speed.*

One should fly from Love. Empty toil! For how can one escape on foot when hard pressed by the winged?

63. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *To a Covetous Courtesan.*

Antigone, I thought you were a Sicelian. But since you have become an Hungarian,[2] I have turned Parsee-monious.[3]

[1] Worship of the dead Adonis, dear to women.

[2] Lit. "Aetolian". Greek, *aitein* = beg.

[3] Lit. "Medos," a Mede. Greek *me dos* = don't give.

65. ANONYMOUS: *Metamorphoses of Love.*

To the divine Ganymede Zeus came eaglewise and swanwise to the golden-haired mother of Helen.[1] There is no judging the twain, for one prefers one and one the other. Personally I like both.

66. RUFINUS: *Love's Cruelty.*

I besought Prodikë, happily catching sight of her alone, and I clung to her ambrosial knees. I cried, "Save a man who is all but lost and grant me my scant remaining breath". She wept at my words, but wiped away her tears and with gentle hands pushed me quietly out.

67. CAPITO: *On Charm.*

Beauty without charm only pleaseth but holdeth not. It is like a bait floating without a hook.

68. LUCILIUS: *A Prayer.*

Either delete loving altogether, O Love, or give love in return and thus release or blend desires.

69. RUFINUS: *On the Beauty of Maionis.*

When Minerva and golden-sandalled Hera gazed upon Maionis, both cried from their hearts: "We will not strip again. The Shepherd's [2] judgment is sufficient once. It is foul to be defeated twice in a beauty competition."

70. RUFINUS: *Love's Compliment.*

Thou hast the beauty of Venus, the mouth of Persuasion herself, the body and flower of the Hours of Spring and the speech of Calliope, the wisdom and control of Themis and the hands of Athena. Beloved, thou makest the Graces four!

72. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *Life's Passing.*

This, this is life. Life is joy. Cares begone! Short is the span of man's life. Wine and dance are to-day's. To-day's are the flower-wreaths and the girls. Let me live to-day supremely. To-morrow who knows?

73. RUFINUS: *On the Beauty of Rhodocleia.*

Ye gods! I knew not that Venus was bathing and letting

[1] Leda. [2] Paris.

her hair down her neck. Have mercy on me, Queen. Be not angry with mine eyes which have seen thy divine shape. Now I see! Why, it is Rhodocleia and not Venus! Whence then this beauty? I think thou hast stripped the goddess.

74. RUFINUS: *On the Beauty of Rhodocleia.*

Rhodocleia, I send thee this garland that I wove with my own hands of beautiful flowers. The lily is there and the rosy chalice and the wet anemone and the lithe narcissus and the violet of steely blue. Wear them and cease from haughtiness. Both thou and the garland flower and fade.

77. RUFINUS: *Love's Surfeit.*

If a woman's charm survived the ecstasy of Venus, no husbands would be sated in the arms of their wives. But after Venus has had her will, all women lose their sweetness.

78. PLATO: *The Kiss.*

Kissing Agathon brought my soul to my lips. She came, poor thing, hoping to pass across to his.

79. PLATO: *To a Virgin.*

I throw thee the apple, and if thou lovest me, catch it and give me of thy maidenhood. But if thou art not sympathetic to my wish, take it all the same and consider how short-lived is thy prime.

81. DIONYSIUS THE SOPHIST: *Roses.*[1]

Rose-girl, you have a rosy charm. But what are you selling, yourself or roses? or both?

83. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Wish.*

Would that I were the wind that thou mightest catch me blowing on thy naked bosom as thou didst pace upon the beach.

84. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Wish.*

Would I were the purple-tinted rose that thy hands might pick me to grace thy snow-white breasts.

[1] The rose as the Queen of Flowers is used as the gem or the pearl. See 142 and 170.

85. ASCLEPIADES: *To a Virgin.*

What use in sparing thy maidenhood? In Hades you will find no lover, lady. Venus keeps her joys for the living, but in Acheron, my virgin, we shall lie bones and ashes.

86. CLAUDIAN: *Prayer to Apollo.*

Have mercy on me, Apollo dear. For swift bowman as thou art, thou also wast stricken by the rushing arrows of Love.

87. RUFINUS: *A Woman afire.*

Melissias denies her love but her body cries a whole quiver-flight of arrows. Unsteady is her step and unsteadily she gasps for breath and there are hollow arrow-marks under her eyes. By Venus your fair-wreathed mother, burn up the faithless one, ye Desires, until she cries Fire!

88. RUFINUS: *A Prayer.*

Torch-bearer, if thou canst not fire two hearts with equal flame, either quench or shift the fire that burns in one.

90. ANONYMOUS: *Myrrh.*

Sweet Myrrha, I send ministering myrrh to you as though to myrrh itself, like one pouring wine in libation to the god of wine.

92. RUFINUS: *Love's Haughtiness.*

Rhodope is lifted by her beauty and whenever I hail her, she greets me under her haughty eyebrows. Whenever I hang garlands over her doors, she treads them with angry and haughty heels. Come all the quicker, wrinkles and pitiless Eld. Hurry, hurry, and do you at least persuade Rhodope.

93. RUFINUS: *Love and Logic.*

I have steeled my heart with logic against Love and in single combat he will not conquer me. Mortal against immortal I will meet him. But if he has Bacchus as his ally, what can I do alone against two of them?

94. RUFINUS: *Love's Compliments.*
Hera's eyes thou hast, Melite, and Athena's hands, the breasts of Venus and the ankles of Thetis. Blessed are the eyes that see thee. Thrice blessed are the ears that hear thee. A demigod is he that kisseth thee and immortal is he that taketh thee to bride.

95. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Compliments.*
There are four Graces and two Venuses and ten Muses. Dercylis is a Muse, a Grace and a Venus with them all.

96. MELEAGER: *Love's Lime.*
Bird-lime is thy kiss, Timarion, and fire are thine eyes. If thou lookest at me, thou burnest me and, if thou touchest me, thou hast me caught.

97. RUFINUS: *Taunting Love.*
If thou drawest bow at both of us, Love, thou art a god. But if thou swervest toward one alone, no god art thou.

100. ANONYMOUS: *Love Divine.*
If any blame me, learning that I a slave of Love go hunting with lime upon my eyes; tell him that the lords of Heaven and of Hell and of the Sea have been enslaved by fierce desires, and if the Gods are such and if men are commanded to follow them, what is there wrong in my learning ways divine?

102. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *On a Thin Beauty.*
"You will observe what a thin and fleshless Venus is Diocleia though sweetest of disposition." "There will then be slight partition between us, for I shall fall on her tiny bosom and lie the closer to her heart."

103. RUFINUS: *To a Proud Beauty.*
How long, Prodikë, shall I weep outside for thee? How long shall I entreat thee unheard, thou hard heart? Ah, but the white hairs already sprout from thee, and soon thou wilt give me thyself as Hecuba gave herself to Priam.

106. DIOTIMOS THE MILESIAN: *To a Chaperone.*
Dear old nurse, why do you bark when I come near and

redouble my cruel torments? A beautiful maiden you lead, but see how I go my own way treading in her steps. I only glance at her sweet shape. Why be jealous of eyes, curse you? We gaze upon the very faces of the Gods.

108. CRINAGORAS: *To a Dead Beauty.*

Misery thee! What can I say first or last but Misery thee! Misery is the true word of all woe. Thou art gone, lovely lady, who hadst brought the beauty of thy body and thy gentleness of soul to perfection. Too truly was Unica [1] thy name, for thine inimitable charm was unique amongst them all.

109. ANTIPATER: *On a Courtesan.*

You can have Europa, who lives in Athens, for a shilling, and you need fear no opposition from her or any other. Besides she has irreproachable sheets and a coal fire in winter. My dear Jupiter, you would not have to turn into a bull.

110. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Love's Toast.*

Slave, pour me ten cups to Lysidice and give me one to the desirable Euphrante. You will say I love Lysidice best. No, by the sweet wine that I drain from this chalice. For Euphrante counts as one to ten with me, as the moon's single light drowns a myriad stars.

111. ANTIPHILUS: *On Beauty fulfilled.*

I used to say during Tereina's babyhood charm: "She will grow up and burn us all". They laughed at the prophet, but lo! the time I voiced is here and long do I feel the wound. What may I do? To look at her sends me up in flame. To look away means pining. And if I court her, she pleads virginity. I am done!

112. PHILODEMUS: *Memories.*

I loved. Who has not? I have revelled and who is uninitiated in revelry? I went mad. And who drove me mad but a god. Well-a-day! the white hair already

[1] Lit. *Prote*, "the first", which puns in Greek.

presses on the black and heralds years of wisdom. When it was time to play, I played. Now it is time no longer, and I will snatch a wiser theme.

113. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Love and Beauty.*

When you were rich, you were in love, Sosicrates. But now you are poor you are out of love. Hunger is the cure! And Menophila, who used to call you honey and sweet Adonis, inquires what is your name, "Who are you and whence among men, and what is your city?" [1] At last you have learnt the proverb that nobody with nothing has a friend.

114. MAECIUS: *On a Courtesan.*

Philistion was always hard and never welcomed a lover without money. She appears more tolerant than before. It is not such a miracle, for I do not think she has changed her nature. The pitiless asp sometimes becomes gentler, but its bite always carries death.

117. MAECIUS: *Love's Fire.*

The beauty Cornelius enflames me. But this is a glow I dread, for it has already become a great fire.

118. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Youth's Garland.*

Isias sweet-breath! thou that sleepest [2] ten times sweeter than the myrrh, awake and take this garland in thy darling hands. It is abloom now, but thou wilt see it fade toward morning in symbol of thy youth.

119. CRINAGORAS: *Love's Watch.*

Crinagoras, though thou turnest to the left, and to the right upon thy empty couch, weariness not sleep shall be thy portion in slumber, unless the lovely Gemella lies down beside thee.

120. PHILODEMUS: *Love's Deceit.*

I came at midnight soaked by the heavy rain after deceiving my husband. Must we then sit in unaccomplishment and must we sleep dumb? Have lovers the right to sleep?

[1] Homeric quotation answering to our Biblical.

[2] Read *heudeis* for *osdeis.*

123. PHILODEMUS: *To the Moon.*

Shine, thou Moon of Night, with thy twin horns and love of midnight folly, shine tremulous [1] through the lattices and irradiate the golden Callistion. A goddess cannot be grudged the sight of lovers' deeds. I know that thou dost bless her and me, O Moon, for Endymion fired thy soul.

125. BASSUS: *Means of Love.*

I shall never be poured like golden rain. Someone else may become a bull or a melodious swan upon the shore. Those are tricks for Jupiter to keep to himself. Instead of growing wings I shall give Corinna her two pennies.

127. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Love surprised.*

Greatly I loved the maiden Alcippe and once I won her to come secretly to my room. The hearts of both were beating lest anybody should supervene or somebody unwanted should see our hidden yearnings. But her chatter did not escape Mother, who looked in suddenly, and "Daughter, we must share treasure-trove", quoth she.

128. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *One and Twain.*

Breast to breast and bosom resting upon bosom and lips pressed to Antigone's sweet lips, and her skin touching my skin. And the rest is silence whereunto the lamp is the registered witness.

130. MAECIUS: *Love's Sulk.*

Why sulk, Philaenis, with your hair tumbling at random and little eyes flooded with tears? Did you see another in your lover's lap? Tell me, for I understand the pharmacy of sorrow. You cry and will not tell. You try to deny in vain. The eyes are safer witness than the tongue.

131. PHILODEMUS: *Love's Warning.*

Like fresh-lit fire Xanthippe will burn thee, O my soul, with her music and her chatter and her wheedling eyes and song, but I cannot say which one and when and how. You will know, poor soul, when you lie in ashes.

[1] Read *pallomene.*

133. MAECIUS: *By Venus!*

By thy godhead I have sworn, O Venus, to stay two nights away from Hedylion, and I presume you laughed knowing my utter weakness. I will not endure the second night away and I will cast my oath to the winds. I prefer to be perjurer for her sake than to keep faith with thee, O Queen, and to die of chastity.

135. ANONYMOUS: *On a Jug.*

You one-eared, long-necked, well-bellied, rounded jug, murmuring in your narrow mouth. O merry slave of Bacchus and the Muses and of Venus, sweetly you laugh, delicious stewardess of our drinking clubs. But why are you full when I am sober and why are you sober when I am drunk? You break the laws of symposium.

136. MELEAGER: *A Toast to Heliodora.*

Pour wine and say Heliodora! and say it again and again, and mix her sweet name with the untempered wine. And though it be yesterday's wreath, dripping with perfume, wreathe me in memory of her. See how the lover-loving rose is weeping because it sees her elsewhere than on my breast.

139. MELEAGER: *The Charms of Zenophila.*

By Arcadian Pan, what a sweet melody thou melodisest, O Zenophila. By Pan, what a melodious touch! Whither away from thee? The Loves encircle me all and scarcely a second let me take my breath. For thy Beauty touches my desire, or thy Muse or thy Grace or—what shall I say? They all touch me and I consume with fire.

140. MELEAGER: *The Charms of Zenophila.*

The sweet-melodied lyre of the Muses and the wise words of Persuasion and Love, Beauty's charioteer, conferred the Sceptre of Desire upon thee, Zenophila, since the Three Graces gave thee their graces three.

141. MELEAGER: *The Voice of Heliodora.*

By Love I swear I would rather hear the voice of Heliodora in my ear than Apollo's harp!

142. ANONYMOUS: *The Beauty of a Boy.*

Is Dionysius' wreath a rose or is he the rose in the wreath? I think the wreath is left behind for beauty.

143. MELEAGER: *Heliodora's Wreath.*

Fading is the wreath on Heliodora's head, but she herself is the wreath's outshining wreath.

144. MELEAGER: *Zenophila's Floral.*

Already flowereth the white violet and flowereth the rain-loving narcissus and the lilies of the mountain. But Lover's lover, Persuasion's sweet rose and the flower of spring flowerage, Zenophila, has already bloomed. Ye meadows, all the laughing splendour of your foliage is in vain. Better than all sweet-scented wreaths is the girl.

145. ASCLEPIADES: *To the Garlands on the Door.*

Stay hanging on these doors, garlands of mine, watered with my tears, and do not hurry to shed your petals, for wet are lovers' eyes, and when you see him through the open door, shed my dew upon his head that his golden hair may drink at least my tears.

146. CALLIMACHUS: *On Berenice the Blest.*

There are four Graces, for in company of the Three Berenice [1] the blest has just been moulded and anointed; admired by all, since the Graces are not the Graces without her.

150. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Falsehood.*

The celebrated Niko promised to come to me to-night and swore by the holy Demeter. She cometh not, and the watch is passed. Did she wish to perjure herself? Slaves, put the lights out!

152. MELEAGER: *To a Mosquito.*

Fly quick for me, angel [2] mosquito. Light upon Zenophila's ear-tips and whisper: "He is sleeplessly waiting for thee, who sleepest and forgetest thy lovers". Fly away, music-lover, fly away! But whisper low and do not wake

[1] The second Berenice, Queen of Egypt.

[2] Lit. *angelos*, a messenger.

her bedmate or rouse his pang of jealousy for me. Bring me the girl, and I will coif you with a lion-skin and give you a club to handle, mosquito!

153. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Thunderbolt.*

Nikarete peeped once too often with sweet features bathed by the Desires from her high-flung window. The bright lightning from Cleophon's sweet eyes in her doorway blasted her, O Venus dear!

154. MELEAGER: *Delysia.*

By Venus swimming in the bright waves, I swear that her own beauty makes Delysia [1] delicious.

155. MELEAGER: *Heliodora.*

Love himself fashioned Heliodora, soul of my soul within my heart.

156. MELEAGER: *The Sea of Love.*

Amorous Asclepias with eyes as sparkling as a calm sea persuades all to embark upon love.

157. MELEAGER: *Heliodora's Finger-nail.*

Finger-nail of Heliodora, how sharp Love grew you, for even her scratch reaches the heart.

159. SIMONIDES: *Ex-Courtesans.*

Boidion the flute-player and Pythias, who were once courtesans, dedicate their girdles and portraits to thee, Venus! Merchants and bagmen, your purses know who paid for the girdles and canvases!

160. MELEAGER: *A Jewish Rival.*[2]

White-cheeked Demo, somebody is enjoying possession of thy body, and now crieth my heart within me. I do not wonder if some Sabbatarian Jew is thy desire, for though cold be the Sabbath, love is warm.

162. ASCLEPIADES: *On a Courtesan.*

The wanton Philaenion has bitten me. Though the wound is invisible, the pain runs to the quick. I am done, finished, utterly done, O ye Cupids. I was nodding

[1] Greek *Truphera*, a girl's name meaning delicate.

[2] Meleager came from Palestine.

and stepped upon a harlot,[1] and I know that her touch is death.

163. MELEAGER: *To a Bee.*

Flower-fed bee, why dost thou desert the chalices of spring and light upon the skin of Heliodora? Is it to hint that sweet as she is, she carries Love's intolerable sting, always so bitter to the heart? So thou sayest I think. Fly back again, darling. We have heard thy story before.

164. ASCLEPIADES: *Appeal to Night.*

Night, for I call no other to witness how Nico's Pythias insults me with her love of tricks. Invited and not unsummoned I came. I pray she may stand likewise at my door and make the same complaint to thee.

165. MELEAGER: *Prayer to Night.*

Holy and beloved Night, mother of the Gods and companion of revelry, I pray thee this one prayer and beg thee that, if someone is lying snugly under Heliodora's cloak warmed by her body's somnifuge, let the lamp go out, and clasped to her bosom let him sleep the "sleep of the just".[2]

168. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Victim.*

Let fire and snow and lightning, if you will, descend upon me. Hurl me upon the cliffs or into the sea. For even the fiery bolt of Jupiter cannot destroy Love's victim and the blasted thereof.

169. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Sweetness.*

A drink of snow is a sweet summer drink and the Crown of Spring[3] is sweet to sailors' sight after winter. But it is sweeter when one cloak covers two lovers and both do Venus honour.

170. NOSSIS: *Love's Sweetness.*

"Nothing is sweeter than love, and every blessing is second thereto, and even honey I spit from my mouth,"

[1] Greek *hetaira*, put as a joke for *Echidna*, a viper.

[2] Lit. "a second Endymion", proverbial for the lover asleep.

[3] Reading *Stephanon*, the Northern Crown—in the heavens.

saith Nossis, but he, whom Venus hath not kissed, does not know what a flower is her rose.

171. MELEAGER: *Love's Draught.*

The wine-cup says that it touches Love's own love, the babbling mouth of Zenophila, and bubbles with joy. Blessed cup! I would she might set lip to my lip and drain my soul within at a draught.

172. MELEAGER: *To the Morning Star.*

Love-hating Star of the Morning, why dost thou stand so soon about my bed just as I warm myself with my beloved Demo? I wish thou wouldst take a swift tack back and become the Evening Star, so bitter is the sweet light thou castest on me. Of olden time thou didst reverse thee for Alcmena, the bride of Jupiter.[1] Thou shouldst then know how to turn thy tracks.

174. MELEAGER: *Love's Sleep.*

Like a delicate flower, thou sleepest, Zenophila. Would that I were wingless Sleep to pass under thine eyelids so that not even he, that charms the eyes of Zeus, might visit thee, but I might have thee all alone.

176. MELEAGER: *The Terror of Love.*

Love is terrible, terrible. But what use is it saying again and again with many sighs that Love is terrible? For the boy laughs at it all and enjoys being maligned and feeds upon my reproaches. Venus, I wonder that you who made apparition from the glaucous wave could breed fire from water.

177. MELEAGER: *Love proclaimed!*

Oyez, oyez! I proclaim Love run wild! Away he went from my bed on wings this very dawn. The boy's description is—a sweetly, weeping chatterer, swift as he is fearless, with a monkey's laugh and wings on his shoulders and a quiver over all. His father's name is unknown, for neither Heaven nor Earth nor Sea admit breeding the rascal. He is hated by everybody everywhere. But be-

[1] Joshua held up the Sun, and Jupiter held back the Evening Star during the three nights needed for the forging of Hercules.

ware lest he is now setting new nets for hearts. But look there, near his lair! You cannot escape me, Archer, when you lie hidden in Zenophila's eyes.

179. MELEAGER: *Begone to Love.*

By Venus, I will burn all your bow and arrows and your Scythian quiver. Love, I will burn them indeed. Why that silly laugh and that monkey-nose sneer? You will soon laugh sardonically. I will clip your swift wings that guide Desire, and I will shackle your feet with fetters of bronze. Still it would be a fatal [1] victory for me to chain you next to my soul like a lynx to the goat-pens. Away, you are unlucky to conquer. Take your airy sandals and spread swift wings otherward.

180. MELEAGER: *Love's Cruelty.*

What is strange if Love, men's murderer, breathes arrows of fire and laughs bitterly in his cruel eyes? Is his mother not the lover of Mars and the spouse of Vulcan and divided betwixt sword and fire? Does not the sea, his mother's mother, roar under the whips of the wind? And he has neither father nor Genesis. But he has the fire of Vulcan, and exults in his storming wrath and in the blood-dripping bolts of Mars.

187 AND 182.[2] MELEAGER: *A Dialogue.*

Dorcas, tell Lycaenis: "See how you are caught shamming kisses. Time reveals forged love."

Dorcas, give her this message. See that you give it twice and, Dorcas, tell it a third time. Now run and don't hang—fly! But wait for me a second, Dorcas, a second. Where are you hurrying before you hear all? Add to what I just told you or rather—why am I such a fool?—say nothing at all—except that—oh, tell her everything. Spare not a word. All the same why should I send you, Dorcas, for you see that I am companying you and going myself ahead?

183. POSEIDIPPUS: *A Symposium.*

We are four adrinking, and his beloved cometh with each.

[1] Lit. *cadmeian*—a Pyrrhic victory.

[2] The first couplet has been displaced in the Greek text.

One jar of Chian wine will not suffice for eight. Go to Aristios, my boy, and tell him that the first jar he sent was half full. There are two measures short for certain. More I think in fact. But hurry, for we all meet at the fifth hour.

184. MELEAGER: *Love's Perjury.*

I know. You did not deceive me. Why swear to Heaven? You have not deceived me. I knew. No more oaths. I found it all out. So that was that, you perjured soul! that was your sleeping alone again, alone indeed? What impudence! and you still say you were alone. Is your wonderful one not calling you? And if he is not, oh why do I threaten? Out, quick out of my bed, you little beast; but that would be giving you sheer joy, for I know you long to see him. So here you stay a prisoner!

185. ASCLEPIADES: *A Picnic.*

Go to market, Demetrius, and ask Amyntas for three whitebait and ten little weedfish and two dozen humpy shrimps (he will count them for you) and bring them straight back. And pick up six rose-wreaths from Thauborius—and casually ask Delysia to slip round.

186. POSEIDIPPUS: *Love's Treachery.*

Philaenis, don't think you deceive me with your melting tears. I know, of course, that you absolutely love no one more than me, that is as long as you lie at my side. But let another have you and you would say you loved him more than me.

189. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Anguish.*

Long is the winter's night and sinketh not till the Pleiads are half-way across the sky. And I tramp drenched outside the door, wounded with love for the deceitful Helen.[1] Venus has not stricken me with love but with an arrow of anguish from the fire.

190. MELEAGER: *Love's Storm.*

O bitter tide of Love, O sleepless winds of Jealousy and

[1] Reading *Helenes* for *keines*. Or *Kunnes*, a famous courtesan.

tempestuous sea of Revelry, whither am I borne? The rudder of my soul is snatched every way. Shall we ever set eyes again on Delysia,[1] our Scylla?

191. MELEAGER: *The Poet's Agony.*

Stars and Moon, that shinest fair on lovers, and Night and little mouth-organ companioning my revels, shall I still see the profligate one sleepless on her bed and wailing to her lamp? Or has she a bed-fellow? Then I will hang my pleading garlands at her door all withered by my tears and I will write: "O Venus, Meleager, the mystic of thy feasts, hath hung these trophies of his love to thee".

193. DIOSCORIDES: *Beauty at the Mysteries.*

The exquisite Cleo captured me when she beat her milk-white breast at thy midnight Vigil, Adonis. If I should die and she were to pay me the same compliment, I would not hesitate. Take me with you as your fellow-voyager to sea.[2]

194. POSEIDIPPUS: *Love's Débutante.*

The Loves themselves brought the delicate Irenion when she left the golden chamber of Venus, like a sacred flower from her hair to her feet, like a statue of white marble, bending with maidenly charm. With purple bow-strings they loosed a multitude of arrows against the hearts of youth.

195. MELEAGER: *The Charms of Zenophila.*

The three Graces wove a threefold wreath for Zenophila, in symbol of her threefold beauty. One made her skin desirable, another her figure charming and the third endowed her with sweetness of voice. She is threefold blessed, for Venus made her bed and Persuasion her speech and Love her sweet beauty.

196. MELEAGER: *The Charms of Zenophila.*

Love gave Zenophila her beauty, Venus her bedded charms and the Graces her grace.

[1] Reading *Trupheren* as a proper name. Or "our delicious Scylla".

[2] In the Passion of Adonis the bier was sent to sea. Or refers more likely to Charon's boat.

199. HEDYLUS: *A Virgin's Offering.*

Aglaonice was lulled to sleep by wine and treacherous philtres and the sweet love of Nicagoras. To Venus now she dedicates these spoils of her virginal desires, all dripping with perfumes. Her sandals and the soft bands that bound her breasts bear witness to her sleep and encounters at the time.

201. ANONYMOUS: *The Harp-player's Romance.*

Leontis keeping awake until the lovely star of dawn enjoyed the golden Sthenius. In memory of that all-night vigil she consecrates to Venus this lyre which the Muses tuned for her.

203. ASCLEPIADES: *The Courtesan's Spur.*

To thee, Venus, Lysidice has dedicated the golden goad upon her shapely foot, her riding spur. Many a supine horse she trained with it, but her own leg was never reddened, so lightly did she ride. No spur she needed to finish the course, and upon thy middle gate therefore she hath hung this instrument of gold.

205. ANONYMOUS: *The Amethyst.*

To thee, Venus, Nico dedicates her treasured prize, her magic charm, which can drag a man across the seas and boys out of their rooms. It is sprinkled with gold and carved from diaphanous amethyst. It is strung in the middle of a soft thread of purple wool, the parting gift of a witch of Larissa.

206. LEONIDAS: *The Spinsters' Offering.*

Melo and Satyra, the middle-aged daughters of Antigenides, willing spinsters of the Muses, dedicate to the Muses of Pimpleia, Melo her swift-lipped flute and its boxwood case and love-making Satyra her wax-joined pipe, the evening companion of the roisterers, the sweet whistle with which she serenaded[1] hall doors all night till she saw the dawn of day.

[1] Reading *enkroteousa.*

209. ASCLEPIADES: *Passion answered.*

Cleander saw Nico on thy shore, Venus of Paphia, swimming in the dark-blue waves. Burning with love the man gathered hot coals to his heart from the dripping maid. Shipwrecked was he upon land while the gentle beach received her skimming the sea. Now is their passion equal each for each, for the prayers which he prayed upon thy shore were not unanswered.

210. ASCLEPIADES: *Dusky Love.*[1]

Didyme has enchanted me by waving her bouquet. Alas! at sight of her beauty I am melted like wax in the fire. What if she is dusky? Coals are dusky, but when we set them on fire they glow like heart of roses.

211. POSEIDIPPUS: *Out of the Frying Pan.*

Tears and revelry, why do you rush me into another furnace of Venus before my feet are out of one fire? From Love I cease not, and my Venereal yearning ever adds new agony to new.[2]

212. MELEAGER: *Love unescapable.*

Love's echo ever rings in my ears and the Desires bring sweet tears to my unspeaking eyes. Neither night nor day bring rest, and the spells have already laid their usual seal upon my heart. Winged Loves, you know too well how to fly to us and ye have too little strength to fly away.

213. POSEIDIPPUS: *At the Courtesan's Door.*

If somebody has possession of Pythias, I am off, but if she is sleeping alone, for the love of God ask me in for a little. And tell her for sign of recognition that I came drunk and amid Foot-pads with daring Love for guide.

214. MELEAGER: *Love the Ball-player.*

Mine is a Love that plays ball, and to thee, Heliodora, he throws the heart that bounces within me. So come, take Desire for your partner, but if you throw me from you, he will not stand your breaking the rules of the court.

[1] Compare the Song of Solomon "black but comely". [2] Reading *ek kainōn.*

215. MELEAGER: *Love the Murderer.*

Love, I entreat thee to reverence my supplicating Muse and to hush my sleepless passion for Heliodora. I swear by your bow that it has learned to shoot no mark but myself, since you pour winged arrows into me. But if indeed you kill me, I will leave a vociferous epitaph: "Stranger, behold where Love has assassinated!"

216. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Advice in love.*

If you are in love, do not bend too low nor slacken the soul with oily entreaties. But show the little pride sufficient to draw your eyebrows and only throw a sparing look. It is the way of women to humble the proud and to ridicule men when they behave like worms. The best lover is he who mingles the appeal to pity with a little manly pride.

217. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love Mercenary.*

Jupiter turning to gold sank through the bronze-lined chamber of Danae and cut the knot of her untouched maidenhood. I think the myth means that "all-conquering Gold conquers walls of brass and fetters". Gold lets loose every rein and opens every lock. Gold bends the haughty-eyed dames. This it was that influenced the will of Danae. No lover need offer litanies to Venus, if silver is all he can offer.

219. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Secret Love.*

Rhodope, let us steal kisses and the exquisite consummation of Love that men struggle for. Sweet is secrecy and escape from the trapful corners of guardian eyes. More honied are the furtive than public embraces.

221. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love or Death.*

How long shall we hide flaming eyes and cast but furtive glances at each other? We must openly declare sorrow; and, if anyone hinders the gentle embraces of the companionship that will release our pain, the sword must be our pharmacy. It is sweeter for us to go together and forever upon either the path of life or death.

222. AGATHIAS: *On Ariadne the Harp-player.*

Whenever the girl takes her plectrum and touches her harp, she rivals the strings of Terpsichore, and whenever she looses her voice upon the tragic note, she strikes the very bourdon of Melpomene. And besides, if there were a beauty competition, Venus herself would be defeated and Paris would reverse his judgment. But keep silence among ourselves, lest Bacchus overhear and conceive yearning for the bed of a new Ariadne.

223. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *To the Morning Star.*

Morning star, do not trouble Love nor learn from your neighbour Mars to keep a pitiless heart. But as once upon the time you saw Phaethon in the chamber of Clymene and rose slower from the East, so tarry your course and make this night, which has risen upon my wan hoping, an Arctic night.[1]

224. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love the Archer.*

Love, cease shooting at my heart and my reins, but if shoot you must, pass on to other parts of me.

226. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Lust of the Eyes.*

How long, O mine eyes, made bold and drunken by untempered beauty, will you drain the nectar of the Loves? Let us speed ourselves as far away as we have strength. And in the calm I will pour wineless libations to Venus, our Lady of Propitiation. But if even there I am somehow arrow-stricken, be ye soaked with chilly tears and be ye punished as you ever deserve, for it was you, alas, who brought me into such a fiery furnace.

227. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love's Vintage.*

Yearly they vintage the vines and no one gathering the grapes tears aside the tendrils. But I hold thee, my soul's treasure, thy rosy arms gently bound in mine, and I vintage Love without thought of other spring or summer coming. For thou art all full of delights. Mayest thou stay in thy prime for all time, but if any twisted tendril comes and wrinkles thee, I will suffer it, for I adore thee.

[1] Lit. "as amongst the Cimmerians" or Esquimaux.

228. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love of Rhodope.*

Tell me for whose sake wilt thou still comb thy hair and for whom wilt thou manicure thy nails and beautify thy hands? And why wilt thou deck thy nature with the purple flower of the sea, since the lovely Rhodope is near no longer? If mine eyes do not see Rhodope, I care not to see the golden light of early-faring dawn.

229. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On Niobe.*

A herdsman once saw Niobe weeping and was surprised how stone could drip with tears. But like breathing stone Euippe has no pity for me though I sigh through so dim and so long a night. Love is guilty in both, for he brought Niobe agony for her children and to me agony for my passion.

230. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Hair of Doris.*

Doris pulled one hair from her golden tresses and bound my hands like a prisoner's. At first I laughed aloud, thinking it was easy to snap the chains of charming Doris. But not having strength to break them, I presently moaned like a man fettered fast with brass. Now to my utter misery I am hung by a hair and am dragged continually wherever my mistress draws me.

231. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Siren.*

Thy mouth blossoms with the Graces and thy cheeks with flowers. Venus blossoms in thine eyes, and Music in thy hands. With thy glances and with thy song thou takest our eyes and our ears for spoil. With every part of thee thou preyest upon unhappy youth.

233. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love's To-morrow.*

You say: "I will see you to-morrow". But to-morrow never comes, for your unchanging disposition heaps delay upon delay. Thus you bless my yearnings. You give yourself to others and reject my faith. You say: "I will see you in the evening". What is the evening of women? Old age filled with immeasurable wrinkles!

234. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Victory of Venus.*

My stubborn heart would not brook the sweet thong of Venus, mistress of the goad. I was invulnerable to the body-wasting arrows of the Cupids. Half-grey now, I bend my neck to you, O Venus. Accept me and laugh loud, for this victory of yours over Minerva is greater than when you competed for the apple of the Hesperides.[1]

235. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Hope in Shipwreck.*

Against hope thou comest to my yearning. Thou didst surprise and trouble all the phantasy of my soul. I tremble and my heart quivers to the depth under thy spur. My soul is drowning in the Aphrodisian wave. But save me from being shipwrecked so near to land and welcome me in thy harbours.

236. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Torture.*

Haply the hellish pains of Tantalus are lighter than my woes, for he never saw thy beauty. He was never refused the kiss of his lip upon a lip softer than the chalice of a rose. Weeping Tantalus may dread the overhanging stone but he cannot die again. But I die not and I waste away upon the goads of passion and my feebleness draweth me nigh unto death.

237. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Love's Lament.*

All night I lament, and when dawn comes with her slight largess of rest, the swallows twitter around and scatter sweet sleep, bringing me to tears. I keep mine eyes blindfold, but the thought of Rhodanthe troubles my heart. Hush, ye envious twitterers! It was not I who cut the tongue of Philomela.[2] Weep for Itylus on the hills and lament, as ye perch by the rocky nest of the hoopoe, that I may sleep a little while and perchance some dream shall come to throw me in the arms of Rhodanthe.

238. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love and the Sword.*

Why do I draw sword from scabbard? By thyself I swear, my darling, not to outrage Venus, but to prove to you that the stubbornness of Mars bows to gentle Venus.

[1] For the Judgment of Paris. [2] The nightingale.

He is the companion of my passions and I need no mirror when I see myself in it and fair as one in love is he. But if you forget me, the sword shall sink into my side.

239. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Fire.*

The might of the raging fire is out, O Venus. I suffer no longer, but I am dying of cold. The bitterness of Love creeps with hungry breath first through the flesh and then through my bones and midriff. Even the altar flame, when it has lapped all the sacrifices, cools spontaneously for lack of fodder.

240. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love and Gold.*

I pursue Love with gold, for the bees toil not with plough nor pick, but in the dewy springtide. Gold is a cunning workman of Aphrodisian honey.

241. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Departure.*

"Safe home" is on my lips to say, but I hold back my cry and stay nearer still to thee. For I shudder at thy hateful departure as it were the bitter night of Hell, for thy glamour is like the day yet that is voiceless. But thou bringest me that babbling which is sweeter than the Sirens. Thereon hangs all my soul's hope.

243. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Love in Sleep.*

Upon a dream of night I held the girl of myriad laughter serried to my arms. She gave me all without refusal, meeting my movement with her body. But some fiercely jealous Love lay in ambush even during the night-time and spilt my pleasure by scattering my sleep. So Love grudges me the sweet attainment of passion even in the dreams of sleep.

244. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Kisses.*

Long and audible are the kisses of Galatea. Demo's are soft and Doris bites. Which is the most exciting? Kisses are not to be judged by their sound. Will you vote for the rough lips you have tasted? You were far astray, my heart. You already know the soft kissing of Demo and the sweet honey upon her dewy lips. Cling to hers.

She wins the palm without bribery. If any prefer another, he will not drag me from Demo.

247. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On Constancy.*

Constance[1] is your pretty name, but not to me! When I first heard it, I thought it might be, but to me you are bitterer than death. You fly your lover and follow whoever loves you not and fly from him in turn when he begins to love you. There is a hook barbed with madness in your mouth. I bit and straightway it holds me hanging to your rosy lips.

249. IRENAEUS REFERENDARIUS: *Consummation.*

Proud Rhodope, you have yielded to the arrows of Venus and abdicated your overweening pride. You have taken me into your arms and I seem to lie in your fetters without desiring freedom. Thus are the souls and bodies of beings poured, swept and mingled in the rivers of Love.

250. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Love of Laïs.*

Dear friends, sweet is the smile of Laïs and sweet also are the tears shed by her lovely rolling eyes. Yesterday she rested long, leaning her head on my shoulder, and sighed without cause. I kissed her tears and they fell like a dewy fountain upon our mingled lips. To my question, "Why are you weeping?" she said, "I am afraid you may desert me. For all you men trample your oaths."

252. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Nakedness.*

My lovely, let us cast our cloaks and lie nakedly locked limb to limb. Let nothing come between us. Your fine-spun covering seems to me like a wall of Babylon. Let us join breasts and lips and for the rest be mum. I detest gossiping.

253. IRENAEUS REFERENDARIUS: *Shyness.*

Chrysilla, why do you bend your head and stare at the ground? And why do your fingers only play with the end of your belt? Prudishness is not akin to Venus. But if you can say nothing, show some sign of obedience to the Cyprian goddess.

[1] Lit. *Parmenis*—but Constance is the British equivalent.

254. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Abstinence.*

My God, but I swore to keep far from thee, silver maid, until the twelfth dawn. I could not endure my wretchedness. I swear by your own self that the morrow appeared further away than twelve months. But pray the gods, my sweet, not to engrave my oath upon my scroll of punishment. Comfort my soul with thy charms and add not thy scourging lash to that of the blessed gods, my Queen.

256. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Insult.*

At evening Galatea slammed her doors in my face, and insulted me thus: "An insult slackens love". What a vain proverb to fly round! Insult rather fans my frenzied love. I swore to stay away from her for the light of a year, and, my God! in the morning I went straight to her door like a beggar.

257. PALLADAS: *Jupiter taunted.*

I blame Jupiter for a poor lover, since he does not change his shape for the sake of this haughty beauty. For neither Europa nor Danae nor the gentle Leda can give points to her loveliness. Perchance he despises courtesans, for I know he seduces virgins of royal blood.

258. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Autumn.*

Your wrinkles rather, Philinna, than all the fresh sap of youth. And I would rather lay my hands about your cluster of top-heavy apples than a young girl's firm breasts. For your Autumn is better than another's Spring and your Winter is warmer than another's Summer.

259. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *After the Love-night.*

Heavy are thy passion-breathing eyes, Chariclo, as though thou wert just risen from thy couch. Dishevelled are thy locks and the rosy sparkle of thy cheeks has turned to a white ochre. Loosened is thy frame and, if these are the signs thou bearest of an all-night wrestle with love, then all bliss was transcended for him that folded thee in his

arms. But if a burning love wasteth thee, mayest thou waste for me!

261. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Intoxication.*

I am no wine-bibber; but if you wish me intoxicated, taste first and I will drink what you proffer. For if your lips touch it, neither soberness nor flight from the sweet cupbearer is so easy. The cup ferries me your kiss and tells me of the favour received.

262. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Chaperone.*

Alas, alas! envy forbids me even thy sweet speech and the sweet glance of thy speaking eyes. I dread the look of that old girl standing by like the Argus-eyed herdsman of Io. "Stand and stare! but you chew your soul in vain, for your eye cannot reach my soul."

263. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Lamp of Love.*

Never wear a snuff, lamp of mine, nor summon rain lest thou keep my bridegroom from coming. Ever jealous of Venus thou art, for when she joined Hero to Leander—but, O my soul, say no more. Lamp, thou art Vulcan's, and I am persuaded that to vex Venus thou panderest to the jealousy of her lord.[1]

265. COMETAS CHARTULARIUS: *Love's Falsity.*

When Phyllis sent her eyes to sea, utterly false was Demophon who scattered his oaths on the wave. Now, Phyllis dear, I keep tryst with thee, I thy Demophon, upon the shores of the sea, but why art thou false to me?

266. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Bite.*

They say that a man bitten by a mad dog's fang sees the animal's image in the water. Perhaps Love went mad and fleshed a bitter tooth in me and preyed upon my maddened soul, for the ocean and the river's eddy and the cup of flowing wine flash thy beloved image unto me.

268. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Quiver.*

No one need fear the arrow of desire again, for furious Love has emptied his whole quiver into me. Let no one dread the coming of his wings, for ever since he mounted

[1] Vulcan was found correspondent to Venus.

and trampled my heart with his cruel feet, he stays unmoved and unshaken and leaves me not, for he has plucked his brace of wings to feather his arrows against me.

269. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Two is Company.*

Once I was lying alone between two women, one of whom was my desire, the other my charity. She who loved me drew me to her. But like a thief I kissed the other seemingly with sparing lip, to deceive her neighbour's jealousy. Her complaint and gossip might cut short my love, I feared. I could only sigh and say: "Loving seems as hard for me as being loved. My torture is twain"

270. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Splendour.*

The rose needs no coronals and thou, my Queen, needest no raiment nor hair-nets set with stones. Thy skin is beyond the pearl and the gold comes behind the splendour of thy uncombed hair. Sparkling is the loveliness of Indian jacinth, but it grows dim beside thine eyes. Thy dewy lips and the honeyed harmony of thy bosom make the girdle of Venus. I am vanquished utterly by all of them, and only in thine eyes where nests a gentle hope find I any comfort.

271. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On a Courtesan.*

She once played the Bacchante amid the flower of the feminine and danced riot to the golden castanet. Old age hath her now and unpitying disease. Thrice eagerly her lovers once ran to her. Huge is now their shudder. That moon of hers has faded from plenitude. Unto no sun maketh she conjunction nor synod.

272. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Demivierge.*

Her breasts are in my hands and mouth meets mouth. I feed with unreined passion upon her alabaster neck, but I have not won her yet for Venus. Still I toil to woo a virgin who refuses me her bed. She has given herself half to Venus but the other half to Minerva. And between the twain I waste away.

274. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love deserted.*

Once Love boldly stamped my body's image in the warm depths of thy heart. But now, alas, thou castest it out as I never dreamed, but thy beauty stays pictured on my soul. To the Sun God I will show it and to the God of Hell, and I will rouse the Judgment of Minos against thee, cruel one!

279. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Love's Wait.*

Cleophantis delays. The third wick begins to droop and swiftly faints. Would that my heart's fire were quenched with the wick and did not burn me so long with unsleeping desire. How often she swore by Venus to come of an evening, but she perjures herself to both men and gods.

280. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *To a Coquette.*

And dost thou also suffer anguish, Philinna? and art thou sick and wasting thy parched eyes? or is thy sleep sweetest without any word or account of my care? Thou shalt find similar fate, and I shall see thy cheeks wet with crowding tears, unhappy one. Venus is vindictive in all things, but one excellence is hers. She hates coquettes.

281. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *A Practical Joke.*

Hermonassa yesterday poured a jugful of water on me when I was celebrating an orgy of wine and fastening wreaths to her hall doors. She flattened my coiffure which with difficulty I had combed to last three days. But the water only fired me the more, for her sweet lips' glow lay hidden in the jug.

282. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Conquest of Time.*

Slender Melite is on the threshold of long Eld, but she has not put away the grace of her youth. Marble still are her cheeks, and her eye has not forgotten to charm. But the rosary of her years is not slight. Her girlish spirits remain. By her I learn that Time cannot conquer Nature.

284. RUFINUS DOMESTICUS: *Bad Judgment.*

I adore everything about you. Only your uncritical eye I detest, because it is pleased by hateful men.

285. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Distant Kisses.*

Divine Rhodanthe preventing me from kissing her upon the mouth, stretched me her maiden's zone, kissing and kissing it, while I drew the stream of love like a canal to the other end by drinking up the kisses. With my lips smacking on the maiden's zone I distantly returned kiss for kiss. And this beguiled my pain, for the sweet zone was a ferry between our lips.

288. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *A Fiery Garland.*

Ever since Chariclo played with me in my cups and quietly slipped her garland over me, a deadly fire consumes me. I think the wreath was the kind that burnt Creon's daughter, Glauce.

290. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Apples.*

Escaping her mother's agitated eye, the charming girl gave me a pair of rosy apples. Perhaps she secretly communicated love's magical flame to the reddened fruit, for wretched I am wrapped in flame and, my God! instead of breasts my feeble hands clasp apples.

292. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC TO PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Here the land is green with flowering bough and shows all the charm of leaf and fruit. Here under the shady cypresses sing birds which have mothered their tender chicks. The siskin pipes shrill and the dove's sob haunts the prickly brambles. But what is the pleasure for me, who would rather hear your voice than the notes upon Apollo's harp? I am caught in a double passion. I yearn to see you, blessed friend, and the sweet heifer, who consumes my thought. But the Law keeps me far from that slender gazelle.

293. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS TO AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC.

Love is violent and knows no Law. No business keeps away a man from love. If the work and trouble of the Law retain you, Love does not impassionate your breast. What sort of love allows a narrow strait of sea to part your person from your maiden? Leander showed the

power of love by carelessly swimming the midnight sea, while ferry-boats await you, my friend. But you have renounced Venus for the service of Minerva. Minerva rules the Law and Venus rules Love. Tell me, what man can serve these two mistresses together?

295. LEONTIUS: *Her Cup.*

Cup, touch thou the honey-dripping lips. Thou hast attained. Suck deep thyself. I am not envious but I would I had thy luck.

297. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Fate of Girls.*

The misery, which falls upon us tender-hearted girls, does not fall upon young men, who can confidently tell their troubles to their comrades. They have games for consolation, and can reel down the streets and distract[1] themselves with painted pictures. But we are not even allowed to see the light, for we are hidden in our rooms and fret away in thoughts of gloom.

298. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *An Imprecation.*

Maria is charming and conceited. Punish her headstrong pride, divine Justice! Not by death, O Queen, but rather bring her to grey-haired age and let her hard countenance run wrinkles! Let grey hairs avenge these tears! and let over-guilty beauty expiate the sin of her soul.

299. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Love's Reversal.*

The philosopher said, "Nothing in excess". I imaged myself loveable and beautiful and was mightily lifted by pride. I imagined that this girl's whole soul lay in my hands, whatever her cunning. But it is she that holds herself high and scorns me with haughty brow as though regretting her former modesty. And I, who was once grim and brazen and intractable, I who flew so high, have had a sudden fall. Everything is reversed. I fall on my knees and cry to the girl: "Forgive a young man's mistake".

[1] Reading *thalpontai.*

301. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *With the Gift of a Pearl.*

Though thou settest thy step far beyond Meroe, winged Love shall carry me there upon his winged might. Thou flyest into an Orient dawn as lovely-coloured as thyself. I will follow thee for endless miles on foot. If I send thee this pearl from the deep, maiden, forgive. It is Venus who makes thee an offering from the sea. The loveliness and beauty of thy body have vanquished her and she has lost confidence in her ancient splendour.

303. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Riot.*

Clangour echoes in my ears and tumult unspeakable in the streets. Is it nothing to thee, Venus? It is thy boy who has been arrested on his way by all who have the flame of desire in their hearts.

304. ANONYMOUS: *To Middle Age.*

In your green grape you refused me. When you were ripe you passed me by. Do not grudge giving me a little of your dry raisin at least.

306. PHILODEMOS: *Girlish Disappointment.*

Pitifully you weep and talk. You stare curiously at me. You are jealous. You paw me over and over and kiss me endlessly. These are a lover's symptoms, but when I say: "I am lying at your side", you simply lie still without any love in you.

307. ANTIPHILUS: *On a Picture of Leda.*

This is the river Eurotas in Sparta, and this is Leda unveiled. Jupiter is concealed in that swan. And you, who are burning my ill-fated heart, what bird shall I become? If Jupiter turns swan, I had better be a lark.

308. ANTIPHILUS: *To a Proud Beauty.*

Pretty, pretty one, wait for me! What is your lovely name? Where can I see you? I will give you your wish. Not a word! Where do you live? I will send someone with you. Perhaps you belong to somebody? May I wish

you sound health, proud beauty? You won't even say farewell? Again and again will I accost you. I know the way to soften harder hearts than yours. For the moment may I wish you sound mind, lady?[1]

309. DIOPHANES OF MYRINA: *Love the Brigand.*

On three counts Love can be rightly proclaimed a brigand. He watches at night, he is bold, and he strips you to the skin.

[1] Possibly playing on variations of meaning in *hygiaine*—"farewell!"

BOOK SIX

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

1. PLATO: *Laïs' Looking-glass.*

Laïs, I the haughty scorner of Greece, I, whose young lovers once swarmed to the doors, dedicate my mirror to Venus, since I do not care to see what I am and cannot see what I was.

2. SIMONIDES: *A Bowman's Offering.*

This bow is quit of dolorous war and is laid under Athena's temple roof. Often amid baleful fight and struggling men it was washed in the blood of Persian cavalry.

5. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *A Fisherman's Offering.*

To Mercury, Piso the fisherman, worn out by long labour, dedicates these with now trembling hand:—Rods fastened tip to tip, a sea-swimming oar, curved barbs of fish-nipping hooks, a lead-weighted net, two rope-woven creels, the float that tells the net's curve, flint-stone pregnant with fire and bearer of light, and the anchor that snares fast the drifting ships.

9. MNASALCAS: *A Bowman's Offering.*

Unto thee, Apollo! the gifts of Promachus:—his curving bow and quiver, queen of his arrows. But of his feathered shafts he has given fatal presents to his foes. They lodge along the field of battle in the hearts of men.

11. SATYRIUS: *The Offerings of Three Brothers.*

Pan, be gracious to these pious brothers and grant them flesh, fish and fowl, for Damis dedicates you his long net and Pigres his fine-meshed bird-net and Clitor, who

rows at night, his nets for catching mullets, for thine are the three occupations of the toilers three.

17. LUCIAN: *The Offerings of Three Courtesans.*[1]

These playthings, O holy Venus, three courtesans dedicate to thee, gained from variations of their trade. Euphro from her boyishness, Clio from her womanly beauty, and Athis, the third, from her heavenly powers. Lady, grant the first the gains of a boy, the second those of a woman's charm, but neither to the third.

20. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *Laïs' Looking-glass.*

Greece laid low the proud shield of Persia, and Laïs took Greece captive to her beauty. Only old age conquered her, and in signal of her defeat she dedicates the friend of her youth to thee, O Venus. For she hates to see the all-truthful sight of her hair and loathes even her shadow in the glass.

22. ANONYMOUS: *The Gardener's Offering.*

The fruit-warden dedicates this sacrifice from the trees to agrarian Priapus carved of a single block. A fresh-split pomegranate, this velvety quince, this wrinkled fig set with its navel, this purple cluster of numberless wine-bursting grapes and a walnut freshly peeled from its green husk.

24. ANONYMOUS: *The Fisherman's Offering.*[2]

To the Syrian Astarte upon her temple gates Heliodorus hangs up the net he has worn out in vain. It is uncontaminated by any gaffed fish but it has hauled plenty of sea-weed to the fair-anchoring beaches.

26. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *The Fisherman's Offering.*

Cinyras dedicates this net to the Nymphs, for in old age he can no longer cast it like a javelin. Rejoice in your pasturage, ye fish, for the old age of Cinyras gives you freedom of the seas.

30. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Old Fisherman*

Old Amyntichus has ceased his marine labours and tied

[1] Parody on the previous Epigram.

[2] Fish were sacred to the Syrian Goddess.

his leaded net about his fishing spear. To Neptune and the sea's salt wave he said, with tears pouring from his eyes, "Thou knowest, lord, I am wearied and in my evil Eld Poverty flourishes and wastes my limbs without release. Feed the old man while he breathes, but preferably from the earth, since thou hast lordship over both sea and land."

32. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Offering to Pan.*

Charicles offered this yellow-bearded goat by the wooded headland to Pan who exults in rocks:—to the horned the horny, to the shaggy-legged the shaggy-haired, to the bounding strider the scrambler, and this sylvan creature to the lord of woods.

35. LEONIDAS: *The Offering to Pan.*

Teleso stretched this pelt on the rural plane tree to horny-hoofed Pan the goat-rider, and this solid trunk of a curved club with which he used to stun the blood-eyed wolves, and these cheese-shapes and this dog-collar and leash for his keen-nosed hounds.

36. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *The Farmer's Offering.*

Ceres, lover of corn, Sosicles the farmer put up these handfuls from his small furrowed field for thee. Rich is the grain he has harvested. But another time grant that he may bring you his sickle blunted by cutting the corn.

37. ANONYMOUS: *The Offering to Pan.*

The rustic herds upon the mountain shaped this beech-branch already bent by old age and polished it to set by the roadside as a pretty plaything for Pan, who guards their flourishing cattle.

39. ARCHIAS: *The Offerings of Three Sisters.*

The three Samian sisters, Satyra and Heracleia and Euphro, daughters of Xythus and Melite, were thy tire-women, Queen Athena, and now they dedicate the tools of their long laborious lives. The first her tall shafted spindle, whirling servant of her spidery thread. The second her singing comb, busy weaver of her thick-

webbed cloth. And the third her basket, the lover of her wool.

41. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Husbandman's Offering.*

Unto thee, Ceres, Callimenes the husbandman dedicates his brazen ploughshare, the breaker of the clod and cutter of new soil, the leather thong that binds the neck of the ox, his bull-pricking goad and the pin of his plough after having cut the ridge of his well-ploughed plot. If thou wilt grant me a harvest of corn, I will bring thee a sickle too.

44. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Offering to Bacchus.*

To the Satyrs who sip the new wine, and to Bacchus the vine-planter Heronax consecrated as firstfruits of his vinery these three casks filled from three vineyards. When we have poured winy Bacchus and the Satyrs their dues, we will outdrink them.

45. ANONYMOUS: *The Offering to Bacchus.*

Comaulus hung this live hedgehog to Bacchus, his body bristling with sharp quills. He caught the grape-gatherer and spoiler of the sweet vineyards rolling along like a ball on the grape bunches.

47. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *The Offering to Minerva.*

To Minerva Bitto dedicated the gift of her singing shuttle, the tool of her starveling labour, and said: "Hail, goddess, and take this, for as a widow of twoscore I forswear your gifts and I take to working for Venus. I see that will is verily stronger than age."

50. SIMONIDES: *After Marathon.*

To Jupiter the Liberator the Greeks once built this altar, the glory of an emancipated Greece, after they had driven out the Persians by might of hand and by work of war and by obedience to the daring impulse of their souls.

52. SIMONIDES: *The Offering of the Lance.*

Stand thus beside the long column, my long lance, and remain sacred to Panomphaean Jove. For thy metal is now old, and thou art worn by all thy brandishing in the fierceness of battle.

53. BACCHYLIDES: *The Offering to Zephyr.*
Eudemus dedicated this temple in his field to the Zephyr, the richest of all the winds. For the Zephyr came at his prayer to help him speedily winnow the grain from the ripe husks.

55. JOHANNES BARBOCALLUS: *The Swain's Offering.*
I am Hermophilas the herdsman and the bridegroom of rosy-wreathed Eurynome. To the god of Persuasion and the goddess of Love I dedicate this cheese and the comb of the hive. Accept the cheese for her, the honey for me.

56. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Offering to Bacchus.*
Lenagoras the vine-gardener dedicated to Bacchus an ivy-crowned Satyr overloaded with wine. You would say he was heavy in the head and that everything about him was tipsy and wobbling, his fur-skin, his hair, ivy, eyes.[1] Art by dumb images imitates Nature, and Matter has not dared prevent her.

58. ISIDORE THE SCHOLASTIC: *Endymion's Offering.*
To thee, O Moon, thy beloved Endymion dedicates his vainly surviving bed with its futile coverlet. Endymion is ashamed, for grey hairs crown his whole skull and not a trace of his former beauty has been saved.

59. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Wife's Offering.*
Callirrhoe dedicates her garland to Venus, her zone to Diana and a tress of hair to Minerva, for she found the husband of her desire and bore a family of boys and her youth was passed in innocency.

60. PALLADAS: *An Offering of Hair.*
Pamphilion has dedicated these smooth locks to Isis instead of an ox and a golden offering. And the goddess is gladder of them than Apollo of the gold, which Croesus presented the god from Lydia.

61. PALLADAS: *An Offering of Scissors.*
Celestial scissors and blessed blade, which cut the braided locks dedicated by Pamphilion! No one of mankind

[1] Reading *opopen* for *oporen* (grapes).

forged you. It was the bright-filleted[1] Graces who snatched the golden hammer of Vulcan and wrought you in his smithy with their own hands.

66. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Scrivener's Offering.*

Callimenes, wearied in eye and hand by old age, here dedicates to the laughter-loving Muses the unmoistened lead drawing the straight line, on which grows the harmony of the script; the ruler, which steers the round lead and the pumice bored like a sponge; the inkpot for the ineffaceable ink and the dark-dyed tips of the easy-running pens; the sponge, that flower of the salt and meadow-bloom of the liquid sea; and the metal sharpener of the slender reeds.

69. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Sailor's Offering.*

Crantas after all his wandering dedicates his boat to Neptune and rivets it fast to his temple floor. From earth now it mocks the breeze, the earth upon which Crantas lies at full length and enjoys his sleep without dismay.

71. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *To Laïs the Courtesan.*

To thee, O Laïs, love-smitten Anaxagoras casts all these spoils in the dust—the myriad debris of leaves and wreaths, the shivered cups of soul-intoxicating wine, and his locks soaked with perfume. Many a night's vigil the poor wretch spent with the flower of the youths at thy doors, but never a word nor gracious promise could he draw nor even the speech of scorn that honeys hope. Alas and alack! wasted of body, he leaves these symbols of his serenades to reproach the loveliness of the unvarying feminine.

72. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Offering of a Hare.*

I saw a hare sitting by the fruit of Bacchus, nibbling many a bunch. I called the husbandman, and when he caught a sight, he quickly dashed out its brains with a stone. In triumph quoth the labourer of the soil: "Methinks I have paid Bacchus the honours of sacrifice and of libation mixed".

[1] "As Homer says" Palladas adds.

73. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Old Piper.*
Daphnis the piper, trembling in weary old age and weighted with a taskless hand, has ceased his shepherding and dedicated his pastoral crook to rustic-loving Pan. "But still I tune the pipe and my voice dwells unquaveringly in my shaky body. But let no goat-herd in the hills tell the pirate-wolves of mine enfeebled old age."

75. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Huntsman's Offering.*
To thee, Apollo, Androclus dedicates his bow with which he made lucky aim and shot many a beast. But never arrow shot vain from his hand, nor sped astray from his curving horn. As often as his bowstring twanged fatality to game, so often a victim fell to him from air or woodland. For which he gives thee, Apollo, this Cretan bow, an offering studded with golden rings.

76. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Offering of a Mortal.*
Venus, thy husband Anchises, for whom thou didst often trip to the shores of Ida, can now scarcely find a black hair to cut from his temples, but he dedicates one to thee, the flotsam of his former flower. So, goddess, make me young again for thou hast the power, or accept my grey hair for youth.

77. ERASTOSTHENES THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Drunkard's Offering.*
Xenophon the wine-bibber dedicates an empty cask to thee, Bacchus. Take it kindly, for 'tis all he hath.

78. ERATOSTHENES THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Offering to Pan.*
Daphnis, woman's lover, dedicates to dear Pan the pierced reeds, this skin and club. Pan, accept the gifts of Daphnis, for thou also lovest song and thou also hast had sorrow in love.

79. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Ploughman's Offering.*
Hillside Pan, Stratonicus the ploughman dedicates this unsown strip in gratitude for favours and says: "Gladly feed your flocks here and contemplate your land that no iron shall plough. You will find the fold a lucky one, for Echo will be happy and accomplish marriage with you here."

80. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *The Dedication of a Book.*

I am the nine books of Agathias' poem about Daphne, and the poet dedicates me to thee, Venus. For I am dearer to Love than to the Muses, since I embrace the rites of so many passions. In payment of his pains Agathias begs thee to grant him either to love nobody or to love luckily.

82. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *Offering refused.*

Meliseus offers his flute to Pan, but Pan refuses the gift as follows: "By reeds I quaffed the sting of passion".[1]

83. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Harper's Offering.*

Eumolpus condemned his hands of age and offered his harp on the tripod to Apollo. He said: "Never again may I touch a harp nor practise my harmonies of old. Let youth care for the harp-string, but instead of the plectron I must support shaky hands upon a staff."

87. ANONYMOUS: *Pan's Offering.*

Thy Pan dedicates his club and fawn-skin to thee, Bacchus, leaving thy choir for Venus' sake. For he adores Echo and wanders distractedly. But be merciful to him, Bacchus, for the same chance has befallen thee.

88. ANTIPHANES OF MACEDON: *The Girdle of Venus.*

Venus herself loosed and gave her lovely zone from her breasts to thee, Ino, so that thou mightest ever conquer men with melting charms. But it is against me alone that thou hast exerted them all.

89. MAECIUS QUINTUS: *The Fisherman's Offering.*

Priapus, that delightest in the sea-polished rocks of this coastal island and in its rough peak, to thee Paris the fisherman hangs up this hard-shelled lobster caught on his lucky rod. He pushed under his half-rotten tooth its roasted flesh, but this shell he gives thee, O blessed one. Thou needst not grant him much, O deity, except appeasement of his barking belly by fortunate fishing.

[1] Pan loved Syrinx (flute).

92. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *The Goldsmith's Offering.*

Demophon the goldsmith being dimmed of eye by old age dedicates to Mercury the wind-loving bellows of his forge, the sharp-fanged file to scrape the gold, the double-clawed fire-pincers and these hare's-pads to pick up the leavings.

93. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *The Huntsman's Offering.*

Old Harpalion the hunter, one mass of wrinkles, offered me, his hunting spear, to Hercules, since his many years would not let his hands support my weight, and greyness has overcome his head.

94. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *The Fanatic's Offering.*[1]

The frenzy-racing feet of Clytosthenes have grown old. To thee, Rhea, who art drawn by lions, he dedicates these hand-rattled tambourines and shrill hollow-lipped cymbals, and the double flutes shaped like horns, through which once he shrieked with tossing neck. And the two-edged hook which cut his veins.

95. ANTIPHILUS: *The Ploughman's Offering.*

Parmis the ploughman has ceased his bitter toil. To Ceres he dedicates the threatening goad, whose tip turns the oxen, and the bag that holds the measure of his sowing corn, and his curved sickle, the ploughland weapon that cuts the ears, and his winnowing fork, the three-fingered hand of harvest, and his pierced strips of hide.

97. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM: *Alexander's Spear.*

The spear of Alexander! The inscription relates that he dedicated thee to Diana after the war as a symbol and the weapon of his invincible arm. Mighty spear! sea and earth bowed to thy brandishment. Be merciful, spear undismayed! Everyone even looking upon thee will tremble when he remembers the hand of might.

98. ZONAS: *The Labourer's Offering.*

To Ceres, Lady of the Winnow and of the furrow-following Seasons, Heronax the labourer dedicates a portion of corn from his scanty harvest and all kinds of

[1] The Corybantic cult mingled the instruments of the Salvation Army and Baal.

vegetables on this wooden tripod, a pittance from his little. For he only owns this little lot upon the barren hillside.

100. CRINAGORAS: *The Torch-runner's Offering.*

Antiphanes, son of a father of the same name, dedicated this torch to Mercury, still lighted in his hand, the glorious prize of victory in the sacred race of the young men speeding as though in memory of Prometheus' theft of fire. For he was swift to victory.

102. PHILIP: *The Gardener's Offering.*

Priapus, friend of travellers, Lamon the gardener prays for health in limb and tree and dedicates to thee a yellow-coated pomegranate, figs like wrinkled Eld, reddish grapes plucked unripe, a sweet-breathing quince with soft downy skin, a nut peeping from the green husks, a cucumber blooming on the ground in its leafage and an already ripened olive, coated with gold.

105. APOLLONIDES: *The Fisherman's Offering.*

I, Menis, the caster of nets give to thee, Diana, our Lady of the Harbour, a mullet and a plaice off the coals. To thee I fill a wine-cup to its lips and crumble a dry lump of bread—poor sacrifice indeed. For this grant me nets always full of fish. All manner of mesh is given to thy patronage, blessed goddess.

107. PHILIP: *The Huntsman's Offering.*

To forest-ranging Pan the huntsman Gelo dedicated me, his spear, with edge time-worn by use, the old remains of his tangled nets, his neck-twisting snares and sinew-woven traps quick to catch the feet of beasts and dog-collars to master their throats. For time has conquered his limbs, and already he has quit wandering the hills.

108. MYRINUS: *To the Satyrs.*

You Satyrs, like Ephors of the high hills,[1] joyous-horned dancers, lords of pastoral Arcadia, make Diotimus rich in sheep and goats in return for the splendid sacrifice he has given you.

[1] Rural Councillors is the nearest phrase.

110. LEONIDAS: *The Hunter's Trophy.*

Cleolaus lay ambush for this deer under the hill by the twisting stream of Meander and slew it with his sharp spear. The eight-pointed bulwark of its head he nailed to this tall fir tree.

112. PERSES: *Trophy Heads.*

Three Maenalian deers' heads of magnificent antler hang in thy porch, Apollo. From horseback the children of brave Leontiades, Gyges, Dailochos and Promenes killed them by hand.

114. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *The Wild Bull.*

By kingly gift we lie in the portico of Hercules, the skin and mighty forty-inch[1] horns of the bull which confronted Philip in its pride. Upon the bull-ranged spur of Orbelos he brought it to ground with his terrible spear. Thrice blessed is Macedon to be ruled by such a prince.

117. PANCRATES: *The Blacksmith's Offering.*

To thee, Vulcan, Polycrates dedicates his hammer from the fire, his pincers and tongs. Often he hammered his children's fortune on his anvil and drove away doleful poverty.

118. ANTIPATER: *The Offering of the Winners.*

Sosis, Phila and Polycrates dedicate this harp, this bow and these intricate nets. The archer dedicates his bow of horn, the musician her tortoise-shell lyre and the hunter his woven nets. Let the first win prize for archery, the next for harp-playing and the third in the hunting world.

119. MOERO OF BYZANTIUM: *The Ripe Bunch.*

Filled with the Dionysian dew thou hangest, O bunch of grapes, under the golden bedroom of Venus. No longer shall thy mother-vine throw her lovely branch around thee nor thrust nectarous leaf above thy head.

120. LEONIDAS: *The Cicada's Song.*

Not only do I know how to sing on the high tree-tops, warmed by the summer sunshine, but I play without fee to travelling men, as I sip the delicate drops of dew. But

[1] Lit. "fourteen-palm".

man, you will see me, the locust, seated on the spear of helmeted Athena, for as the love of the Muses unto us so is our love unto Athena, the Virgin who invented the flute.

121. CALLIMACHUS: *The Offering to Diana.*

Beasts of Delos be of good cheer, for the bow of Cretan Echammas hangs in the temple of Diana, our Lady of Ortygia, the bow with which he cleared a mighty mountain of you. He rests now, ye chamois, for the goddess has wrought a truce.

122. NICIAS: *The Offering of the Spear.*

Fury of Mars, eager spear-shaft and wager of war, who hath now dedicated thee to the battle-rousing goddess? "Menius, for springing lightly from his hand into the forefront of the fight I cut down the Odrysae along the plain."

123. ANYTE: *The Offering of the Spear.*

Stand here, thou homicidal spear-shaft, and no longer drip the pitiful blood of foemen from thine iron hook, but rest in the high marble house of Minerva and proclaim the valour of Cretan Echecratidas.

124. HEGESIPPUS: *The Offering of the Shield.*

I am the shield from Timanor's mortal shoulders. Often covered with the dust of iron war, ever I protected my bearer from death. Here am I fixed under the temple roof of warrior Minerva.

126. DIOSCORIDES: *The Blazoned Triquetia.*

Not in vain Hyllus, the son of Polyttus the champion of Crete, blazoned the petrifying Gorgon and the three legs on his shield.[1] And this they seem to symbol to his foes—"Glance not at me, thou that shakest spear against my shield, but fly from one as swift as though he had three feet".[2]

127. NICIAS: *The Shield speaking.*

Thus was I fated once to leave the hateful field of Mars and listen to the maidens dancing round the temple of

[1] Compare the arms of the Isle of Man.

[2] Or "fly with three feet from one as swift".

Diana, where Epixenus set me, when whitening Eld wore away his limbs.

131. LEONIDAS: *Trophies.*

These super-shields from the Lucanians, these bits all in a row, and the smooth double-pointed spears hang here to Minerva. They yearn for their horses and for their lords, but all of them have been swallowed by black death.

132. NOSSIS: *Trophies.*

The Brettians cast these shields from their doomed shoulders when they were stricken by the swift battling Locrians. Here they hang in the temple of the gods, praising Locrian courage and regretless of the cowards, whose elbows they have quitted.

133. ARCHILOCHUS: *The Marriage Offering.*

After she had completed the ceremony of matrimony, Alcibia dedicated the holy veil of her hair to Hera.

134. ANACREON: *The Offering to Bacchus.*

Heliconias holding the thyrsus[1] and Xanthippe and Glauce with her are coming off the mountain to the dance. And for Bacchus they are bringing ivy and grapes and a fat goat.

143. ANACREON: *Over a Gymnasium.*

Pray that the Herald of the gods be kind to Timonax, who erected me here to adorn this lovely porch to Mercury our Lord. Citizen or stranger, I receive whoever wishes into my gymnasium.

145. ANACREON:[2] *A Poet's Offering.*

Sophocles, who won the supreme glory of Tragedy, first dedicated these altars to the gods.

146. CALLIMACHUS: *In Childbirth.*

Come once more, Eilithuia, to the call of Lycaenis, and be again propitious to her pangs of labour. This she dedicates to you for a girl, my Queen, but may thy sweet incensed temple receive another kind of offering when a boy comes.

[1] The Thyrsus is the Fasces of Drink.

[2] Wrong attribution. Anacreon lived long before Sophocles.

148. CALLIMACHUS : *The Offering of a Lamp.*

To Serapis[1] Callistion the wife of Critias dedicated me, a lamp rich with twenty wicks, having made a vow for Apellis her daughter. When you look on my lights you will cry: "O Star of the Evening, how art thou fallen!"[2]

151. TYMNUS: *The Offering of a Trumpet.*

Miccus of Pallene hung this deep-toned trump of Mars and Tyrrhenian invention in the temple of Minerva of the Palladium of Troy. Many a fanfare of peace and war he once uttered thereby.

152. AGIS: *The Offering to Apollo.*

Midon dedicated his stakes to thee, Apollo, and his flying boomerangs[3] and his canes for fowling, the tiny pittance from his tiny means. But if thou wilt grant him better, he will pay you far richer measure than these.

154. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *An Old Man's Offering.*

To rustic Pan and boisterous Bacchus and the Nymphs old Biton dedicated these: to Pan a new-born kid, its mother's playfellow, and to Bacchus a branch of wandering ivy. To the Nymphs the many-coloured flower of autumn's shade and the blood-red petals of the wide-opened roses. In return, ye Nymphs, enlarge the old man's water supply, Pan his milk-service and Bacchus his cellar.

156. THEODORIDAS: *A Boy's Offering.*

Charixenus sprinkled with holy water and dedicated this cut hair to the nymphs of Amarynthus together with a beautiful golden locust. The boy glows like a star or like a pony that has cast its foal's down.

157. THEODORIDAS: *Prayer to Diana.*

Diana, guardian of the goods and land of Gorgus, shoot the robbers with thy bow and save thy friends. Gorgus will then sacrifice the blood of a goat from his flocks and full-grown lambs at thy vestibule.

[1] Lit. "the god of Canopus".

[2] Compare "Lucifer, how art thou fallen?"

[3] Lit. "Hare-clubs".

161. CRINAGORAS: *The Triumph of Marcellus.*

Marcellus,[1] returning laden with spoil from the war in the West to the boundaries of rocky Italy, for the first time shaved his flaxen beard. And this was his fatherland's desire, to send off a boy and welcome back the man.

162. MELEAGER: *The Offering of the Lamp.*

Meleager dedicates his companion lamp to thee, Venus dear, an initiate in all thy night mysteries.

163. MELEAGER: *An Unworthy Offering.*

What mortal has hung these spoils under my coping, a dishonouring delight to Mars? No dinted spears nor helmet shorn of crest, nor blood-stained shield are set here. But these are as polished and unscratched by the steel as the spoil of dancing, not battle. With these adorn a bridal chamber, but let the sanctuary of Mars contain arms that drip with human gore.

164. LUCIAN: *The Offering of the Shipwrecked.*

Saved from the sea I, Lucilius, clip these locks from my head to offer Glaucus and Nereus and Melicertes, son of Ino, and Neptune of the depths and the gods of Samothrace. For I have nothing else.

166. LUCILIUS: *The Offering of the Shipwrecked.*[2]

Dionysius, the only sailor saved out of forty, here dedicates the image of his tumour. For binding it in close to his thighs he dived into the sea. Sometimes even a tumour brings luck.

168. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *The Blatant Beast.*

This boar was a tireless spoiler of the vine trees, and a bold dweller in high reeds. Often he tore up trees on the points of his quick tusks and routed the sheep-dogs. Xenophilus met him by the river bristling with hair just after quitting the forest depth. With steel he slew him, and to Pan upon the beech he hung the hide of the blatant beast.

[1] Nephew of Augustus and immortalised by Virgil.

[2] A parody on such ex-votos.

170. THYILLUS: *An Offering to Pan.*

These elms, these slender willows and the sacred spreading plane, these springs and shepherds' cups, thirst's healing pharmacy, are dedicated to Pan.

171. ANONYMOUS: *On the Colossus of Rhodes.*

To thy very self, O Sun, the inhabitants of Dorian Rhodes contrived this Colossus unto heaven after they had hushed the brazen wave of war and crowned their country with their foemen's spoils. Not over sea alone but over land they set the exquisite lamp of unsubdued freedom.[1] Crownship over earth and ocean is the heritage of a race sprung from Hercules.

172. ANONYMOUS: *An Offering to Bacchus.*

Before thy porch, Bacchus, Porphyris of Cnidos hangs these insignia of her beauty and her frenzy, the wreaths, the pointed twi-thyrsus and the anklets of her wild madness when she serenaded Bacchus, with her ivy-covered fawn-skin fastened to her bosom.

175. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On a Dog's Statue.*

Alcimenes dedicated this dog and Leukon fashioned it as though trained to every hardship of hunting. Alcimenes found no fault therein, but when the statue appeared identical in every way he approached with a collar. And he told Leukon to order the dog off, for he believed it was barking.

176. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *The Huntsman's Offering.*

To Pan and the Dryad Nymphs I dedicate this dog and game-bag and toothed hunting-spear. But I will take back the dog alive to my kennels as a comrade over dry crusts.

178. HEGESIPPUS: *The Offering of the Shield.*

Receive me, Hercules, the sacred shield of Archestratus, and let me lie against your polished porch and grow old listening to dance and song. Enough of the hateful din of Mars!

[1] A curious praefigurement of the colossal Statue of Liberty, off New York.

177. ANONYMOUS: *The Offering to Pan.*

Daphnis white-skin, playing pastoral hymns on his lovely pipe, dedicated to Pan his pierced reeds, his club for hares, his sharp spear, his fawn-skin and the bag in which he carried apples.

189. MOERO OF BYZANTIUM: *The Offering to the Nymphs.*

Nymphs of Anigrus, daughters of the stream, ambrosial maids who tread these deeps with rose-red feet everlastingly, all hail! and keep Cleonymus safe, who dedicated these fair images to you under the pine trees.

193. FLACCUS: *The Fisherman's Offering.*

To thee, Priapus of the beach and neighbour of the seaweed, Damoetas the fisherman and measurer of the deep, the very image of the sea-beaten reef, limpet of the rocks and hunter of the sea, dedicates these casting nets, with which he kept his old age warm.

196. STATYLLIUS FLACCUS: *The Fisherman's Offering.*

Copasus fishing with line offers Pan the firstfruit of his sport, this crab with crooked legs and double claws, a back-sliding sinker in the sand, neckless but eight-footed, hard-backed shell-skinned swimmer.

197. SIMONIDES: *War Memorial.*

I, Pausanias the leader of the Greeks, dedicated this memorial to Apollo when I destroyed the Persian army.[1]

199. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM: *The Offering of a Hat.*

To thee, Diana, Our Lady of the Road, Antiphilus dedicates his dear head's hat as symbol of his tramping, for thou hast heard his vows and been propitious to his paths. Slight is his gift, but it is sacred. Let no avaricious traveller snatch our sacrifice. It is not safe to take even a little spoil from offerings.

200. LEONIDAS: *After Childbirth.*

Eilithuia, at thy glorious feet Ambrosia has laid her headbands and her robe, for she was saved in the bitter pangs

[1] Plataea.

of childbirth in the tenth month and brought forth twin-fruit from her girdle.

202. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *After Childbirth.*

Athis hung her tasselled zone over thy virgin's portals, daughter of Leto, and this tunic, when thou didst deliver her burdened womb in the pangs of a live child.

203. LACON: *On a Cure.*

The lame old workwoman hearing good report of the healing-water came creeping with an oaken staff to uphold her infirmity. The Nymphs,[1] who dwell in the watery home of their father, the eddying Symaethus, upon the flanks of thundering Etna, were pity-struck. The hot spring of Etna strengthened her lame legs, and she left her staff as a gift with the rejoicing Nymphs, who consented to send her back on her own feet.

204. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Carpenter's Offering.*

The clever-fingered Theris, having retired from his craft, dedicated his straight yard-measure, his long saw with curved back, his bright axe and flexible plane and convex borer, to Minerva.

206. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *The Offering of the Girls.*

To celestial Venus we girl-friends of an equal age offer gifts; Bitinna the sandals warming her feet, the lovely work of skilful shoe-cutters; Philaenis this net dyed with the flowers of the hoary sea which bound her wandering hair. Anticlea offers her fan and fair Heraclea her face-veil, as fine workmanship as a spider's web; and Aristoteleia, daughter of Aristotle, offers a spiral snake, the golden ornament of her slender ankles.

208. ANTIPATER: *The Offering of the Courtesans.*

Menecratis brings her shoes, Phemonoe her cloak and Praxo holds her goblet. The image and the temple are those of Venus. Their offering is made in common and their picture is painted by Aristomachus the Strymonian.

[1] The Nymphs acted in praefigurement of Our Lady of Lourdes.

They were courtesans but citizenesses by birth. They have had the luck to temper their service to the Cyprian goddess and each has become one man's wife.

209. ANTIPATER: *The Wife's Offering.*

Bithynian Cythere vowed and dedicated me to thee, Venus, the marble image of thy body. But do thy wont and give her greatly in return for little—to be at one mind and contentment with her husband.

210. PHILETAS OF SAMOS: *The Panoply of Venus.*

At fifty years and more Nicias, love of lovers, hangs up in the temple of Venus her sandals and curls of hair and her bronze mirror of unfailing accuracy and her precious zone and all that a man may not say. But you can see the whole panoply[1] of Venus.

213. SIMONIDES: *Poetical Success.*

Six-and-fifty bulls, six-and-fifty tripods thou didst win, Simonides, before dedicating this tablet. Six-and-fifty times didst thou mount the splendid car of glorious Victory after training thy splendid choir of men.

215. SIMONIDES: *After Salamis.*

The sailors of Diodorus dedicated these arms from their Persian foemen to Leto as memorials of the sea-fight.

216. SIMONIDES: *Sosus and Soso.*

Sosus and Soso dedicated these safe-offerings, Sosus for being saved so and Soso because Sosus was saved so

218. ALCAEUS: *A Priest's Offering.*

A wandering priest of Cybele with manhood unmanned tramped the spurs of woody Ida. A mighty lion met him and showed a dreadful devouring chasm in its hungry gullet. Fearing the fate he saw clearly in the ravening beast, he beat his tambourine from the sacred grove. The lion shut its murderous jaw, and as though inspired began to toss and shake its mane upon its neck. Having escaped doleful death he dedicated to Rhea an

[1] Reading *hoplisian* for *optasian.*

image of a brute, which had learnt Cybele's dance of its own accord.

221. LEONIDAS: *The Offering of the Goatherds.*

A solitary lion, stricken in every limb, came through the winter's night and driving sleet and hail and icy frost into the fold of the rock-loving goatherds. They forgot all care save of themselves and sat imploring the Saviour Jupiter. But the beast of the night awaited the storm and, hurting neither man nor beast, slipped out of their barn. On this fine oak trunk they erected to Pan, Lord of the Peaks, this well-drawn picture of their experience.

222. THEODORIDAS: *The Sea Serpent.*

The ocean stirred by Orion cast this thousand-footed sea-serpent upon these Iapygian rocks. The masters of the twenty-oared merchantmen dedicated this mighty rib of the hugeous Selachian to the gods.

224. THEODORIDAS: *The Offering of the Shell.*

Labyrinthine shell, tell me, who set thee up in trophy over the hoary sea? Dionysius, the son of Protarchus, dedicated me as a plaything to the Nymphs of the grotto. I am a gift from the holy coast of Pelorus. The winding strait cast me ashore to be the plaything of the sheeny daughters of the caves.

225. NICAENETUS: *A Harvest Thanksgiving.*

Heroines of the Libyans and daughters of the gods, girdled with twisted tassels of goatskin and haunting this confusion of hills, accept these consecrated handfuls and green wreaths of straw from Philetis, all that he has tithed from his threshing. Even so, all salutation, ye heroine Queens of the Libyans!

226. LEONIDAS: *The Old Cottager.*

This is Clito's little cottage and his little garden allotment and his simple vineyard hard by and his scantily grown underwood. But Clito passed his eighty years here.

228. ADDAEUS OF MACEDON: *The Old Ox.*

Alcon did not send his labouring ox, when worn out by furrow and by age, to the butcher's axe. Alcon was grateful for its labours, and somewhere in the deep pasturage it lows in joyous release from the plough.

229. CRINAGORAS: *On a Toothpick.*

Lucius, Crinagoras in devotion to you very affectionately sends you as a small token of feasting, the quill-feather of a crook-beaked eagle sharpened with the steel and purpled with dark dye, as a gentle toothpick to remove whatever remains hidden after dinner.

231. PHILIP: *The Offering to Isis.*

Queen of dark-loamed Egypt, goddess arrayed in linen, approach my ritual sacrifice. A thin cake is spread for thee upon the sticks and a pair of grey aquatic geese, and nard crumbling round the myriad-seeded figs and dried raisins and incense smelling like honey. But if thou savest Damis from poverty as thou didst save him from the sea, O Queen, he will sacrifice a kid with gilded horns.

233. MAECIUS: *The Jockey's Offering.*

The tooth-rattling bit, the constraining open-worked muzzle, the well-stitched jaw-curb, the whip that lashes into headlong speed, the crooked biting curb-chain, the bloody rowels of the horse-pricking spur and the scraping saw of an iron curry-comb—these are thy gifts from Stratios, O Neptune of the Isthmus,[1] thou that delightest in the roar of waves upon two shores.

235. THALLUS: *To the Emperor Tiberius.*

Caesar, immense joy of the bounds of East and West, offspring of the unconquered Romans, we sing thy divine birth and pour glad libations upon the altars of the gods. Tread thou in thy grandfather's steps and abide our prayers for many a year.

236. PHILIP: *On Bees hiving in Trophies.*

Behold the brazen beaks, the voyage-loving rams of ships

[1] The games made the Isthmus a Greek Epsom.

laid up in witness of the fight at Actium. They are laden round by the humming swarm and hive the waxen tribute of the bees. Excellent is the righteous rule of Caesar, who has taught even the weapons of his enemy to bear the fruits of peace.

239. APOLLONIDAS: *An Offering of Honey.*

Old Cleiton the beeward cut the sweet harvest from his hive. Instead of an offering from the herds, he squeezed a glut of honey from the ambrosial combs of Spring, the gift of his far-flying shepherdless flock. So make his swarming quire innumerable and with sweet nectar fill their wax-built cells.

240. PHILIP: *Prayer for the Emperor.*

Diana, daughter of Jupiter and Leto, archer and stalker of wild beasts, dwelling in the caves of the hills, this very day scatter the hateful disease of our most noble Emperor into the furthest North. And Philip will offer the smoke of incense upon thy altars and sacrifice a mountain boar.

241. ANTIPATER: *The Offering of a Helmet.*

I am a helmet doubly endowed. To friends I am lovely to behold and a terror to mine enemies. From Pylaemenes[1] I come to Piso. No other helmet was suitable upon his locks. No other hair was suitable to such a helmet.

245. DIODORUS: *The Offering of the Shipwrecked.*

Lord Cabirus of Boeotia, when Diogenes saw his yard-arm broken by the blast of Boreas and the Carpathian sea lashed by the night-tempest, he vowed, if he escaped fate, to hang me, his little cloak, in thy holy porch in memory of that wintry voyage. And I pray thee save the man from poverty as well.

248. ARGENTARIUS: *The Offering of a Wine-jar.*

Rest here, my drink-soaked jar, as a present to Venus, thou sister of the cup of nectar. Bacchante, liquid-voiced, companion in the Homeric feast,[2] thin-necked

[1] A Homeric hero.

[2] Lit. *daitos eisēs*—"the equal feast", a Homeric phrase.

daughter of our boon company, self-taught deaconess unto men, sweet initiate among lovers, readiest to serve at banquet, Marcus dedicated thee as a noble gift, thou old companion of his jaunts, and praised thee for a lover of the wine.

250. ANTIPHILUS: *The Gift of a Garment.*

Lady, my fortune is slender. But I say that whosoever's heart is yours, can contemn the wealth of many. Accept this raiment like the flowered purple of a mossy deep-woven carpet, these rosy wools and this nard for your dark-tressed hair enclosed in glaucous glass. So the cloak shall cover thy skin, while the woolwork proves thy handicraft and the sweet vapour sinks into thy hair.

252. ANTIPHILUS: *Fruit in Winter.*

I am a little quince kept fresh from last season in a young skin, without a spot or a wrinkle, as downy as though I were just budded and growing to the end of my petalled stalk, a rare gift for the winter season. But for thee, my Queen, even the snowy frosts bear such fruit.

254. MYRINUS: *The Offering of the Effeminate.*

When Time came to drag effeminate Statyllius like some rotten stump of Venus down to Hades, he dedicated his summer dresses all dyed saffron and purple in the porch of Priapus and his false hair dripping with nard, the white shoes that smiled on his delicate ankles and his dressing case of cotton foppery and the flutes he played sweetly to harlot's revelry.

257. ANTIPHILUS: *On a Wine-jar used for Grain.*

Who filled me with corn, I the jar made for wine, I the host of Adriatic nectar? Why am I grudged to Bacchus? why is there a famine of household crocks for grain? Both gods are humiliated. Bacchus has been plundered and Ceres is not at home to Drink.

260. GEMINUS: *The Offering of Phryne.*

To the Thespians Phryne dedicated this winged Love, this work of art, the fee of her couch. Envy but not

criticism can assail the very gift and work of Venus. Love was the fitting fee of both artist and model. I praise the divine[1] art of a mortal, who gave a god to others, while keeping one more perfect in his soul.

263. LEONIDAS: *The Lion-skin.*

Sosus the cattle-king killed with spear and flayed this tawny lion just as it was devouring a fatted calf. The lion returned not from the fold to the wood. The blood of the spear-shot beast paid for calfy blood, beholding cattle-murder to its sorrow.

266. HEGESIPPUS: *The Apparition.*

Hagelochia, daughter of Damaretus,[2] was still a virgin within her father's house when she erected this Diana upon the cross-roads. For, hard by her threaded loom, the goddess appeared to her herself in a sheet of flame.

268. MNASALCAS: *Offering to Diana.*

Cleonymus set up this image to thee, divine Lady Diana. Do thou dominate this well-stocked foreland, when thy feet are upon the waving-wooded mountains and thou pressest hard upon the dread panting of thy hounds.

274. PERSES: *After Child-birth.*

Blessed Eilithuia, infant-saving goddess, receive and keep this bridal adornment and this wreath from the glossy hair of Tisis' head in payment for her pangs. How well she remembers!

275. NOSSIS: *The Offering of a Hair-net.*

I think that Venus will receive the offering of Samytha's hair-net with joy. For it is exquisitely wrought and has some scent of the nectar, with which she also anoints her Adonis.

276. ANTIPATER: *A Prayer to Diana.*

Virgin Hippe has scented her brow and tied up her wealth of curly hair, for her marriage ceremony is at hand. We, the fillets upon her head, pray for the favours due to a virgin. O Diana, in thy kindness grant marrying

[1] Reading *theiēs*. The mortal was Praxiteles. [2] King of Sparta.

and childing to the daughter of Lycomedes, since she has put aside her toys.

279. EUPHORION: *A Prayer to Apollo.*

When Eudoxus first cut his fair locks, he offered Apollo his boyish glory. When he is grown to manhood grant him always, O Far-shooter, the ivy prize from Acharnae in recompense for his tresses.

280. ANONYMOUS: *The Virgin's Offering.*

Before her wedding, O Lady of the Lake, hath Timareta dedicated to Diana, a virgin to a virgin, her tambourines and her lovely ball and the net that held her hair and the clothing of her virgin dolls.[1] Daughter of Leto, hold thy hand above Timareta and keep pure her purity.

283. ANONYMOUS: *The Nemesis of Courtesans.*

Once she was boastful about her golden lovers and irreverent to the grim deity Nemesis. Now she weaves her hireling threads upon a wretched loom. Toward evening Minerva has seemingly despoiled Venus.

284. ANONYMOUS: *The Invisible Dress.*

Philaenion sleeping in secret upon the bosom of Agamedes, wove him a dress the colour of twilight but Venus was the weaver thereof, so women let their well-spun thread and spindles lie in idle baskets.[2]

290. DIOSCORIDES: *The Offering of a Fan.*

Parmenis dedicated as a tithe of her love-bed to sweet Heavenly Venus her fan, dispenser of soft and continual draughts. And now with soft Zephyrs the goddess averts the sun's heavy heat from her.

291. ANTIPATER: *The Crafty Drinker.*

Bacchylis, a regular sponge of the wine-cup, once fell abed sick and addressed Ceres thus: "If I escape the tide of the malignant fever, I take the pledge to drink fresh spring water during an hundred suns. Down with Bacchus! Down with wine!" On the very day that she was rid of her illness, she planned this trick. She took a

[1] *Kora* four times in two lines plays on the double meaning of doll or virgin.

[2] Venus will do the work of Minerva if there is a love motive.

fretted sieve in her hand and saw more than a hundred suns perfectly well through the serried rushwork.

293. LEONIDAS: *A Cynic's Spoil.*

There hang the spoils of Sochares the Cynic, Lady Venus, his staff and slippers, his filthy oil flask and the remnant of his wallet full of holes but stuffed with the wisdom of the ancients, which the beautiful Rhodon dedicated upon thy garlanded porch after ambushing that exceeding wise old man.

301. CALLIMACHUS: *The Offering of a Salt-cellar.*

To the gods of Samothrace Eudemus dedicated the salt-cellar from which he ate enough raw salt to escape huge storms of debts. "Great gods," quoth he, "I make this dedication according to my vow for salvage from the sea of bankruptcy."

303. ARISTON: *Warning to Mice.*

Mice, if you are come for my loaf, go to some other hole (for lean is the cabin that I inhabit), go where you can nibble rich cheese and dried fig and a big feast from scraps. But if you sharpen your teeth again on my books, you will lament it. No succulent feast shall you find.

305. LEONIDAS: *Offering to the Goddess Gula.*

To Gluttony and dainty-loving Greed Disolus[1] the Dorian dedicates huge-bellied cauldrons from Larissa, these pots and a wide gaping cup, a well-bronzed curving flesh-hook, cheese-knife and soup-ladle. Gluttony, receive these foul gifts of a foul giver, and never allow him moderation.

307. PHANIAS: *The Barber-Philosopher.*

Eugathes of Lapithe has chucked away his mirror, his hair-collecting napkin, his felt razor-strop, his reed-scraper, his corn-cutting[2] razors, and his nail scissors. He has chucked scissors, razors and chair, abandoned shop and jumped into studentship at the Garden of Epicurus.[3]

[1] Reading *Deisolos*, proper name, instead of *deisozou* (smelling of filth).

[2] Reading *tulokoptous*, instead of *lipokoptous*.

[3] Went up to the Varsity.

There he opened his ears like a donkey to music, and he would have died of hunger, had he not been so homesick.

309. LEONIDAS: *An Offering of Toys.*

Philocles has hung up the toys of his boyhood to Mercury, the lovely-figured[1] ball, the lively rattle of box-wood, the knuckle-bones he was so mad about and his spinning-top.

312. ANYTE: *The Children's Goat.*

The children have put purple reins on you, billy-goat, and a muzzle on your hairy mouth, and play horse-races round the temple of the god that he may see their childish joy.

329. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *A Literary Offering.*

One will send crystal, another silver, and the third topazes, rich birthday presents, but lo I, having trimmed a couple of acrostics[2] for Agrippina, am satisfied with a gift that envy shall not harm.

330. AESCHINES THE ORATOR: *A Faith Cure.*

In despair of human skill and placing all my hopes in the Divinity, I left Athens of beautiful children and came to thy grove, Asclepius. I was cured in three months of a year's sore on my head.

331. GAETULICUS: *A Good Shot.*

Father Alcon,[3] seeing his child strangled by a murderous serpent, bent his bow with fearful hand. But he did not miss the monster. The arrow pierced its mouth a little above the little child. Relieved of his dread, he dedicated his quiver on this oak as a sign of his good luck and aim.

336. THEOCRITUS: *The Offering to Apollo.*

The dewy roses and this thick creeping thyme are dedicated to the Muses of Helicon. The dark-leaved laurels are for you, Apollo, since the Delphian rock gives you this glory. And this white horny goat nibbling the terebinth tips shall crimson your altar.

[1] Reading *eusemon* for *euphemon.*
[2] Lit. "equated distichs".
[3] A Greek William Tell.

338. THEOCRITUS: *A Musician's Offering.*

Xenocles the musician dedicated this marble statue for your delight, all ye Muses divine. A musician and who will deny it? And since he has won fame by this gift he forgets not the Muses.

339. THEOCRITUS: *A Choir-master's Offering.*

Damomenes the choir-master dedicated this tripod to thee, Bacchus, and this image of thyself, sweetest of the blessed gods. He was moderate in all things and won the prize for his male chorus with due regard to what was fair and seemly.

340. THEOCRITUS: *A Mother's Offering.*

This is no Venus of the Streets, that holy Crysogona dedicates in the house of Amphicles. Propitiate the goddess and call her the Venus of Heaven. Crysogona shared life and children with Amphicles. Every year went better with them, for from thee they began, O Queen, and mortals honouring immortals are rewarded overflowingly.

343. ANONYMOUS: *A Trophy of Bronze Horses.*

The children of Athens subdued the tribes of Boeotia and Chalcis in the work of war. They quenched their pride by iron's grievous bondage and dedicated their horses here as a tithe to Minerva.[1]

345. CRINAGORAS: *With an Offering of Roses.*

We roses used to flower in the spring, but our purple buds are opening and smiling in mid-winter for joy of thy birthday morn so near thy wedding-day. To be seen upon the brows of the most beautiful of wives is better than to await the sunshine of spring.

348. DIODORUS: *Death in Child-birth.*

One word of elegy by the talented Diodorus to say that I was carven to one who found swift fate in childbed and perished bearing a boy. I weep that I contain the

[1] This inscription stood on the Acropolis of Athens. It was probably by Simonides.

daughter of Mela, the blooming Athenais. Sorrow she left to the women of Lesbos and to her father Jason. But all thy care was with thy murderous hounds, Diana!

352. ERINNA: *On a Maiden's Picture.*

This picture came from exquisite hands. Noblest Prometheus, there are men with talent to equal thine. Had he, for instance, who drew this maiden to the life, but added speech, she would be you completely, Agatharchis.

353. NOSSIS: *On a Maiden's Picture.*

It is verily Melinna. See how her gentle, gracious face seems looking at me. How well the daughter resembles the mother in everything! How lovely when children resemble parents.

358. DIOTIMUS: *The Offering of a Frock.*

Delicate dress, which Lydian Omphale loosed of old when she entered into the love of Heracles, be delighted. Blessed thou wert once amongst frocks, and blessed thou art again in entering this golden house of Diana.

THE SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

2B. ANONYMOUS: *Homer.*

Wayfarer, though small a tomb, pass me not by but venerate me with garlands as thou wouldst the Gods. For I contain one immensely honoured by the Pierian Muses, Homer the divine epic poet.

6. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *Homer.*

Stranger, the sea-beaten dust covers Homer the herald of heroic valour, and prophet of the blessed, the second sun of Greek life, the light of the Muses, the unaging voice of the whole world.

7. ANONYMOUS: *Homer.*

Here is divine Homer. All Greece he chanted. Born was he within the hundred gates of Thebes.

8. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *Orpheus.*

Orpheus, no longer shalt thou charm and guide oaks and wild spontaneous herds of beasts. No longer shalt thou lull the roaring wind and sleet and the snow-drift and billowing sea, for thou hast perished. Deeply the daughters of Memory bewailed thee and thy mother Calliope most of all. Why do we sigh for our perished sons when even the gods cannot fend their children from Hades?

11. ASCLEPIADES: *Erinna.*

Little in volume is this sweet work of Erinna, as befits a maiden of nineteen, though 'tis abler than that of many other. "If Death had not come to me so soon, who would have had such fame?"

13. LEONIDAS: *Erinna.*

Erinna, the new singer in the choir, was gathering the flowers of the Muses like a bee, when Hades snatched her to his Hymenal. Then all truly spake the maiden: "Thou art envious, O Death".

15. ANTIPATER: *Sappho.*

Sappho is my name and I excelled all poetesses as Homer excelled poets.

17. TULLIUS LAUREAS: *Sappho.*

Stranger, when thou passest this Aeolian tomb, say not that I, the singer of Mytilene, am dead. This is the labour of mortal handiwork and the works of men pass into swift oblivion. But if thou searchest me in the light of the Muses, thou shall find that Nine Muses flowered in my nine books of song and that I escaped the shadow of death, for no sun shall ever be anonymous of lyric Sappho.

18. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *Alcman.*

Measure not the man by the stone. Simple is the stone to see, but it contains the bones of the great. Know that it is Alcman whom the Nine Muses possessed, Alcman, supreme wielder of the Spartan harp. Whether Lydian or a Spartan, here he lies, the contention of two Continents. Many mothers claim the bards.

20. ANONYMOUS: *Sophocles.*

Aged Sophocles, flower of poets, pastured upon the winy clusters of Bacchus, quenched thou art!

21. SIMIAS: *Sophocles.*

Sophocles, son of Sophillus, chanter of the Chorus and star of the Tragic Muse in Athens, often thou wert crowned with the twisting ivy of Acharnae upon orchestra and stage. Tomb and earth's slight portion contain thee, but thy life of prodigy shines in immortal script.

23. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *Anacreon.*

Anacreon, let clustering ivy and tender petals from the purple meadows flourish round thee, and let fountains of

white milk bubble and sweetly odorous wine pour from earth that thine ash and bones may have joy, if any manner of delight cometh unto the dead.

28. ANONYMOUS: *Anacreon.*

Stranger passing the tomb of Anacreon here, pour out to me as thou goest by, for I am a wine-bibber.

32. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *The Wine-bibber.*

This was often my tune and I will cry it from the tomb: "Drink before you cloak yourselves with the dust down here".

33. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *Anacreon.*

"Anacreon, you died of over-drinking." "But I glory in it and you, hydropot,[1] will come to Hades the same."

35. LEONIDAS: *Pindar.*

Agreeable to strangers and dear to his fellow-citizens was this man, the servant of the euphonious Muses, Pindar.

38. DIODORUS: *Aristophanes.*

Beneath me lies the corpse of the divine Aristophanes. Which Aristophanes you ask? It is the comic poet and the tomb of the Old Comedy itself.

39. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *Aeschylus.*

Here lies Aeschylus, son of Euphorion, the first to architect tragic diction and towering song upon the massy phrase. Far from the land of Eleusis his tomb gives glory unto Sicily.

41. ANONYMOUS: *Callimachus.*

Hail, blessed Callimachus, dearest comrade of the ambrosial Muses, hail even in the halls of Hades!

43. ION: *Euripides.*

Hail, Euripides! Amid the dark-petalled vales of Pieria thou habitest the chamber of everlasting night. Though thou art under earth, know that thy renown shall never perish, equalling the eternal charms of Homer.

[1] A Greek coinage for water-drinker.

45. THUCYDIDES: *Euripides.*

All Greece is the monument of Euripides, but his bones are in the land of Macedon, where he was received at his life's end. Athens was his native land, Athens the Greece of Greece. By his Muse he gave delight to many and from many hath he praise.

46. ANONYMOUS: *Euripides.*

This is no memorial of thine, Euripides, for thou art its memorial, since it is encompassed by thy glory.

56. ANONYMOUS: *Democritus.*

So this made Democritus laugh[1] and perhaps he will be saying: "Did I not say laughingly that all things are laughter? For after my endless wisdom and my shelf of many books I lie beneath the tomb only a laugh myself."

59. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *Democritus.*

Pluto, blessed one, receive Democritus, so that the King of the eternally unamused shall have at least one subject who laughs.

61. ANONYMOUS: *Plato.*

Here the Earth hides Plato's body in her bosom, but his soul keeps immortal rank among the blessed. Every good man, howsoever far away he dwells, honours the son of Ariston who saw the beatific life.

63. ANONYMOUS: *Diogenes.*

Ferryman of the dead, take the Cynic Diogenes aboard. I stripped life of all her shams.

66. HONESTUS: *Diogenes.*

In life the lightest luggage served Diogenes the Wise, staff, wallet and a folded cloak. I bring the ferryman the lot, for I have left nothing on earth. But Cerberus, you dog, fawn on me for another!

70. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *Archilochus.*

Three-headed dog, guard the strong gates of Hell with less sleepful eyes than ever before. The daughters of Lycambes quitted life to escape the malignant hate in the

[1] The laughing philosopher.

verses of Archilochus. You will have all the dead flying in terror of his slander and quitting the portals of the house of night.

73. GEMINUS: *Themistocles.*

Instead of an ordinary tomb build a statue of Greece with ships' keels upon her in symbol of the barbarian fleet destroyed, and round the base of the tomb carve the Persian war and Xerxes. Thus bury Themistocles. Thereon shall stand the pillar-stone of Salamis to tell the exploit. Why lay so great a man in so small a space?

80. CALLIMACHUS: *Heraclitus.*

Someone told me, Heraclitus, of your death, bringing me to tears when I remembered how often we had set the sun with talking. Somewhere you are ancient dust, stranger of Halicarnassus, but your book of Nightingales[1] lives, and Death, who ravishes all, shall not lay his hand thereon.

84. ANONYMOUS: *Thales.*

Tiny is the tomb, but see how the fame of mighty-thinking Thales stretches heavenward.

95. DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Anaxagoras.*

Anaxagoras once described the sun as an incandescent mass and for that was condemned to death. His friend Pericles saved him, but he took his own life through a philosophical weakness.

96. DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Socrates.*

Drink now in the house of God, Socrates. A god verily called thee wise, and Wisdom is divine. Thou didst only receive hemlock from the Athenians, but verily by thy mouth they gulped their own death.

109. DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Plato.*

Apollo begot both Asclepius and Plato unto mortal man, one to save their bodies and the other their souls.[2] After attending a wedding feast Plato ascended to the Republic

[1] The title of his Poems. [2] The supposed epitaph on Plato's tomb.

which he had founded for himself and was established in the house of God.

120. XENOPHANES: *Pythagoras.*

They say that Pythagoras, passing, once pitied a beaten dog, and said: "Stop cudgelling it, for its soul is a friend's, whom I recognised when I heard the bark".

128. ANONYMOUS: *Heraclitus.*

I am Heraclitus. Why pull me about, you who lack the soul of culture? I worked for the appreciative, not for you. One such is as thirty thousand to me, while a countless public are as nobody. This I declare even from beside Persephone in the other world.

133. DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Anaxarchus.*

Tyrant Nicocreon, it is only the bag of Anaxarchus [1] you pound, for he is long in the house of God. Persephone will soon comb you out and curse you for a horrible miller.

134. ANONYMOUS: *Gorgias.*

Here I lie, the head of Gorgias the Cynic. Never again shall I cough nor blow my nose.

138. ACERATUS THE GRAMMARIAN: *Hector.*

Hector, thou wast ever chorused in the Bible of Homer as the stronger bulwark of the wall the gods built. But at thy death Homer was stayed and by thy silence the Iliad was hushed.

142. ANONYMOUS: *Achilles.*

This is the tomb of Achilles the man-breaker, which the Greeks built to terrify Trojans yet unborn. It slopes beachward that the ocean's dirge may honour the son of the sea-goddess Thetis.

149. LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS: *Ajax.*

Ajax, son of Telamon, lies in Troyland, but he allowed no foeman to boast his death. Time found none other worthy to dare the deed and gave it to his own suicidal hand.

[1] The martyred philosopher called his body a bag.

155. ANONYMOUS: *On an Actor.*

I lie here, Philistion of Nicaea, remnant of the Human Comedy, who often tempered the over-miserable life of men with laughter. Often I died on the stage, but never in this way before.

160. ANACREON: *On a Hero.*

This is the tomb of Timocritus who was valiant in war. War spares the coward, not the brave.

162. DIOSCORIDES: *On a Persian Slave.*

Master, I am Euphrates, a pure-born Persian like my fathers. Do not burn nor defile fire with me, for that would be bitterer for me than death. But give me shrouded to earth without washing my corpse either. For, master, I worship also rivers.

168. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On Death in Childbirth.*

"After this let women pray for children", cried Polyxo, her womb torn by triplets. She sank dead into the midwife's hands and the boys slipped from her hollow flanks to the ground, a living birth from a dead mother. The same god snatched her life and passed it on to them.

171. MNASALCAS OF SICYON: *On the Dead Fowler.*

And here upon this sweet plane tree the sacred birds shall perch and rest their swift flight. For dead is Poimander of Melos, and he comes no longer with lime smeared upon his hunting-canes.

173. DIOTIMUS: *On the Dead Herdsman.*

Covered with heavy snow from the hill, the cattle came home of themselves to the byre in the evening. But Therimachus, alas! sleeps the long sleep under the oak. The fire of heaven was his lullaby.

178. DIOSCORIDES OF NICOPOLIS: *On a Dead Slave.*

Lydian of Lydia am I, and, master, thou didst lay me, thy foster-father, in a freeman's tomb. May thy life be long and prosperous, and if thou comest to me after old age, I am thine, master, even in Hades.

181. ANDRONICUS: *On a Dead Daughter.*

Piteous and beloved Democrateia, to the dark house of Acheron thou hast gone and left thy mother mourning. For thy death she shore the grey locks from her old head with newly whetted steel.

182. MELEAGER: *On a Dead Bride.*

When Clearista loosed her maiden's zone she received Death for her bridegroom. At eventide the flutes were playing at the bride's gates and there was a knocking upon her chamber doors. But at morning the flutes lifted a lament. The bridal song was hushed and changed to sound of keening. The same tapers, that lit her marriage couch, illumined her path to the dead below.

184. PARMENION: *On a Dead Maiden.*

The tomb of maiden Helen I am, doubly bedewed by the tears of a mother already mourning her perished son. I bequeath a common sorrow to her suitors, for the hopes of all equally bewailed the possession of none.

187. PHILIP: *On a Virgin.*

The old hag Nico left flowers upon Melite's virgin tomb. Was this thy sacrosanct judgment, O Hades?

191. ARCHIAS: *On a Dead Jay.*

Often of old I screamed replies to shepherd and copse-cutter and fisherman. I was the jay whose answering beak jangled as delusive tune as the Echo. Now am I lying fallen tongueless and speechless to the ground, renouncing all love for mimicry.

194. MNASALCAS: *On a Dead Locust.*

This mansion of white clay beside the long road keeps Democritus' dead locust, whose music lay in her wings. When she sang her Vespers long and evenly, the whole house rang to her melodious theme.

203. SIMIAS: *On a Dead Partridge.*

Decoy-partridge of mine, no longer does thy bill utter echoing note through the shady wood. No longer wilt

thou hunt thy variegated fellows in their woodland pasture, for unto Acheron thou hast taken thy last flight.

205. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST: *On a Dead Partridge.*

Does the house-cat expect to live under my roof after gobbling my partridge? No, beloved partridge, I will not leave thee dishonoured in death. Over thee I will slay thine enemy. For thy ghost will be more and more troubled until I perform such sacrifice as Pyrrhus made upon the tomb of Achilles.

208. ANYTE: *On a Dead Warhorse.*

Damis erected this tomb for his steadfast battle-steed, breast-stricken by murderous Mars. The black blood bubbled through his bull-hide, and in his death's agony he bedewed the earth.

211. TYMNES: *On a Dead Watch-dog.*

This stone says it contains the faithful white Maltese watch-dog of Eumelus. While he lived they called him Bully, but now his bark has passed down the silent roads of night.

212. MNASALCAS: *On a Dead Mare.*

Stranger, say this is the tomb of wind-hoofed Seagull, the lightest in limb ever bred of earth. Often she struggled over the long course like a bird or a far-speeding ship.

216. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Dead Dolphin.*

I am a dolphin waves and rough currents drove ashore as a novel spectacle of common luck. But there is pity upon land. For those, who perceived me, straightway and piously wreathed me for burial. But 'twas my mother sea that slew me. Who can trust an ocean that does not even spare her own blood?

217. ASCLEPIADES: *On a Dead Courtesan.*

I contain Archeanassa, the courtesan of Colophon. Even her wrinkles are a resting-place for sweet Love. Oh, ye lovers who plucked the first fresh flower of her youth's blossom, through what a furnace you passed!

220. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST: *Laïs the Courtesan.*

Strolling to Corinth I saw the tomb of legendary Laïs by the roadside—so said the inscription. A tear I shed and "Hail Lady," quoth I, "with eyes that never beheld, I pity thee. How thou didst agonise the mind of youth, but lo! thou hast laid away thy beauty in the earth and thou dwellest in oblivion."

223. THYILLUS: *On a Dead Dancer.*

Aristion the castanet-dancer could toss her hair to Cybele among the fir trees intoxicated by the horned flute, or drain three cups of liquor neat. Here she rests under the elms, done with love's delight and the night's fierce revelry. A long farewell to feast and frenzy! Low lies the hair that once was buried in wreaths of flowers.

224. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Centenarian.*

I, Callicratia, bore nine-and-twenty children and never saw the death of boy or girl. Five years and a hundred I lived without resting my trembling hand upon a staff.

225. ANONYMOUS: *Laertes.*

Time's fullness wears away the rock and spares not iron. Time's single sickle destroys all, and near the shore the cold rain is melting the barrow of Laertes. But the hero's name is ever-young, for the centuries cannot, even if they would, wipe out song.

231. DAMAGETUS: *On a Dead Dorian.*

To help Ambracia, the son of Theopompus, Aristagoras raised his shield and chose death rather than flight. Do not be surprised that a Dorian prefers his country to his perished youth.

233. APOLLINIDES: *On a Soldier's Suicide.*

The armoured neck of Aelius, captain of the Roman host, was laden with golden torques. When he fell ill at last and saw the unescapable end manifest against his own courage, he struck his sword into his heart, proclaiming in death: "I have conquered myself, for I would not give the credit to sickness".

240. ADDAEUS: *Alexander.*

Wouldst thou sing the tomb of Alexander of Macedon? Say two Continents are his memorial.

242. MNASALCAS: *On a War Memorial.*

These men freed their country from a yoke of tears about her neck, but themselves they clothed in the dark dust. Great is the praise won by their valour. Let any citizen looking their way dare die for his country.

244. GAETULICUS: *On the Battle for Thyreae.*

Fierce Mars drew these three hundred blades from Argos and three hundred from Sparta. Here we endured battle and fell one upon other until not one was left for messenger.[1] Thyreae was the prize of our swords.

249. SIMONIDES: *On Thermopylae.*

Stranger, be our messenger to the Spartans that we lie here obeying their orders.

250. SIMONIDES: *On the Greek Dead.*

We lie here, having saved all Greece with our lives when she stood upon the razor's edge.

251. SIMONIDES: *On the Greek Dead.*

These men laid glory unquenchable upon their dear land and wrapped themselves in the steely cloud of death. Dead, but they died not, for the kudos[2] of their courage lifts them high above the house of the dead.

253. SIMONIDES: *On the Greek Dead.*

If dying well is the noblest part of valour, Fortune granted us this in supereminence. We strove to encircle Greece with Liberty, and here we lie enjoying timeless eulogy.

255. AESCHYLUS: *On the Greek Dead.*

Dark Fate slew these men steadfastly defending their richly herded country. The fame of the dead is ever-living, for they endured until they had gathered the dust of Ossa about them like a shroud.

[1] The "messenger" in Greek drama and history was the Special Correspondent of his time.

[2] The Anglicised *kudos* is the Greek word for renown.

256. PLATO: *On the Greek Settlers in Persia.*

We left the deep-sounding tide of the Aegean to lie in the midmost plain of Ecbatana. Farewell, Eretria! Farewell, Athens, neighbour of Euboea! Farewell, beloved sea!

259. PLATO: *On the Greek Settlers in Persia.*

Eretrians by race we are from Euboea and we lie near Susa! How far away from our own land, alas!

261. DIOTIMUS: *On a Dead Child.*

What use is it labouring to childbirth and bringing forth children, if the mother must see her child die? A mother built this tomb for her boy Bianor, which should have been the mother's hap from this her child.

263. ANACREON: *On a Dead Youth.*

Clenorides, thy yearning for thy native land, and thy confidence in the South Wind's wintry blast, proved thy destruction. Untimely weather shackled thee and the wet waves washed away thy lovely youth.

264. LEONIDAS: *On One Shipwrecked.*

A good journey to the seagoer! but whoever looseth cable from my tomb, let him blame his own daring and not the inhospitable ocean, if the storm brings him like me into haven of Hades.

265. PLATO: *On One Shipwrecked.*

This is the tomb of one shipwrecked. The one opposite is a farmer's. Hades identical underlieth earth and sea.

267. POSEIDIPPUS: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Sailors, why bury me near ocean? Further away you should build the sad tomb of a shipwrecked man, for I shudder at the echo of my fatal wave. Even so, fare ye well, ye who pity Nicetas.

269. PLATO: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Mariners, be ye safe on land and sea, only know that ye pass the tomb of one who was shipwrecked.

270. SIMONIDES: *On a Company Shipwrecked.*
One sea, one night, one hull made funeral for these men when they were bringing the first fruits of Sparta to Apollo.

272. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Merchant.*
Not by land but on sea died Lycos of Naxos and saw his life and ship perish together, when he sailed merchant-wise to Aegina. Now he is a corpse in the brine and I his tomb bear his name in vain and pronounce this statement of total truth: "When the Constellation of the Kids is setting, sailor, have no commerce with the sea".

277. CALLIMACHUS: *On One Shipwrecked.*
"Shipwrecked one, what good stranger——" Leontichus found me a corpse on shore and buried me in this tomb, weeping his own fated life, for he hath no rest either, beating the sea like a sea-bird.

279. ANONYMOUS: *On One Shipwrecked.*
Cease painting the oars and prows of ships over this tomb and over my cold ashes. It is a shipwrecked mariner's memorial. Why wouldst thou remind him underground of his maltreatment by the wave?

280. ISIDORE OF AEGAE: *On an Unknown Grave.*
This mound is a tomb. Hold back your oxen then and draw back your plough, for you are troubling ashes. On such dust as this cast tears, but not the seed of corn.

282. THEODORIDAS: *On One Shipwrecked.*
I am the tomb of one shipwrecked. Sail on, for when we were drowned, the other ships passed out to sea.

284. ASCLEPIADES: *On One Shipwrecked.*
Fierce sea, keep eight cubits away from me and swell and roar with all thy power. But if thou destroyest the tomb of Eumares, thou shalt have no profit, for thou shalt find but bones and ash.

285. GLAUCUS OF NICOPOLIS: *On One Shipwrecked.*
Not this dust nor the light weight of stone, but the whole ocean that thou seest is the tomb of Erasippus. For he

perished with his ship, and somewhere, known only to the voice of the gulls, lie his putrifying bones.

288. ANTIPATER: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Though land and sea possess equal shares, my dead corpse belongs wholly to neither. The fishes ate my flesh at sea, but my bones have been cast upon this icy shore.

289. ANTIPATER OF MACEDON: *On One Shipwrecked.*

The shipwrecked Antheus was swimming by night on a small plank to the mouth of the Peneus, when a lonely wolf rushed from the thicket and slew the man when he was not looking. Waves, ye are more trustworthy than land!

292. THEON OF ALEXANDRIA: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Perchance the halcyons take thee to their care, Lenaeus. But dumbly thy mother weeps with grief for thee upon thy clammy tomb.

294. TULLIUS LAUREAS: *On a Drowned Fisherman.*

The old fisherman, busy with hook and line, who lived by his seaworn boat, was swamped by a strong sea in the terrible South Wind, and was dashed at morning upon the high shore. His hands were eaten away. Who would call fish fools who only devoured parts destructive to themselves?

299. NICOMACHUS: *On the Earthquake of Plataea.*

This is Plataea—if I can say so—for it was suddenly and utterly cast down by an earthquake. Only a few of the population survived, but we, who perished, lie with our beloved city gathered for our shroud.

300. SIMONIDES: *On Two Brothers.*

Earth here covers Pythonax and his brother before they saw the prime of lovely youth. Megaristus their father set up this memorial of their death, immortally honouring his mortal sons.

301. SIMONIDES: *Leonidas.*

Leonidas, noble king of Sparta of the wide dancing floors, noble is the earth of those who met the multitudinous

archery and swift-footed cavalry of the Persians and died with thee here in battle.

305. ADDAEUS OF MITYLENE: *On a Dead Fisherman.*

The boat of Diotimus the fisherman made him a faithful barge at sea and a poverty-stricken cottage on land. He slept the unawakening sleep and reached remorseless Hades upon his own oars and in his own ship, for as it brought the old man his wages living, it brought him in death the ultimate service of a funeral pyre.

306. ANONYMOUS: *On the Mother of Themistocles.*

I was Abrotonon, a Thracian woman, but I declare that I bore great Themistocles for the Greeks.

308. LUCIAN: *On a Dead Child.*

Pitiless Hades snatched me, Callimachus, at five years of age before my soul knew care. But weep me not. Small was my share of life and small was my share of life's evil.

309. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Bachelor.*

Here I lie, Dionysius, a sixty-year old. From Tarsus I came a bachelor, and I wish my father had stayed one too.

311. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *A Riddle among the Tombs.*

A tomb with no corpse within, a corpse without tomb, for the corpse is a tomb and the tomb is a corpse.[1]

314. PTOLEMY: *Timon.*

Learn not my origin nor my name. Only that I wish those who pass my monument to die.

317. CALLIMACHUS: *Timon.*

"Timon—for thou art no more—which is the most hateful to thee, light or dark?" "The dark, for the majority of you are there in Hades."

319. ANONYMOUS: *Timon.*

Even the corpse of Timon is savage. Cerberus, doorkeeper of Pluto, beware lest he bite!

[1] This Biblical conundrum refers to Lot's wife enclosed in salts of Sodom. Or perhaps to Niobe petrified.

321. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Gardener.*
Dear earth, embosom old Amyntichus, remembering all his toil for thee. Many a time he planted evergreen olive trees in thee and beautified thee with the vine of Bacchus. He filled thee with corn and channelled water to make thee bear herb and fruit. Therefore lie gently upon his grey brows and burst into flowers of Spring.

323. ANONYMOUS: *Twins stillborn.*
One tomb contains brother twins, born and dead the twain upon one day.

324. ANONYMOUS: *On a Chaste Woman.*
Beneath this flat stone here I lie, the woman of far renown who loosened her girdle to one man alone.

325. ANONYMOUS: *On Sardanapallus.*
As much as I ate and drank and the delights I learnt of the Loves I have. But all my many riches I have left behind.

326. CRATES OF THEBES: *All is Vanity.*
All that I studied and traced in thought and all the sanctities I learnt of the Muses I have. But all my many riches were overtaken by the mist of Vanity.

329. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Drinker.*
Myrtas am I, who drained the cup ungrudgingly and untempered beside the sacred vats of Bacchus. No light covering of earth is mine in death, but a wine-jar makes a delightful tomb above me in symbol of fraternity.

330. ANONYMOUS: *On a Wife's Tomb.*
Maximus while living built the urn you see as his habitation after life's end. He built this tomb as well for his wife Calepodia to keep her love even among the dead.

336. ANONYMOUS: *The Tomb of Old Age.*
Worn by old age and poverty, with no one to stretch succour to my distress, upon trembling legs I crept slowly to the tomb, scarcely able to find my life's term. The law of the dead was changed for me. I was not buried after death, but I died after burial.

340. ANONYMOUS: *On a Wife's Tomb.*
In this stone Marathonis laid Nicopolis and bedewed the marble chest with tears. But it was of no avail. What profit hath a man left solitary on earth, whose wife is gone?

341. PROCLUS: *On a Disciple's Tomb.*
I am Proclus, a Lycian by race. Syrianus educated me here to be his successor in the school. This common tomb has received both our bodies. Would that our spirits might come to one place too!

342. ANONYMOUS: *Mors Omnibus Una.*
I have died and await thee, who also shalt await another. One Hades receiveth all who are mortal alike.

344A. SIMONIDES: *On the Tomb of Leonidas.*
Most brave of beasts am I, mounting guard upon the stone tomb of the most brave of men.

346. ANONYMOUS: *The Friend's Tomb.*
This slight stone, noble Sabinus, is the memorial of our great friendship. I shall seek thee evermore. And if thou art permitted among the dead, drink no waters of Oblivion unto me.

347. ANONYMOUS: *Adeimantus.*
This is the tomb of that Adeimantus whose plans of campaign crowned Greece with freedom.

348. SIMONIDES: *On a Man of Society.*
Here I lie, Timocreon of Rhodes, after drinking enormously and eating enormously and reviling fellow-men enormously.

349. ANONYMOUS: *Damn!*
Late in time I died after eating little, drinking little and after endless disease. Oh, damn you all![1]

350. ANONYMOUS: *On One Shipwrecked.*
Sailor, make no inquiry whose tomb I am, but mayst thou chance thyself upon a better sea.

[1] A parody on the previous Epigram.

353. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On a Dead Drinker.*
This is the memorial of grey Maronis. On her tomb you see a carved chalice of stone. Wine-loving gossip that she was, she mourns not for her children nor for her children's pauper-father. She only laments below that the symbol of Bacchus on her tomb is not with Bacchus filled.

354. GAETULICUS: *Medea.*
This is the tomb of the children of Medea, whom her blazing jealousy sacrificed to Glauce's bridals. But the Corinthian land grants them eternal peace-offerings in propitiation for their mother's relentless soul.

355. DAMAGETUS: *On a Social Companion.*
Ye that pass by, cry out a merry and respectful greeting to the excellent Praxiteles. This man had a fair share of literary merit and he was agreeable over wine. Greetings then, Praxiteles of Andros!

360. ANONYMOUS: *The Tomb of the Murdered.*
You killed me with your own hands, and built a tomb to hide, not to bury me. The same fate be yours!

361. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Son.*
A father built this tomb to his son. The reverse would be appropriate, but Envy was sharper than Justice.

365. ZONAS OF SARDIS: *On a Dead Child.*
Shadowy Charon, pitiful of woe thou rowest the barge of the dead through the water of this reedy lake in Hades. Stretch a hand from the gangway ladder and catch the son of Cinyras as he disembarks. For full-sized sandals upset the child, and he is timorous to put bare feet on the sandy shore.

367. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Dead Bridegroom.*
Say that I am the corpse of Egerius the Roman, whose eyes were dimmed by a cloud when he went unto his bride. Life and sight were quenched after he had but seen the maiden. Alas, O Sun, for such a fate doomed by heaven. Cursed be that torch, whether it was lit by the envy of unwilling Hymen or of over-willing Hades.

376. CRINAGORAS: *On a Dead Traveller.*

Wretched men, why do we wander, confiding in empty hopes and oblivious of baneful death? There was Seleucus, perfect every way in speech and morals, but briefly he enjoyed youth and now he lies far from Lesbos, a stranger upon the unmapped shores of ultimate Spain.

380. CRINAGORAS: *The Tomb of the Wicked.*

Though the tomb be of dazzling marble and polished by the lapicide's straight rule, 'tis not the tomb of the good. Not by the stone, good friend, measure the dead. The dumb stone laps a corpse of one as dark as night. Here lies the remnant of Eunicides, all shorn of strength and rotting beneath its own ashes.

383. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Behold this wretched man's corpse scattered on the shore, cast from sea-raging rocks. There lies head reft of hair and robbed of teeth. And five nails there growing on a hand, and fleshless ribs, two soles of unsinewed feet and his limbs' unloosed anatomy. Alas, the happiest ones never left their mother's pangs to view the sun!

387. BIANOR: *On a Dead Child.*

I wept the fate of my Theonoe, but the hopes centred in our child lightened my sorrows. And now envious Fate has bereaved me of the boy as well. Alas! I am cheated of thee, my child, all that was left. Persephone, hear this of a father's grief and lay the child in his dead mother's bosom.

389. APOLLONIDES: *On a Dead Child.*

Who has not suffered the utter woe and wept a son? The house of Poseidippus buried all his four, snatched in four days by Hades and cut short of all his hopes. The father's mourning sight has perished in a drench of tears, and one night covers them, as it were, common to all.

398. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Dead Drunkard.*

I do not know whether to accuse the wine of Bacchus or blame the rain of Jupiter. For both jeopardise the feet.

This tomb contains Polyxenos, who fell once from the slippery slope, returning from a country dinner. Far from Smyrna of Aeolia he lies. Let every toper dread rainy paths after dark.

399. ANTIPHILUS: *The Children of Oedipus.*

The tombs of the children of Oedipus should have been built far apart. Even Hades sets them no term, for they refuse to take the same boat to Hell and their detestable warfare survives death. Look at the varying flames blazing from the same pyre and whirling into quarrelsome tongues of strife.

400. SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Dead Toiler.*

These are the bones of a hard-working man. Either thou wast a merchant or a fisherman on the blind sea. Tell mortal-kind that, whatever hopes we pursue, this is the hope of final release.

402. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On an Old Maid.*

When the winter snow melted on the roof, the house collapsed and killed the old girl Lucy. Villagers and neighbours did not pile her tomb with earth, but made her own gable her grave.

403. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *On a Dead Brothel-keeper.*

Psyllus lies here, who used to despatch desirable harlots to the merry-making of youth. He hunted the delicate sex and took the wage of shame from men. Refrain from stoning his grave, wayfarer, nor bid another. The dead man has reached his tomb. Spare him, not that his gains were commendable, but that the whoremaster taught youth other ways than adultery.

406. THEODORIDAS: *On a Dead Poet.*

Euphorion, the exquisite writer of poetry, lies beside these long walls[1] of the Piraeus. To the mystic singer offer a pomegranate or an apple or myrtle, for when he lived, he loved.

[1] Lit. "legs".

408. LEONIDAS: *On a Dead Satirist.*

Pass this tomb gently by, for fear you rouse the picric wasp who rests asleep. Only lately has the temper of Hipponax been hushed to quiet, for he growled even at his parents. But be prudent, for his red-hot verses can sear you even in Hell.

411. DIOSCORIDES: *Aeschylus.*

Aeschylus perfected this invention of Thespis[1] and pastoral games and revelry. Aeschylus carved literature not into chisel-work but made it as a rushing torrent. Scenery even he innovated. O lips endowed with every skill, Aeschylus, thou wast one of the demigods of old.

412. ALCAEUS OF MESSENE: *On a Dead Singer.*

Dead Pylades, all Greece with loosened lock and close-cut tresses bewaileth thee. Apollo himself took the laurels from his unshorn hair and honoured his singer as far as right. The Muses wept, and Asopus stayed his stream when he heard the echo of their wailing lips. The dance ceased in the temples of Bacchus when thou tookest the iron road to death.

415. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Jolly Citizen.*

Thou treadest by the tomb of a citizen from Cyrene, founded by Battus. He had a fine gift for song and for appropriate laughter over the wine.

416. ANONYMOUS: *Meleager.*

Stranger, I contain Meleager, son of Eucrates, who mingled the sweet-speaking Graces with Love and with the Muses.

420. DIOTIMUS OF ATHENS: *Dead Hope.*

Farewell, ye Hopes of men, ye aery goddesses—for if ye were not fickle, limb-loosening Death had never covered up Lesbon, who once rivalled the King[2]—farewell ye Hopes, with the Loves lightest of all the immortal deities. And ye flutes, into which he breathed, lie unvoiced and

[1] The choric song.

[2] Of Persia.

unknown, since Hell knoweth neither the chorus[1] nor the minstrel's band.

422. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Dead Gambler.*

What shall we guess about you, Peisistratus, when we see the throw of "Zero"[2] cut upon your tomb? Shall we guess you came from the Arctic? Possibly. Or that you were a gambler and an unlucky one, my friend? Or are we nowhere near the truth and were you quenched by wine from the ice? I think we have hit the nail on the head.

425. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On a Good Housewife.*

Do not wonder, stranger, to see a whip, an owl, a bow, a grey goose and a speedy bitch upon Myro's tomb. The bow proclaims me a fine supple housekeeper, the bitch a true lover of my children, the whip the just chastiser of faults but not a cruel, overweening mistress to slaves, the goose a careful house-watcher,[3] and this owl that I was the servant of the owl-eyed Minerva. Such pursuits pleasing me, my husband Bito carved their symbols on my stone.

434. DIOSCORIDES: *On a Spartan Mother.*

Demaeneta sent eight sons to meet the enemy ranks and buried them all under one column. She shed no tears in her grief, but said this alone: "Ho Sparta! for thee I bare these bairns".

436. HEGEMON: *Thermopylae.*

Let him that passes by this tomb grimly say that "Here a thousand Spartans held eighty myriad Persians by their valour and died without turning. Such is Dorian discipline."

438. DAMAGETUS: *On a Dead Soldier.*

Thou didst perish, Machatas, in thy first youth grimly waging war against the Aetolians in thy fatherland.[4] It is difficult to find an Achaean warrior who has reached grey hair.

[1] Supply *ou choron* to textual gap.

[2] Lit. Chian—"the worst throw". Arctic and ice are invented to carry out a series of allusions parallel to the "Chian throw—Chian islander—Chian wine", in the literal translations from the Greek.

[3] Vigilant geese saved the Capitol.

[4] Or read *Patreon*, "men of Patrae".

439. THEODORIDAS: *On a Good Youth.*
Uncritical Fate, thus dost thou hound on Life's deadly dogs and cut off Pylus, son of Agenor, untimely from the Aeolian youth? O ye gods, that such a man should be lying as prey of relentless Hell!

442. SIMONIDES: *A Civil War Memorial.*
Let us remember that these unflinching men, whose tomb this is, died in defence of rich-herded Tegea, armed in their city's front lest Greece[1] might strip the freedom from their dead brows.

443. SIMONIDES: *A War Memorial.*
Once in these men's breasts raging Mars washed his long-pointed arrows with a rain of blood. Memorials of the dead take the place of spear-facing men. This dust covers the lifeless but undying.

448. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Cretan Champion.*
The tomb of Protalidas of Lycastus, who won the palm for love and war and the netting of game and the dance. Gods of the Underworld! ye are Cretans and ye have taken a Cretan unto yourselves and brought this man before Minos.

451. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Good Man.*
Here Saon of Acanthus, the son of Dicon, sleeps the sleep of the just. Say not the good die.

452. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Sober Man.*
Passers-by, remember Eubulus the temperate. Let us drink, for Hades makes common harbourage for all.

453. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Child.*
Here father Philip laid his great hope, his twelve-year-old boy Nicoteles.

454. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Drinker.*
Erasixenus, deep drinker though he is, has been run off his legs by draining his cup twice neat.

456. DIOSCORIDES: *On a Drinking Nurse.*
Hiero buried Silenis his nurse, whom no cup dismayed

[1] Greek *Hellas* perhaps a corruption for *Illas*, "a rope".

once she took to drinking neat. In the fields he buried her so that one who was so fond of unmixed wine might lie dead and buried near the winepress.

458. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Good Nurse.*

Miccus plied Aeschra, his excellent Phrygian nurse, with every comfort until she lived to old age. He raised the statue of her dead to show posterity his gratitude for the old dame's nursing.

459. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Seamstress.*

Often the daughters of Samos call for Crethis, who was their sweetest chattering work-mate and story-teller, and so full of pretty games. But here she sleeps the apportioned swoon of all.

461. MELEAGER: *On a Light Weight.*

Hail, great mother Earth! You did not find Aesigenes too heavy of yore. Hold him unheavily now.

465. HERACLITUS: *On Death in Twin-birth.*

This is fresh dug dust and upon the front of the pillars are waving wreaths of half-green leaves. Wayfarer, let us scan the stone and decipher whose smooth bones the inscription says it covers. "Stranger, I am Aretemias and my fatherland is Cnidus. I came to Euphro's bed and accepted my fated pangs. Twins I bore at a birth. One I left to guide my husband in old age and one I took as his souvenir."

466. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On the Tomb of a Youth.*

Unhappy Anticles and unhappy I, who have burnt upon the pyre my only boy in the flower of his youth. At eighteen thou hast died, my child, and I weep and lament the old age thou hast orphaned for me. Would I might go to Hades' shadowy house! For the dawn is not sweet to me nor the swift sun's rays. Unhappy Anticles, thou wast doomed, but heal my sorrow by snatching me from life.

470. MELEAGER: *Colloquy with the Dead.*

"Tell me, inquirer, who and whose thou art?"
"Philaulus, son of Eucratides."
"Whence boastest thou?"
"From Thria."
"What livelihood didst thou enjoy in life?"
"Neither sailor nor ploughman, but companion of the wise."
"Didst thou leave life by sickness or old age?"
"I came of my own will to Hades having tasted the suicidal cup of Ceos."[1]
"Old wast thou?"
"Exceedingly old."
"Then be the earth light to thee, for thy life was attuned to philosophy."

471. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Platonist.*

Cleombrotus the Ambracian said "Good-bye, Sun!" and leapt from a high wall to Hades, not that he saw any evil worthy of death, but that he happened to have read Plato's single Dialogue concerning the soul.[2]

472. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On Mortal Life.*

Man, infinite was the time before thou camest unto light and infinite will be time after thou goest to Hades. What portion of life remains thee but a cipher or something more trifling than a cipher even? Short and afflicted is thy life, and even that is sweetless and more hateful than thine enemy Death. Man, behold, how little use it is, since at the thread's end a worm sits over thy skin's unwoven woof. From dawn to dawn examine thy strength, O man, and reduce thyself to simple life, remembering always, while thou dwellest among the living, the reeds from which thou art framed.

472B. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Haven of Death.*

Escape the storm of life and come into the haven even as I, Pheidon, son of Critas, came into Hades.

[1] Hemlock was the old age pension in Ceos.

[2] The *Phaedo*.

473. ARISTODICUS: *Suicide.*

When Demo and Methymna learnt the death of Euphro, the frenzied fanatic at the triennial Feasts of Bacchus, they renounced life and with their own hands hung their long-plaited fillets as nooses to their necks.

474. ANONYMOUS: *On a Family Tomb.*

This is the single tomb of Nicander's children. One day's dawn finished Lysidice's sacred family.

476. MELEAGER: *On the Tomb of his Beloved.*

I give you my tears, Heliodora, even in the earth's depths, even unto Hades. I give you my hard-shed tears as relics of my passion. Upon thy much-wept tomb I pour them in memory of my yearnings, in memory of my affection. Pitifully, pitifully, I, Meleager, still lament thee, beloved even among the dead. O empty tribute to Acheron! Alas, where is my flower of desire? Hades hath snatched her, snatched her, and the dust hath tarnished her flower in bloom. O Mother Earth, nurtress of all, I implore thee to clasp her gently to thy breast. All have bewailed her.

479. THEODORIDES: *Heraclitus.*

I am the stone-shrine, spherical once and unworn, which contains the head of Heraclitus. But time has worn me like the shingle, and I lie to be trampled by all men in the common carriage road. Though I have no tombstone, I inform mortals that I contain that divine dog, the snarling critic of the folk.

481. PHILETAS OF SAMOS: *On a Dead Child.*

Weighed down with mass this grave-pillar says: "Hades has snatched little short-houred Theodota", and the little one replies to her father: "Theodotus, cease thy grief. Mortals are very often unlucky."

482. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Child.*

Thy hair had not been cut, Cleodicus, nor had the Moon driven her chariot thrice twelve times when thy mother

Nicasis and thy begetter Periclitus wailed above thy coffin and lamented at the brink of the grave. In unknown Acheron thou shalt bloom a bloom to earth unreturning.

483. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Baby.*

Hades, who art unbending to all litany, why hast thou orphaned baby Callaeschrus of his life? The child will make a plaything in the house of Persephone, but he leaves bitter suffering at home.

486. ANYTE: *On a Dead Child.*

Often upon her daughter's tomb the wailing mother Cleina cried unto her beloved and short-fated child, resummoning the soul of Philaenis, who crossed the pale tide of Acheron's stream before her marriage.

489. SAPPHO: *On a Dead Virgin.*

This is the dust of Timas dead before she married and taken to the dark-purple chamber of Persephone. When she perished, all her companions shore the lovely hair of their heads to the fresh-sharpened steel.

490. ANYTE: *On a Dead Virgin.*

I bewail the virgin Antibia. Many a bridegroom came wooing to her father's house, such was her fame of beauty and wisdom. But destroying Fate hurled all their hopes away.

491. MNASALCAS: *On a Dead Virgin.*

Alas for the fatal virginity, for which thou didst cut short bright youth, lovely Cleo! We are only the stone shapes of Sirens standing upon thy tomb, but even we rend our hair and cry.

494. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Fisherman.*

Sodamus the Cretan died at sea, O Nereus. Dear to him were the nets and well known to him were these thy waters. He was a surpassing fisherman amongst men. But the stormy sea makes no distinction, even amongst fishermen.

498. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On a Dead Pilot.*

Damis of Nysa once navigated a small vessel from the Ionian sea to the Peloponnese. Thrown out of his course by wave and surging wind, he saved the ship scathless with all the folk aboard. But the old man sank and died under the icy snowstorm as the anchor grounded the rocks. Stranger, behold how one, who made gentle harbour for others, himself entered the haven of oblivion.

505. SAPPHO: *On a Dead Fisherman.*

As mementoes of the fisherman's wretched existence, his father Meniscus dedicated Pelagon's oar and fishing-creel.

507A. SIMONIDES: *On a Dead Workman.*

Fellow-man, no grave of Croesus do you behold, but the scanty tomb of a labouring man and for me sufficient.

507B. SIMONIDES: *On a Dead Bachelor.*

I, Gorgippus, never spied the bridal bed before descending into the unavoidable chamber of bright-haired Persephone.

508. SIMONIDES: *On a Good Physician.*

Here a physician of the race of Asclepius was buried by Gela, his city. Eponymous was his name "Kilpayne",[1] for many men wasted by chill diseases he deflected from the halls of Persephone.

510. SIMONIDES: *On a Dead Traveller.*

Alien dust covers thy body, Cleisthenes, for the doom of death happed thee while wandering the Euxine sea. Thou wast cheated of thy honey-sweet return to home. Thou camest not to sea-girt Chios.

515. SIMONIDES: *On a Dead Youth.*

Alas, harsh sickness, why dost thou grudge men's souls remaining in their lovely youth? And now thou hast robbed Timarchus of sweet life in his youth before he beheld a wedded wife.

[1] Lit. Pausanias—"stopper of pain".

516. SIMONIDES: *On One Murdered.*

Jupiter, guardian of strangers, render likewise unto my slayers but grant life and prosperity to those who buried me.

517. CALLIMACHUS: *On Brother and Sister.*

At morn we buried Melanippus and at set of sun the maiden Basilo died by her own hand, for she could not survive laying her brother on the pyre. The house of their father Aristippus witnessed twin tragedy, and all Cyrene stood downcast to see a house of lovely children made desolate.

521. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Traveller.*

If you come to Cyzicus, you will find Hippacus and Didyme with slight difficulty, for their family is far from unknown. Then give them this message of woe. Tell them at all costs that I keep their son Critias.

522. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Dead Wife.*

Timonoe, who art thou? I would not have known thee, by the Gods, had not thy father's name Timotheus and thy city's Methymna been on thy stone. Great I tell thee is the grief of thy widowed husband Euthymenes.

527. THEODORIDAS: *On a Dead Youth.*

Theodotus, to thy kinsfolk thou art all grief, for they mourned thy death and lit the mournful pyre. Ill-fated was thy thread, untimely was thy death. Instead of thy youthful marriage thou hast left but lamentation and pain to thy sweetest mother.

530. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *Niobe.*

Ferryman of the dead, take me on board alone with my children. My tongue moved overmuch Sufficient for thee is a boat-load from the race of Tantalus. One womb shall fill thy boat. Behold my sons and daughters, the spoil of Apollo and Diana.

532. ISIDORUS OF AEGAE: *On a Dead Merchant.*

Hopes at sea attracted me, Eteocles, from agriculture, to trading strange merchandise. I was crossing the ridge of

the Tyrrhenian sea, but ship and all I was sunk headlong in its waters by a fierce bursting squall. I can only presume the wind is different for sails and winnowing floors.

533. DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS: *On a Dead Drinker.*
How could I but slip when soaked by Jupiter's rain and the dew of Bacchus. One mortal against two gods!

535. MELEAGER: *Pan's Lament.*
No longer do I, goat-foot Pan, care to live among the kids or upon mountain-tops. What sweetness, what desire is there upon the hills? Daphnis is dead, Daphnis, who made fire in my heart. I will habit this city and another can go to hunt the wild game. The old life is no longer dear to Pan.

538. ANYTE: *On a Dead Slave.*
Slave Manes was this man in life, but now that he is dead, his power is as great as Darius the Great.

543. ANONYMOUS: *On a Strange Death.*
One had better pray to avoid all voyages after the way you, Theogenes, found tomb in the Libyan sea. A massed cloud of weary but innumerable cranes lighted upon your burthened ship.

545. HEGESIPPUS: *On a Righteous One.*
By the path to the right they say Mercury leads the righteous from the pyre to Rhadamanthus. By that path Aristonous the lamented son of Chaerestratus descended to the house where Hades is gathering folk.

546. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Fowler.*
Aristo kept a sling, the means of his scanty fare. With it he shot the winged geese, softly and craftily stalking and deceiving them, while they fed with suspicious eyes. Now that he is in Hades and there is no whizz to the sling which his hand has left orphan, the wild game flight over his tomb.

550. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Lupine Death.*
Antheus escaped the threats of glaucous Trito in shipwreck, but not the terrible Phthian wolf. For by the

stream of Peneus he perished. Alas, poor wretch, to find the Nymphs of shore more treacherous than the mermaids!

553. DAMASCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER: *On a Dead Slave.*

Zosime was a slave but in her person only. Now she has won freedom of body as well.

555. JOANNES THE POET: *On a Dead Wife.*

When my last thread of fate was being cut, I looked upon my husband and praised the gods of death and the gods of wedlock no less; the gods of death, because they left my husband alive, and the gods of wedlock, because he was what he was. But may the father live for the sake of our children.

556. THEODORUS THE PROCONSUL: *On a Dead Comic Actor.*

Hades is ghoulish, but when he died, Tityrus, he laughed and made you mimic-monger to the dead.

557. CYRUS THE POET: *On a Faithful Wife.*

Maia had lived her three decades and was coming thirty-three, when Hades cast his bitter dart and carried off a woman like the chalice of the rose, a second Penelope in her handicraft.

559. THEOSEBEIA: *On a Beloved Physician.*

Medicine has known three sorrows. First she shore her hair for Hippocrates, and a second time for Galen, and now she lies upon the lamented tomb of Ablabios, ashamed thereafter to appear among men.

561. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *The Death of the Righteous.*

After long-time pangs Nature bore a man worthy of the virtue of former years. Strong[1] was his name, and strong was he in wisdom. His fate moved the tears of even his bitter enemies. If he died young, blame the ultimatum of Fate that willed to disorder the lovely order of the Universe.

562. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Orator.*

O voice of Craterus, what does it matter any more to you

[1] Greek *krateros*, used as a proper name.

whether you caused speech or silence among your opponents? You lived, applauded of all, but with your death all hushed their mouths, for who could afterwards bear to hear speeches. With an end to Craterus there was an end to eloquence.

563. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Dead Actor.*

For all thy golden name,[1] Chryseomallus, thou art silent as the bronze. No longer dost thou play the masks of men of ancient time with silent signs. And now thy dumb-show, which was once delight, is become hateful to us, most delightful friend.

565. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Good Likeness.*

The painter painted the very Theodote. Would that his art had failed him and the mourners could forget.

566. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On Death in Childbirth.*

Mother Earth and Goddess of Childing, one of you gave me birth and the other burial. Fare ye well, I have accomplished my course between you. I go without knowing whither I shall go, for I know not either who or whose or whence I came unto you.

569. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Dead Wife.*

Wayfarer, if thou seest my native Thessaly, I beseech thee, tell my dear husband: "Dead is thy wife and the grave contains her, alas, near the shore of Bosporus. But build my cenotaph[2] where thou art and be reminded of her, who was once thy wife."

571. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *Plato the Harpist.*

When Orpheus passed away, haply then some Muse was left, but at thy death, Plato, the very harp ceased. For in thy genius and on thy finger-tips still survived some little fragment of the ancient song.

572. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Dead Adulterer.*

A certain sneak indulged in unholy love and stole the embraces of another's wife, but suddenly the roof of the

[1] Crusoe or Mr. Gold would reproduce the play on the Greek *chrusos*.

[2] Cenotaph, now a household word, means "empty tomb".

house collapsed and enclosed sinners still mingled in each other's arms. The same snare holds both and both lie together in everlasting conjugality.

573. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Just Judge.*

This is the tomb of Cheiredius, who was nurtured by the Attic land in counterpart of her Ten Orators of old. Easily he convinced judges, but when he sat in judgment himself he never swerved the least from the narrow truth.

576. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Agnostic.*

"Pyrrho, are you dead?"
"Judgment is suspended."
"Say you still so after the final fate?"
"Judgment is suspended."
"The tomb has wound up doubt."

577. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *A Curse.*

Let whosoever buried me at the cross-roads come to grief and find no tomb at all, since all wayfarers tramp the body of Timon and to me alone is no apportioned portion of eternal rest.

580. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Hail, victim of shipwreck, and when thou comest to Hades, blame not the waves of the sea but the winds. For the winds overcame thee, but the waves of the sea rolled thee gently to land and toward thy fathers' tombs.

584. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Dost thou voyage, who didst take and entomb my shipwrecked body? Voyage on, friend, but beware of Cape Malea, and a happy voyage be ever thine. But if thy Fortune be adverse, mayst thou meet with kindred charity.

586. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Merchant.*

Lay not thy destruction to the sea or to the blustering gales, but to thine insatiable love and frenzy for trade. Let mine be a scant living from the land. Let others hunt the sea for the profits they must wrest from the storm.

588. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Dead Poet.*

Damocharis is sunk under the final silence of fate. Alas! the lovely lyre of Poetry is hushed and perished is the sacred pedestal of Grammar. Sea-girt Cos, again thou mournest as for Hippocrates.

591. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead General.*

I am the tomb of Hypatius and I declare that my slight space does not cover the Roman general. For the earth was ashamed to bury the great in so small a tomb and rather gave him to the sea.[1]

593. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On an Accomplished Lady.*

The dust of earth covers Eugenia, who bloomed aforetime in beauty and song and yet was steeped in honourable knowledge of the Law. On her tomb the Muse and Justice and Venus cut the tresses of their hair.

594. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Editor*

Your true memorial, Theodore, is not on your tomb but in the myriad pages of collections in which you snatched from oblivion and restored the thoughtful toil of perishing poets.

596. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Parted Couple.*

Verily I swear by our last journey under earth, my wife did not loathe me nor was I, Theodotos, gladly hostile to Eugenia. But some jealousy or blind fate drove us into that huge mistake. Now that we have come to the immaculate tribunal of Minos, we have both been given a white sheet.

599. JULIAN CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Faithful Wife.*

Beauty[2] was her name and she that was still fairer of soul than of face is dead. Alas! for the Spring-tide of the Graces has perished. She was the very image of Venus unto her lord alone. For others she was an armoured Minerva. Stones wept when the power of Hades snatched her from her husband's arms.

[1] This couplet has been quoted of Kitchener. Hypatius was drowned by order of Justinian.

[2] Greek *Kale*, a girl's name.

603. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Youth.*

"Charon is cruel."
"Say kind, rather."
"He snatched the youth early."
"But he equalled the grey sages in wisdom."
"He severed him from delight."
"But he tore him away from misery."
"Marriage he knew not."
"Nor marriage troubles either."

605. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Dead Wife.*

Rhodo, your sweet husband raises your tomb and an urn of costly stone and allots payments to the poor on your soul's behalf. You were a great benefactrix by dying young and giving him his freedom!

607. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Dead Spendthrift.*

The ancient Psyllo was so envious of her heirs that she made herself heiress to her own property and coterminated life and wealth by suddenly jumping into the house of Death. Having eaten her fortune, she sank with her own extravagances and plunged bankrupt to Hades.

609. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Sensible Man.*

Atticus dug me, his future tomb, with a courageous heart in his lifetime and with coming expectation of the fate that hunts down all. His virtue mocked the fear of death. Long may his wisdom's light survive beneath the Sun!

610. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Fatal Wedding.*

The bride was carried off, but God carried off the wedding guests and spoiled the happy company of souls. One wedding party filled twenty-five graves. One marriage became their morgue. Penthesilea and Pentheus,[1] bride and groom of mourning, rich in death was your wedlock.

611. EUTOLMIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Dead Maiden.*

An unhappy mother mourned with double grief the maiden Helen following her brother's death. But with equal grief grieved her suitors, since each could lament what none possessed.

[1] Greek *penth-*, root = woe.

612. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Dead Poetess.*

Alas, alas—this dust covers the tenth Heliconian, the lyric poetess of Rome and Alexandria. Perished and dead are all the harp-notes as though they shared Joanna's death. Perhaps the Nine Muses have rightly determined to inhabit the grave of Joanna in place of Helicon.

621. ANONYMOUS: *Sophocles.*

Here I, the ill-fated Sophocles, entered the hateful house of Hades with the sardonic grin from eating celery.[1] So I died and others will die otherwise, but all in some way or other.

623. AEMILIAN: *On the picture of a Dead Mother.*

Suck this breast, poor child, which thou wilt drain never more. Suck the last drop from thy dying mother. Already she hath left life upon the sword point, but a mother's love can nurse her child even in death.

625. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On a Dead Pilot.*

Learn that Diodoros of Olynthus, son of Calligenes, who could navigate Atlantic and knew Cretan tides and the seamanship of the dark Ocean, is dead in harbour. Disgorging the feast's excess, he fell off the prow under cover of night. A shallow water to drown one who had been tested by the sea's immensity!

629. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *Socrates.*

Exalted Socrates, dost thou lie under such lowly dust? He that considers thee shall blame the misjudging Greeks. Mercilessly they slew the best of men without one atom of shame. How often have the Athenians acted so!

630. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM: *On a Drowned Traveller.*

I was already nearing my country and "To-morrow", quoth I, "shall abate this long counter-wind against me". Scarce were my lips closed when the sea turned to Hell and my light word destroyed me. Be cautious of any word touching to-morrow. Nemesis, the enemy of our tongues, does not even forget a trifle.

[1] The *herba Sardoa* was believed to have this effect. Hence the word Sardonic.

633. CRINAGORAS: *Selene.*

The very moon rising at the tip of evening grew dark when she saw her lovely namesake Selene [1] descending without breath into gloomy Hades. The Moon, who had shared the illumination of her beauty, mingled her own darkness with her death.

634. ANTIPHILUS: *On a Dead Sexton.*

Old Philo, stooping to lift the bier for the dead to make his daily wage, fell from some slight stumble and died. For he was right ripe for Hades, and his grey hairs invited excuse. The old man carrying the corpses of others was thus unaware that he was carrying his own bier.

637. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Dead Fisherman.*

Pyrrhus, while rowing his little skiff by himself and fishing small fry and sprats from a hair-line, was thunder-blasted and dropped far from the shore. The boat ran of its own drift to beach, and told its news in smoke and sulphur without need of an Argo's magic-speaking keel.

639. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On One Shipwrecked.*

Every sea is sea. Why vainly blame Cyclades or Helle's strait or the "Needles"?[2] They did not live up to their reputation, or why, when I had escaped them, did the harbour of Scarphaea cover me over? Pray for fair weather home, whosoever will! Aristogaras here entombed knows that the sea is the sea.

643. CRINAGORAS: *On a Dead Girl.*

Hades inexorable, thou hast snatched Hymmis the daughter of Evander and the ever lovable darling of his household, a wheedling girl of nine years old. Why send early fate to one doomed to be thine for certain?

646. ANYTE: *On a Dead Girl.*

Erato spoke these last words throwing her arms round her beloved father in a rain of bursting tears: "Father, I am here no longer. Already black death darkly veils my dying eyes."

[1] *Selene*, Greek for the moon. [2] Lit. "sharp islands"—*oxeias*.

650. PHALAECUS: *Life at Sea.*

Avoid all dealings with the sea and concern thyself with oxen and ploughshares, if thou joyest to see a long end of life. For the mainland knoweth length of days, but it is somewhat difficult to see a grey-haired mariner.

656. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Dead Gardener.*

Say a word, sir, to this little grave and tiny tomb of luckless Alcimenes, though all be hidden by the prickly thorn and brambles, against which Alcimenes waged war.

658. THEOCRITUS: *On the Tomb of the Righteous.*

I shall learn, wayfarer, whether you prefer to offer your tribute to the good or rank him equally with the wicked. In the first case you will say: "All honour to this tomb lying light upon the holy head of Eurymedon".

660. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Dead Drinker.*

Stranger, Ortho a Syracusan gives you the following advice: "Never go out drunk of a winter's night". For that was my end, and wrapped I lie in foreign soil instead of my plenteous native land."

663. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Nurse.*

Little Medeus erected this tomb by the wayside for his Thracian nurse and inscribed her name Excellence.[1] The woman will be repaid for all the boy's nursing. How indeed? She will still bear her excellent character.

666. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *Hero and Leander.*

This is Leander's traversy, this is the sea-strait that brought grief to more than one lover. This is Hero's former dwelling, and this is the ruined tower where stood the lamp which failed them. This common tomb encloses them with their everlasting reproaches of that envious wind.

668. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *The Land-lubber.*

Not even if the Spirit of Calm were to smile and smoothe the waves for me and the Zephyr rippled softly, would you see me take ship. For I dread the perils I endured heading against wind.

[1] Her name was *Cleite.*

669. PLATO: *On the Beautiful Aster.*
Thou lookest on the stars, my starry friend. Would that I were Heaven to reflect thee with many eyes!

670. PLATO: *On Aster Dead.*
In other days thou wast like the Morning Star shining among the living. Now since thyself hast died, thou shinest like an Evening Star among the dead.

671. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Youth.*
Charon insatiable of all! why thus snatch the young Attalus? Was he not thine, even had he died old?

673. ANONYMOUS: *The Death of the Righteous.*
If the pious folk survive life's end and dwell by right in the mouths of all, thou livest and diest not, Andreas. After thy labours the ambrosial land of the holy and immortal ones hath received thee.

674. ADRIAN: *On a Bad Poet.*
This is the tomb of Archilochus, whose frenzy the Muse out of kindness to Homer directed into Iambic metres.[1]

675. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On One Shipwrecked.*
Loose thy cables without fear from the tomb of a shipwrecked man. Though we perished, another sailed on.

676. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Slave.*
I, Epictetus, was a slave and my body was crippled. I was as poor as the beggar Irus[2] and beloved of the immortal gods.

677. SIMONIDES: *On an Army Chaplain.*
This is the tomb of famous Megistias the Prophet, whom the Persians slew after crossing the river Spercheius. He clearly foresaw his coming fate at the time, but brooked not to desert the leaders of Sparta.

682. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On an Early Death.*
Gessius was not hurried to death by Fate but forestalled Fate by coming to Hades.

[1] Homer of course wrote in epic hexameters. The epigram is sarcastic.
[2] Homer's beggar. We should say Lazarus.

684. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Disappointed Official.*

Let no mortal ever seek divine honours nor the overweening pomps of high office. Gessius is an example. For he aspired and collapsed, keeping nothing of his mortal good fortune.

688. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Disappointed Official.*

The two prophets of Chalchas destroyed Gessius by their oaths, promising him the Chair of Consulate. O wind-blown race of men, full of wrath with yourselves, until the end of life you understand nothing.

689. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Christian.*

Here Apellianus, best of the best, left his body when he had stored his soul in the hands of Christ.

692. ANTIPATER: *On a Dead Wrestler.*

Glyco, the glory of Pergamos and Asia, the lightning of the arena, the Atlas of our days, broad of foot and invincible of hand, has perished. All-conquering Hades has thrown one whom none threw before in Italy or Greece or Asia.

696. ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE: *Marsyas.*

Strung up, thou wretched Satyr, thy beast's body is hanging from the shaggy pine scourged by the breezes. For you entered into impossible duel with Apollo. You used to dwell on the Celaenian rocks, but we Nymphs will no longer hear the honey-dripping sound of thy flute as of old upon the Phrygian hills.

704. ANONYMOUS: *Come Deluge!*

When I die, let the Earth be mingled with conflagration. No matter to me, for my affairs are well set.

705. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On Amphipolis.*

This is Amphipolis, the grave of Edonian Phyllis, washed by the Strymon and the mighty Hellespont. Thine are the surviving traces of the temple of our Lady Diana, and in the river are the waters of mutual strife. The

Athenians mightily contended for Amphipolis lying now like a purple rag between both shores.[1]

706. DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *On a Dead Philosopher.*

Chrysippus' head spun, when he had drained the wine-cup, and sparing neither the School of Stoics nor his fatherland nor his own life, he went into the house of Hades.

708. DIOSCORIDES: *On an Alexandrian.*

Upon the grave of Macho, the comic poet, may the light dust bear ivy, the living crown of dramatic contest. No lazy drone of a plagiarist thou coverest, but a precious relic of the ancient art. And the old man shall say: "O city of Athens, even beside Nile sometimes groweth the Muse's pungent thyme".

710. ERINNA: *On a Dead Bride.*

Ye Columns and Sirens carved upon my grave and thou sorrowful urn containing death's scanty ash—greet all, who pass my tomb, whether they be citizens or from another city, and bid them know that I went as a bride to my grave and say that my father named me Baucis and that my race was of Tenos. And my soul's companion Erinna carved this inscription on my tomb.

713. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *Erinna.*

Stranger, little is Erinna's song and few are her verses, but this little is of the Muses. Therefore she has not lost memorial nor been hidden under the shadowy wing of pitchy night, while we, unnumbered myriads of later singers, wither in our heaps of oblivion. Better is the swan's slight song than the scattered jackdaws calling through the mists of spring.

715. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Poet on Himself.*

Far from Italian land I lie, far from my native Tarentum. Bitterer this than death. Such a vagabond's life is no life at all! But the Muses loved me, and I achieved

[1] Amphipolis was the Verdun of the Peloponnesian War.

sweetness instead of sour. But the name of Leonidas has not perished, for the gifts of the Muses herald me to everlasting light.

717. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Poacher.*

Ye Naiads and cool pastures, tell the bees upon the path of Spring that old Lysippus perished snaring the swift-padding hares of a winter's night. No longer does he enjoy tending the hives. The valleys of the pasture miss their mountainy neighbour.

719. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *Tellen.*

This is the tomb of Tellen. Underground I hold the old man, who was the first to write a comic song.

724. ANYTE: *On a Dead Soldier.*

Thy valour, Proarchus, was thy battle-death, and thy death hath thrown thy father Phidias' house into dark mourning. But noble is the song the stone sings above thee that thou didst die battling for thy dear fatherland.

725. CALLIMACHUS: *A Colloquy with the Dead.*

"Menecrates of Aenus, you too were not long for here. What wrought your undoing, best of strangers? Was it the doom of the Centaur?"[1] "Nay, for the sleep of fate overcame me though the accursed wine is given the blame."

727. THEAETETUS: *On an Intellectual.*

Phileas seemed second to none in intellect. Let the envious go and howl himself to death. But all empty is fame's guerdon, for in Hades Thersites hath no greater dishonour than Minos.

729. TYMNES: *On Death in Childbirth.*

Far from good were the omens when the innocent but ill-fated Tritonis was brought to bed, or she would not have perished giving birth. So much that was fair in this one babe she brought with her to Hades without surviving the tenth dawn.

[1] Strong drink.

731. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Suicide.*

"Like a vine on a stake I am already propped on a staff. Death summons me to Hades. Do not turn deaf, Gorgus! What further pleasure can come from three or four seasons in the sun?" So speaking, the unboastful old man thrust life aside and joined the home of the majority.

732. THEODORIDAS: *On a Ripe Death.*

Without needing a staff thou art gone, Cinesias, son of Hermolas, to pay your debt owed to Death. Old but unspoilt goods thou bringest him, and all-conquering Acheron shall love thee for a just debtor.

735. DAMAGETUS: *The Wife's Lament.*

"Glorious city of Phocaea" were the supreme words of Theano descending into the unharvested night. "Woe is me, Apellichus, my husband, what sea art thou crossing in thy swift ship? But Death stands hard by me. Would I could only die with thy dear hand held in mine."

736. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Simple Life.*

Friend, fret not dragging your vagabond life and rolling from one land to another. Fret not, though thou hast but a sheltering cabin and a little fire burning to warm thee, though thy little loaf of coarse barley is hand-ground in a hollow trough, and though thou hast mint and thyme or bitter salt for a sweet sauce to mix with thy sop.

737. ANONYMOUS: *On One Murdered.*

I had bad luck enough for three, for I was killed by a robber's dagger and here I lie mourned by nobody.

740. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On a Cattle King.*

I am the actual stone over Cretho and display his name. Cretho is ashes under earth. His riches once ranked with Gyges. He was once a wealthy king of herd and cattle, but why say more? He was called blessed by all, but of all his land how little is his present share, alas!

741. CRINAGORAS: *On a Dead Soldier.*

A martial Roman soldier was lying by the streams of the Rhine half dead from his many wounds, when he saw the Eagle of his beloved Legion snatched by the foe. Once again he rose from among the steel-slain dead and slew the snatcher, saving the Eagle for his officers, while for himself alone he achieved the death of the invincible.

746. PYTHAGORAS: *God's Funeral.*

Here lies the great Zan whom they call God.[1]

[1] On the tomb of Zeus in Crete.

THE GREGORIAN EPIGRAMS

4. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On Saint Basil.*

The whole world, the heritage of the co-equal Trinity, shakes to unseemly controversy. Alas, the lips of Basil are stilled in silence. Awake! and by thy words and by thy ministry stay the storm, for thou alone madest thy life match thy words and thy words match thy life.

8. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On Saint Basil.*

O, beloved Athens, our friendship's common home! O words we changed and O far-away covenant to lead the divine life! Know that Basil has attained his heavenly desire but Gregory is upon earth with the seal upon his lips.

10B. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On Saint Basil.*

Basil, for the little time of eight years thou heldest the reins of the faithful, but this was the only little thing about thee.

18. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On Himself.*

I, Gregory, came not early to the rich-fruited vineyard, but I have a fuller wage than those who came before. I was a good Shepherd and reared a larger flock for Christ by my gentle ways.

21. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *Bethlehem.*

Small is the pearl, but she is queen among precious stones. Small is Bethlehem, but she bore the Christ. Small likewise was the flock I, Gregory, gat, but excellent, and I pray that thou mayest lead it, dear son.

33. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On his Mother.*
The winged soul of Nonna sped heavenward and we brought her body from the temple unto the Martyrs. Receive this great sacrifice, O ye Martyrs. To your blood is joined her mortified flesh—to your blood, since by her long labours she halted the mighty strength of the destroyer of souls.

59. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On his Mother.*
Elias went heavenward in a fiery chariot and the Great Spirit assumed Nonna while she prayed.

67B. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On his Mother.*
Slight was the breath of life left to her, but Nonna, while praying here, gave it up to God.

92. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On his Brother.*
Illustrious Caesarius, thou hast left all to thy brothers, and in place of all thou hast a little tomb. Thy science of Geometry and knowledge of Astronomy and the healing art were no cure for death.

109. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On Grave-robbers.*
Make not war with the dead, ye unrighteous. The living are sufficient. Make not war with the dead. This I lay upon all living. It is not right to envy the dead their little stones.

124. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Dead Scholar.*
Euphemius was a little relic of the golden age, noble in character and endowment, gentle and sweet-spoken and in beauty like the Graces. They were reasons not to dwell long among mortals.

137. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Dead Orator.*
Thunder your speeches now, ye orators! I am the tomb that closes the lips of the great Amphilochus brought down to silence.

144. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Friend.*
O fountains of tears, O knees, O hands of Carterius that appeased Christ in the most holy sacrifice. How hath he

ceased to be like all mortals! The Choirs beyond needed a chorister.

158. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On the Brother of Saint Basil.*

Naucratius was wrapped in the meshes of his woven net and by fishing was thus rapt[1] from life's mesh as well.

169. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On the Feasts of the Martyrs.*

I protest, O Martyrs, ye who bore the contest. They who adore their bellies have made your Feasts into outrage.

179. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Grave-robber*

It would serve right the spoiler of so fine a tomb with its surrounding frieze of cut stone if he were placed inside the tomb itself and the rents the villain made were closed up.

198. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Grave-robber.*

These two were of old inviolate—God and the Grave. God is merciful, but whether the dead are merciful the desecrator of graves will discover.

214. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Grave-robber.*

King Cyrus once opened a royal tomb for the sake of the gold and only found this inscription: "AN INSATIABLE HAND OPENED THIS TOMB." And likewise hast thou opened this grand grave with unholy hands.

227. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Grave-robber.*

Keep your spade for the soil. Withdraw from my tomb. It only contains angry dead.

236. SAINT GREGORY OF NAZIANZA: *On a Grave-robber.*

Oblivion and silence are the meed of the dead. But my spoiler has made my tomb a song for the multitude.

[1] There is a play of words.

THE DECLAMATORY EPIGRAMS

3. ANTIPATER: *On a Walnut Tree.*

A wayside walnut, I was planted to become a mark for the accurate stone-throwing of passing boys. All my boughs and leafy branches are broken under showers of stones. Fruitfulness is slight good to trees if I have only borne my fruit unto misery and outrage.

8. JULIUS POLYAENUS: *Promise and Hope.*

Hope ever steals away the time of life and the last dawn surprises many a scheme undone.

13. THE YOUNGER PLATO: *On the Blind carrying the Lame.*[1]

A man that had lost his sight carried a man that had lost his limbs on his back; a loan of feet and a borrowing of eyes.

18. GERMANICUS CAESAR: *The Hare's Lament.*

"A dogfish snatched me from a hound. Nothing is strange since the beasts of sea and land are set against me." "Then, ye hares, you have the courses of the sky left to you." "But I am afraid of the Heavens, for there is a Dog among the constellations."

25. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *On an Astronomer.*

This is the Book of the sage Aratus, who described with subtle mind the long-lived constellations, both the fixed stars and the planets with which the brilliant revolving firmament is set. Praise be his for his gigantic toil, the work of a second Creator in that he brightened the stars.

[1] The Apocrypha of Ezekiel uses this idea as a parable of the Body and the Soul.

27. ARCHIAS: *On Echo.*

Pass me with chastened speech, for I am Echo the gossip and yet no gossip. I only answer back what I hear. Your own words I will return you. But if you are silent, so am I. Whose tongue is loyaller than mine?

30. ZELOTUS: *On a Stricken Tree.*

I am a pine tree crashed by storm on land. Why do you send me to sea like a plank wrecked before it sails?

36. SECUNDUS: *On a Burnt Ship.*

I am the ship that covered the path of the immeasurable sea. Often I swam the bright-eyed waves. The black East Wind submerged me not and the fierce tide of the South Wind of winter drove me not ashore. But now I am wrecked by fire and I curse the treacherous shore and sorely need the waters of my sea.

39. MUSICIUS: *Rivalry in Flight.*

Said Venus to the Muses: "Maidens, honour Venus or I will panoplise Love against you". Said the Muses unto Venus: "Keep that nonsense for Mars. Your Cupid-boy makes no flight compared to ours."

43. PARMENION OF MACEDON: *On the Simple Life.*

My plain coat is sufficient shelter. I, who feed upon the flowers of poesy, will never be the slave of the table. I detest the senseless wealth that feeds flatterers and I will not stand to attention under a supercilious eye. I know the freedom of scanty fare.

48. ANONYMOUS: *The Changes of a God.*

To love Leda Jupiter became a swan, to love Europa, a bull, to love Antiope, a satyr, and to love Danae, a shower of gold.

49. ANONYMOUS: *On Hope and Luck.*

Hope and Luck, a long farewell to you. I have found my haven and no more have I to do with you. Make play of my posterity.

51. PLATO: *The Tide of Time.*

Eternity carries off everything. The long years can change name and beauty, nature and fortune.

53. NICODEMUS: *On a Good Physician.*

Hippocrates was the light of mankind. He kept nations of people alive, and there was a dearth of dead in Hades.

54. MENECRATES: *On Old Age.*

Everyone prays for old age before it comes. When it comes they curse it. It is always better owing to us.

58. ANTIPATER: *On the Temple of Diana.*[1]

I have beholden the chariot-walls of beetling Babylon, and Jupiter's statue on the Alpheus, and the Hanging Gardens, and the Colossal Statue of the Sun, and the huge labour of the soaring Pyramids and the monstrous tomb of Mausolus, but when I saw the Temple of Diana leaping the clouds, I said: "These grow dim, for lo! outside Olympus the sun has never seen the like".[2]

62. EVENUS OF ASCALON: *On Troy.*

Strangers, Time's ash has devoured me, the famous city once so famous for towered walls, sacred Troy. But in Homer I still lie behind my defensive gates of bronze. Achaean spears so murderous to Troy shall never dig me up, but I shall rest upon the lips of every Greek.

63. ASCLEPIADES: *On a Poet's Lady-love.*

Lyde is my name and Lydian my race, and Antimachus has ennobled me above the noblest in the land, for who has not sung me and who has not read "Lyde" the poem that Antimachus and the Muses collaborated?

67. ANONYMOUS: *On a Stepmother's Tomb.*

A boy was wreathing his stepmother's tall tombstone, thinking she had changed her ways with life. But over it toppled on the tomb and killed him. Children of first marriage, avoid even a stepmother's grave!

[1] Diana of the Ephesians. [2] The Seven Wonders of the World.

74. ANONYMOUS: *Fortune's Freehold.*

Once I was the field belonging to Achaimenides and now I belong to Menippus, and I shall pass from one to another. For he once thought me his and now the other does. But I am really no man's land, only Fortune's.

75. EVENUS OF ASCALON: *The Vine to the Goat.*

"Billy-goat, you may nibble me to the root, but I shall grow enough grapes to squeeze a libation at your sacrifice."

80. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On Fortune-tellers.*

To Hell with you, star-searching astrologers for worthless lying sophists! Folly was your midwife and in Presumption were you born. Wretches not even to be aware of your own infamy!

93. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *The Dedication of a Book.*

Antipater offers a little book for Piso's birthday, the labour of a single night. Favourable be its reception and be the poet worthy of Piso's praise, as a little incense wins the great Jupiter.

95. ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE: *On a Heroic Hen.*

Smothered with wintry snowflakes, a barn-door hen gathered her chicks under her brooding wings until the sleet from the sky killed her, while she stayed in the open contending with the snows of heaven.[1] Procne and Medea,[2] be ashamed in Hell to learn motherhood from a hen.

98. STATYLLIUS FLACCUS: *On Sophocles.*

The two plays on Oedipus, the dark-souled Electra, the Sun recoiling from the Feast of Atreus[3] and thy other works concerning the sorrows of princes, all worthy of the Dionysan chorus, approve thee, O Sophocles, to be chief of the Tragic scene. Thou didst speak with the very lips of thy heroes.

[1] The only literary parallel to the most touching of Christ's metaphors, Matt. xxiii. 37.

[2] Proverbial bad mothers.

[3] The Atreus—a lost play. The others survive.

104. ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE: *On Argos.*

Argos, myth of Homer, and thou sacred soil of Greece and thou once golden Acropolis of Perseus, ye are quenched with the fame of those heroes, who once levelled Troy's god-built coronal to the soil. But Troy is now the stronger city. 'Tis you are fallen and shown as sheds of lowing cattle.

108. ANONYMOUS: *Cupid's Defiance.*

Said Jupiter to Cupid: "I will confiscate all your arrows". And the winged boy replied: "Thunder away and you will find yourself a swan again"

111. ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE: *On the Customs of Thracia.*

Praised be the Thracians, who lament when their mothers bring sons to light and, on the other hand, felicitate those who leave life by arrest of Death, the unforeseen servitor of the Fates. For the living are always passing into every kind of woe, but the dead have found a cure for them all.

118. ANONYMOUS: *Youth and Old Age.*

I cry alas for youth! and alas, for old age the destroyer! One is coming and the other has gone.

119. PALLADAS: *On Flattery.*

The ruler, who loves to tolerate flatterers, will sacrifice many to their vile mouths. The best ruler should hate both flatterer and flattered with righteous indignation.

122. EVENUS: *On a Swallow snatching a Cicada.*

Chirping swallow, honey-fed child of Athens, hast thou snatched a chirping locust to feed thy winged brood? Thou winged summer-stranger, why snatch another guest of summer with wings like thine? Drop it quickly, for it is not fair nor righteous that a singer should perish on another singer's lips.

127. ANONYMOUS: *On Sour Old Age.*

If a little of sweet wine is left in the bottles, the lees turn to vinegar. So the old man, who has drained life whole and reached the dregs of age, turns sour.

132. ANONYMOUS: *Chastity and Desire.*

When Chastity and Desire come into conflict, each can be destructive to life. Phaedra was destroyed by her burning passion for Hippolytus, and Hippolytus perished by his utter purity.

133. ANONYMOUS: *On Second Marriage.*

If a man once married seeks a second wife, he is a shipwrecked soul setting sail upon the ghastly deep once more.

138. ANONYMOUS: *Wealth and the Years.*

In youth I was poor, but now in old age I am rich. So I was uniquely wretched whether old or young. When I had powers, I had nothing to spend. Now I have money to spend and no power left.

141. ANONYMOUS: *A Counter Cure.*

A lethargic and a lunatic lying in the same bed cured each other's complaints, for in a fit of daring one jumped out of bed and thrashed the paralytic. The blows cured both, rousing one and reducing the other to slumber by the vigour of his exertions.

145. ANONYMOUS: *Diogenes and Croesus.*

When Diogenes the Cynic had finished his wise old age and come to Hades, he laughed to see Croesus and spread his cloak before that great washer of river gold saying: "I take more room than you now, for I bring my whole possessions while, Croesus, you are penniless".

146. ANONYMOUS: *Hope and Nemesis.*

I, Eunus,[1] have erected Hope and Nemesis over the altar to give you occasion of hoping but of having nothing in the end.

148. ANONYMOUS: *Heraclitus and Democritus.*[2]

Heraclitus, now you are dead, weep the more over life now life seems more pitiable! Democritus, laugh over life now life seems more laughable! Contemplating you both I am in a quandary how to laugh with one and cry with the other.

[1] *Eunous* may mean Mr. Kindheart—a touch of satire.

[2] Called the Weeping and the Laughing Philosophers.

151. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On Corinth.*

Dorian Corinth, where is thy wonderful beauty? Where is thy wreath of towers? Where are thine ancient treasures? Where are the temples of thy gods, thy palaces and wives of the lineage of Sisyphus, thy myriad population? No trace is left of thee, ill-fated Corinth. War hath seized and devoured all. We alone remain, the impregnable[1] Nereid daughters of Ocean, to be the halcyon mourners of thy sorrows.

158. ANONYMOUS: *The Dice.*

Three girls once played with dice and threw three times for which should die first. All three fell upon one, who laughed at her fatal debt, but unluckily and unexpectedly slipped from the house-top and followed her lot to Hades. Unlucky dice always tell true. Good luck is unattainable to mortal practice or prayer.

160. ANONYMOUS: *On the Nine Books of Herodotus.*

Herodotus was host unto the Muses, and in payment of his hospitality each inspired him with a book.[2]

161. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *On the "Works and Days" of Hesiod.*

Fingering once a book of Hesiod, I suddenly saw Pyrrha approaching. I threw the book on the floor and shouted: "Why should your Works worry me, old Hesiod?"[3]

162. ANONYMOUS: *On a Pen.*

I was that useless reedy plant that bears not fig, apple nor grape, but a man initiated me to Helicon by shaping my thin lips and making me into a narrow pipe. Thereafter I become inspired when I sip the inky drink and deliver all manner of speech with my tongueless mouth.

166. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On the Women of Homer.*

Homer paints all his women as wicked deluders. Whether chaste or harlots, they were olethrous to men, who were slain for Helen's adultery or for Penelope's chastity. All the woe of the *Iliad* was for one woman and the motive of the *Odyssey* was another.

[1] Immortal.

[2] Each of the nine books of Herodotus is called after a Muse.

[3] Hesiod was considered pious reading.

167. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On Woman.*

In revenge for the stealing of fire, God gave a second fire in the shape of woman. Would that neither the light of fire or of woman had ever shone! Fire is quickly quenched at least, but a woman is an ever-blazing flame unquenchable.

170. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *The Lower Member.*

By stiff logic I shamed my shameless belly and by temperance disciplined my plaguey gut. If my intellect is on a higher plane than my stomach, how can I fail to conquer the lower of the twain?

171. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *The Grammarian's Farewell.*

I am selling the tools of Poetry and my sorrow-breeding books to take up another art. Muses, good-bye! Leaves of Grammar, I leave you.[1] Syntax has been my death.

176. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *Answer to an Invitation.*

Orator, by thee I was invited but, if I came not, I cherish the honour and still more the friendship. For my soul is less a jubilant critic of dishes than an appreciative taster of honour.

179. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *Love in Incense.*

Who has carved in frankincense the archer Love, who little reverenced ancient Jupiter himself? At last Love stands a mark for Vulcan and a spectacle amid the burning flames he so richly deserved.

182. PALLADAS: *On a Temple of Fortune turned into a Tavern.*[2]

O despotess Fortune, how is ill-Fortune thine? How hath the dispenser of good luck become unlucky? Learn to bear thine own tide of fortune and teach thyself the unlucky tumbles thou givest to others.

186. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *The Works of Aristophanes.*

These books are the divine labours of Aristophanes, who won the green foliage of the Acharnean ivy in all its profusion. Lo, how Dionysus possessed his page and

[1] There is a verbal pun in the Greek.

[2] As we should say, a casino turned into a café.

how fully the Plays echo with his terrifying charms. O noblest comedian of soul, suited to the Greek character, hater of the hateful and ridiculer of the ridiculous!

199. ANONYMOUS: *On a Good Physician.*

Fate had often feared the immortal skill of the divine physician Oribasius and hesitated to cut his thread.

204. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On the Stone thrown by Ajax.*

Traveller, thrust me not up. I am the black-jagged stone with which Ajax smote the breast of Hector. Ask divine Homer how I rolled Priam's son in the dust? The men of to-day, the shame of a wretched generation, strain to lever me a little from the ground. Bury me below, for I am ashamed to become the toy of degenerates.

214. LEO THE PHILOSOPHER: *On the philosopher Porphyry.*

Porphyry,[1] our lips are dyed and our mind is dressed in the royal purple of thy speeches.

220. THALLOS OF MILETUS: *On the Plane Tree.*

See how the green plane tree has hidden the lovers' orgies with a sheet of sacred leafage, while the seasonal clusters of sweet delicious grapes hang round its branches. Flourish then, O plane tree, and ever hide the partners of Venus with foliage green.

230. HONESTUS: *The Poet's Ascent.*

Thou wast weary ascending great Helicon, but thou wast sated by nectar flowing from the spring of Pegasus. Uphill is the labour of poesy, but if thou reachest the summit, thou shalt drink of the joys of inspiration.

231. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *The Foster-tree.*

I am a withered plane tree smothered by the creeping vine. Once with mine own leafy boughs I nursed a vine as thickly petalled as this one. Now my foliage is another's leaf. Henceforth let men keep mistresses like this vine, that alone shows gratitude to her dead master.

[1] A play upon the name.

234. CRINAGORAS: *True Wealth.*

How long, unhappy soul, wilt thou be lifted to chilling clouds on empty hopes. How long wilt thou devise dream upon dream of wealth? No possession cometh to a man of itself, so follow the gifts of the Muses and leave these dim idols of the mind to the crazy.

245. ANTIPHANES: *A Bride's Tragedy.*

It was Hades not Hymen who stood beside Petal's unlucky wedding bed. With a virgin's terror of the first yoking unto Venus she fled alone into the night, where the savage watchdogs killed her. In a sudden of time we were scarcely left the corpse of one we had hoped to see a bride.

248. BOETHUS THE ELEGIST: *On a Good Actor.*

If Bacchus had rollicked into Olympus with Maenad and Satyr, exactly as Pylades the actor played him according to the exact rules of the Tragic Poets, Jupiter's wife Hera would have ceased her jealousy and cried: "Semele, you lied about Bacchus. He was my son." [1]

251. EVENUS: *On the Bookworm.*

Black bookworm, why dost thou burrow and form thy envious shape in the sacred decrees? [2] The Muses detest thee, thou devourer of pages, thou lurking destroyer ever fed by thefts from wisdom! Get thee far away from the Muses! Do not show even the sight of thy sharp proboscis, thou malign one.

258. ANTIPHANES OF MEGALOPOLIS: *The Mark of Cain.*

Once I dripped with fair streams of water, but now I am beggared of my Nymphs to the very drop. For a bloody murderer has washed his hands in my springs and defiled my waters. The maidens have since fled the sunlight saying: "We are Nymphs, and we mingle with Bacchus but not with Mars".[3]

[1] Bacchus was of course of Jovine birth but under the baton-sinister.

[2] It is tempting to think that Sappho may underlie the double occurrence of *Psephos* in this Epigram.

[3] Nymph and water are synonymous.

259. BIANOR: *On an Accident.*

The house suddenly collapsed from the top, settling more lightly than a Zephyr over an infant child. Even ruins spare childhood. Glorious mothers! the very stones appreciate your pangs.

260. SECUNDUS OF TARENTUM: *On Laïs the Courtesan.*

Once I was Laïs, an arrow to all, but Laïs no longer, for I show the Nemesis of the years. No by Venus! (and Venus is only an oath to me now) Laïs knows herself no longer.

263. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM: *On Fishing for Omens.*

Whenever old Eubule had anything upon her mind, she used to pick the stone at her feet and test it in her hands as an omen from Apollo. She pretended it was heavy, if it portended something she did not want, but if it was something she wanted, it was lighter than petals. She followed her whim and, if she missed it, blamed Apollo for telling her hands wrong.

269. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Shipwreck.*

When a ship was wrecked in the water, two men struggled against each other for a single plank. Antagoras struck Pisistratus. No blame followed, for his life was at stake, but Justice was not unconcerned. Pisistratus swam off, but a dogfish took the other. The waters of the sea do not check the great Avenger's dooms.[1]

270. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *The Music of the Spheres.*

When I see the golden chorus of the evening stars, I revel without breaking up the songs of others. I wake the loud lyre with musical fingers and toss flowers from my head. In so doing I tune my life with the Universe, for the starry Universe includes a Lyre and a Crown.[2]

274. PHILIP: *On the Cow at Plough.*

With goad-pricked flanks the cow cuts the circling furrows of the ploughland. After the labour of the share

[1] This was made a famous case in casuistry by moral theologians.

[2] The constellations Lyra and Corona Borealis.

she must labour again to suckle her new-born calf. Ploughman, do not overdrive her. Spare her to raise her little calf to be a steer.

276. CRINAGORAS: *On a Drowned Laundress.*

The laundress, washing on the sea-rocks a little above the wet shingle, was caught by a wave flooding the shore. She swallowed, poor thing, the picric flood of death, but forthwith released her soul from poverty. Who will dare the sea in a ship when even the land-lubber is not safe?

278. BIANOR: *On Saving a Coffin.*

A boy saw a chest containing his ancestral relics carried away by the torrent. Grief filled him with daring and he plunged into the relentless stream. But he engaged a bitter conflict. The bones indeed he saved from the waters, but he was snatched by the angry flood in their place.

286. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *On Cock-crow.*

Why hast thou robbed me of sweet sleep, accursed fowl, and sent the sweet eidolon[1] of Pyrrha flying from my bed? Is this repayment for thy hatching and for making thee lord of the egg-laying flock in my halls? By the altar and sceptre of Serapis, I swear thou shalt no longer crow at night, but grace the altar of mine oath.

288. GEMINUS: *On the Supposed Trophy of Macedon over Athens.*

Stranger, I am the stone dedicated to War, and I symbolise strength of courage in Philip and heaviness of soul in the Athenians. I lie here insulting the deeds of Marathon and sea-girt Salamis, which yield now to the sword of Macedon. Swear away by the dead, Demosthenes,[2] but I shall anguish both the living and dead.

293. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *Xerxes and Leonidas.*

When Xerxes saw the mighty body, which Leonidas consecrated to death, he clothed it in a purple robe. Then

[1] The Greek *Eidolon* means "vision". In 234 it is translated "idol" in the Baconian sense of "phantom".

[2] The breather of "Philippics" against Macedon.

the mighty hero of Sparta echoed from the dead: "I accept not the reward paid to traitors. Let my shield magnificently adorn my tomb. Away with the stuffs of Persia. Let me descend into Hades like a Spartan."

303. ADDAEUS: *On a Dog's Puppies.*

Diana, daughter of Leto, gave easy delivery to little Calathina labouring with puppies. She heareth not only women, but knoweth how to save the hounds that company her hunt.

304. PARMENION: *On Xerxes at Thermopylae.*

The might of three hundred Spartan spears stayed him, who changed the natural paths over land and sea, sailing the mainland and marching upon the deep.[1] Be ashamed of yourselves, mountains and seas!

308. BIANOR: *On Arion.*

Pirates off the Tyrrhenian tide-way threw a minstrel from the ship into the depth, but a dolphin immediately caught him and his sweet companion-harp and glided out of the deep till he landed him on the Isthmus of Corinth. So the sea presumably contains fish whose righteousness exceedeth that of mankind.

315. NICIAS: *On a Dead Youth.*

Weary wayfarer, sit under the poplars here. Come close and quaff my fountain, and even far away remember the spring which Simus built to his dead son Gillus.

324. MENASALCAS: *On the Pastoral Pipe.*

Why, O Pipe, hast thou come here to the house of Venus? Why hast thou deserted shepherd's lips? There are no hills and dales here—but only Love and Desire. The mountainside is the home of the country Muse.

327. HERMOCREON: *On a Fountain.*

All Hail, ye Ephydriads,[2] to whom Hermocreon set up these gifts, when he happed upon your lovely fountain.

[1] Xerxes cut canals and bridged seas.

[2] Water-nymphs.

Fill with crystal potations and tread your watery home with your adorable feet forever.

332. NOSSIS: *On the Offering of a Courtesan.*

Let us go up to the temple and contemplate the image of Venus right daedally[1] wrought with gold. It was erected by Polyarchis out of the great gains effected by her radiant personal beauty.

333. MNASALCAS: *The Sanctuary of Venus.*

Let us stand on the low beach of the salty sea-surge and gaze upon the sanctuary of Our Lady Venus of the Sea and upon the poplar-shadowed springs, whose water the bills of orange halcyons sip.

335. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM: *The Forester's Offering.*

Wayfarer, these two images were presented by Miccalion the forester. Behold, Mercury, how the good forester remembered to be generous in so pitiful a calling. The good man is always good.

342. PARMENION: *On the Epigram.*

An epigram of many lines in my opinion does not suit the rules of poetry. Do not seek long courses in short stadions. Many rounds make a long race, but within the stadion inspiration should drive short and straight.

354. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *A Soldier's Suicide.*

War feared and would not slay me, but I am now galled by disease and my whole body is wasted by internal warfare. Pass through my heart then, O my sword, for I will die valiantly and defeat disease like war.

357. ANONYMOUS: *The Games of Greece.*

Four are the Greek games,[2] two dedicated to mortals and two to the gods; to Jupiter and Apollo and to Palaemon and Archemorus. Their prizes are crowns of wild olive, apple tree, celery and fir tree.

358. ANONYMOUS: *On Plato's Phaedo.*

I am Plato's Phaedo, and if Plato did not write me, then there are two Platos, for I bear all the flowers of a

[1] This lovely word adapted from Daedalus—the Greek Leonardo da Vinci.

[2] The Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian and Nemean games.

Socratic Dialogue. Now Panaetius [1] proves me a forgery. No wonder when he has also disproved the immortality of the soul.[2]

365. JULIAN THE APOSTATE: *On an Organ.*

I see such strange reeds growing as though they had flowered wild from some curious chalceate soil. Natural winds move them not. But out of a bull-hide bag issues a blast passing into the reeds at their root. A high-souled man stands over and with quick finger-tips touches keys corresponding to the pipes until they gently dance and gush forth music.

366. ANONYMOUS: *On the Seven Sages.*

I will tell you in verse the mother-cities, the mottoes and the names of the Seven Wise Men. Cleobulus of Lindus said: "Moderation is best". Chilon in hollow Lacedaemon said: "Know thyself". Periander dwelling in Corinth said: "Conquer wrath". Pittacus, who was of Mitylenean birth, said: "Nothing in excess", and Solon from holy Athens said: "Look to the end of life". Bias of Priene declared: "The majority are base". "Avoid giving security", advised Thales of Miletus.

368. JULIAN THE APOSTATE: *On Beer.*

Whence and of what vine art thou? By the genuine Bacchus I know thee not. I know only the son of heaven whose odour is nectar. But you have the smell of a goat. Did the Celts brew thee from barley corn for lack of grapes? In that case you should be called a Cereal, not a Bacchic product, for thou art the child of wheat rather than heat. Thy smell belongs to the goddess of grain, not to the god of grapes.[3]

369. CYRIL: *On the Epigram.*

The perfect epigram has two lines. If you exceed three you are delivering a rhapsody.

[1] A higher critic. [2] The subject of the *Phaedo.*

[3] There is play in the Greek *Bromon ou Bromion* which Grotius Latinised —brilliantly:

non satus ex Semele matre sed ex simila.

Possibly "thy savour is of Barley not the wine-bar".

372. ANONYMOUS: *On Spider and Cicada.*

A spider span a fine web with her slender feet and caught a cricket in her crooked meshes. But I did not trot by when I saw the child of music crying in the fine-spun toils. I looked and lightened him from the knots and said: "Be thou saved whose speech is musical sound".

375. ANONYMOUS: *Unripe Grapes.*

If anyone is careless enough to cut the green nurse of the wine of Bacchus off the vine-twig, and, when it sours his lips, to toss the half-chewed refuse under the passers-by, may Bacchus be the foe of such a Lycurgus[1] who quenched pleasure at her source. For perchance that drink might have inspired some wight to song or relieved another of some bitter pain.

379. PALLADAS: *A Proverb reversed.*

They say proverbially that "even a pig would snap at the bad", but I should not express it that way but say that "a pig would bite even the good and unmeddlesome, while even snakes would fear to nip a scoundrel".

380. ANONYMOUS: *On the Poetry of Palladius.*

If the lark can sing like a swan and owls dare contend with nightingales and a cuckoo asserts he is shriller than a cricket, then I can write Poetry like Palladius.

386. ANONYMOUS: *On a Fair Egyptianess.*

Venus lately saw thee naked and cried: "Alas and alack, has the ambitious Nile envied the birth-pangs of the Ocean and exuded a second Venus from his sweet depths without the blood-drops of Uranus?" [2]

390. MENECRATES OF SMYRNA: *On a Despairing Mother.*

A mother laid her third successive child upon the funeral pyre, cursing the insatiable god of death. When she bore her fourth pang, she would wait upon no uncertain hope and cast her babe alive into the fire, saying: "I will not nurse it. What is the good if you breasts only toil for Hades? I can achieve mourning with less trouble."

[1] Lycurgus not the Spartan killjoy, but a Thracian king who opposed Bacchic rites.

[2] Venus was generated by the blood of Uranus falling into the sea.

393. PALLADAS: *Politics.*

No governor came here equally clean of bribe and sweet of character. For these seem irreconcilable dogmas. The dishonest are kind and the upright are insolent. Yet kindness and uprightness are the two instruments of government.

400. PALLADAS: *Hypatia.*

Holy Hypatia,[1] beauty of learning, unsullied star of wise instruction. When I perceive thee and hear thy words, I bow as though I gazed upon the starry constellation of the Virgin, for thy works are heavenward.

404. ANTIPHILUS: *Honey.*

A lovely liquor the bees brew out of the very ether and lovely cells they make and mould without hands. Honey is a free gift in the life of man, needing neither spade nor ox nor crooked sickle but only the tiny pail into which the bees squirt the sweet stream in abundance from their frail frames. All hail, ye holy folk! take your feed upon the flowers, ye winged workers of ethereal nectar.

407 ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Drowned Slave-child.*

The slave-child of Hippocrates crept from the neighbouring cottage to the broad-lipped sea and died of a fuller drink than from the breast. Curse thee, sea, for thy sham mother's welcome to the babe.

412 PHILODEMUS: *Life's Playtime.*

Sosylus, it is rose-time and time for ripe peas and the first cut cauliflowers and herrings with their milky roes and fresh-salted cheese and the tender petals of the curly lettuce. But we do not walk the esplanade, Sosylus, nor watch the view as we used of old. Only yesterday Antigenes and Bacchius were playing, and to-day we carry them to burial.

416. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA: *On a Yacht built from Immoral Gains.*

As a boat built from the profits of Venus I go down to

[1] The heroine of Kingsley's novel and Platonic martyr.

her briny place of birth. My master constructed and named me the "Courtesan", for he was a merchant of beauty. All have loved me, so board me with confidence. The fare I ask is not heavy and I take all who come. I carry strangers or citizens, and I can be plied on land as well as sea.

419. CRINAGORAS: *Lord of the World.*

Let the most august Emperor go to the inmost Hercynian forest or furthest Solois or the boundaries of Western Libya. Glory accompanies him everywhere, as the Pyrenaean waters witness. For even the neighbouring wood-cutters did not wash where two Continents now bathe.[1]

422. APOLLONIDES: *The Vindictive Wife.*

"I entreat thee by our children," she said, "if thou layest me out in death not to contract sweet matrimony again." So she said, and he hurried into another. But in death Philinna punished Diogenes for his forgetfulness. Her unescapable wrath floored his marriage-room on the first night so that no sun beheld his bed a second time.

425. JOHN BARBUCALLUS: *Earthquake.*

Here I lie, an unhappy city uncitied, mixed with the corpses of my inhabitants in total disaster. After the earth-shaker's blow Fire overcame me. Alas, that my surpassing beauty is dust! Bewail my fate, ye passers-by, and shed a tear for the destruction of Beyrouth.[2]

435. THEOCRITUS: *On a Good Bank.*

This bank pays stranger and citizen alike. Withdraw your deposit and the books will meet the count. Let others find excuses, but Caicus pays his clients' funds on demand and even at night-time.

438. PHILIP: *Ants crossing Water.*

The burrowing ants, like an army of the earth, nibbled the honey-sweet delight of the rustic hive-keeper. The

[1] The Aquae Augustae were at Dax, not far from the Pyrenaean spring of Lourdes, which might be described by this line.

[2] Destroyed by earthquake, sixth century A.D.

angry old man dipped his jar in water, thinking that insects of the earth would not reach it. But they floated fresh stalks of chaff and reached the vessel by their own steering. So their blessed bellies taught the smallest and latest of oarsmen to learn to pass from earth to water.[1]

439. CRINAGORAS: *On a Skull.*

Skull unthatched, eye's deserted shell, atomy of a tongueless mouth, brain's frail fence, relic of unburied death, a source of wayside tears to passers-by—thou liest by their path upon a tree-trunk that each may see and learn the use of economising life.

441. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Desecrated Statue of Hercules.*

At the cross-roads I marvelled to see a bronze statue of Jupiter's son tossed from its former worship and I declared in my wrath: "O averter of evil and ever indefeatable one, whom God took three nights to beget,[2] low thou art laid to-day". But at night the god stood smiling beside me and said: "Divine though I am, I have learnt to serve the times".

442. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Mésalliance.*

A fisherman was toiling for his fish when a girl with fortune was seized with passion at heart and made him her husband. From a life of poverty he became swollen with every arrogance, but Fortune stood smiling by and said to Venus: "This is my achievement and not yours".

444. ERATOSTHENES THE SCHOLASTIC: *On Marriage.*

Fair is Virginity's treasure, but if everyone remained virgin, life would come to an end. Therefore take a spouse according to the law and give the world a mortal in thy place. But flee fornication!

450. PHILEMON: *On the Attraction of Euripides.*

If it were really true, as certain men say, that the dead retain perceptions, I would have hung myself to see Euripides.

[1] Compare with Fabre.

[2] One adjective, *trisilenos*, covers the allusion.

453. MELEAGER: *On the Ox at the Altar.*

Jupiter in Heaven! the very ox at thine altar is lowing supplication to save its life from death. Son of Time, release the plougher, for thou thyself, O Lord, didst become a bull to ferry Europa across the sea.

480. ANONYMOUS: *Hippodameia and Pelops.*

"Now that thou hast me and thine willingly, thou turnest thy back."

"True, for Love's nature does not run willingly with willingness. Love takes the contrary road."

489. PALLADAS: *A Grammarian's Daughter.*

A Grammarian's daughter having taken a lover bore a child that was Masculine, Feminine and Neuter.

496. ATHENAEUS: *On Stoicism.*

O Professors of the Stoic creed, whose sacred pages contain the noblest of dogmas showing virtue is the soul's only good! For this alone saves men and cities. The pleasures of the flesh may be an end loved by others, but by none of Memory's daughters saving one.[1]

497. CRATES: *Love's Cures.*

Hunger stops love and if not hunger, Time. And if neither Time nor Hunger quench the flame, the only cure left is suspension in a noose.

499. ANONYMOUS: *Time's Advance.*

Painfully passes grey-haired Time, but as he creeps, he steals the voices of speechful men. Unseen himself, he makes the seen unseen and brings the unseen unto light. O uncertain end of mortal life! Day by day men move towards dark everlastingly.

500. ANONYMOUS: *The Heritage of the Dead.*

No longer call those who see light the inheritors, but say so of the dead. The dead are the inheritors and get a mighty treasure in their departure from miserable life.

[1] The Muse Erato, who inspires Erotic poetry.

501. ANONYMOUS: *On an Earthquake.*

The dead used to leave their city alive behind them, but we have buried our city in our lifetime.

506. PLATO: *On Sappho.*

Some say there are Nine Muses, but how carelessly. Behold, Sappho of Lesbos is the tenth!

508. PALLADAS: *A Compliment.*

When one wishes to see a delectable day, meeting with you makes the day so; but if one wishes for the contrary, failing to meet you would spoil the day.

515. ANONYMOUS: *Grace beyond Grace.*

Three are the Graces, but thou art another born unto that trio in order that the Graces themselves may have a Grace.

517. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Musician.*

Orpheus charmed beasts but thou charmest Orpheus. Apollo vanquished Marsyas but he yields to thy melody. Thine Art, thy body and thy name are equally delicate.[1] Athena would not have thrown away her flute had her melody contained such sweet variations as thine. Sleep himself lying in the arms of Pasithea would wake when he heard thee.

518. ALCAEUS OF MESSENE: *Lord of the World.*

God of Heaven! lengthen your walls, for all is accessible to Philip.[2] Close the bronze gates of the gods. Earth and sea lie conquered under Philip's sceptre. Only the highway to Olympus is left.

521. ANONYMOUS: *On Sappho.*

No little fame, Sappho, did Fate grant thee on the day thou didst first see sunlight. For we Muses agreed thy speech should be immortal, and the Father of all made thunderous approval. Thou shalt be hymned for musical amongst all men, and thou shalt enjoy the highest fame.

[1] His name was *Glaphyrus*, which in Greek is "delicate".

[2] King Philip III. of Macedon.

522. ANONYMOUS: *On Homer.*

O mighty work of the *Iliad* and wise poem of the *Odyssey*, thou hast made Ithaca the equal of Troy. Ancient as I am, make me grow ever-young, for the Siren song of Homer flows from your lips.

528. PALLADAS: *On turning Idols into Images.*

The Statues of the Olympian gods have been Christened and shall dwell in security here without being thrown into the fiery crucible to make small change.

530. ANONYMOUS: *On an Unworthy Ruler.*

Fortune did not will your advance except to show that her omnipotence reaches even down to you.

540. ANONYMOUS: *The Works of Heraclitus.*

Do not hastily unroll the book of Heraclitus the Ephesian to its centre. Its path is hard-going, full of fog and lampless dark, but with a mystic's[1] introduction it becomes clearer than the bright sun.

551. ANTIPHILUS: *On the Heron.*

The hatred of the Calcedonians pursues the ill-omened heron. Apollo[2] will tell why he is always called the bird of betrayal. By standing on his light shanks over a shallow sea and picking his supper out of the sand, he taught the enemy at last where to cross the tide on foot, and pass over into the city. Stone the bad bird, for the traitor was well rewarded by the foe with cockles and seaweed.

556. ZONAS: *On a Beautiful Youth.*

Nereids and Nymphs of the shore, yesterday you saw Daphnis wash his downy coat of dust and rush into your waters, burnt by the Dogstar and with cheek-apples faintly flushed. Tell me, was he beautiful? Or am I such a Satyr that my heart limps as well as my legs?

562. CRINAGORAS: *On a Parrot.*

The parrot escaped his wicker cage and took to the woods with his human voice and wings the colour of flowers.

[1] Greek *mustēs*, "an initiate". [2] For *Phoibos* read perhaps *Phēmis*, "gossip".

Even in the hills he did not forget to repeat salutation to the glorious Emperor's name, and every clever-witted fowl flew into contest which should be the first to salute the Imperial divinity. Orpheus charmed the mountain birds, but now every bird tunes up unbidden for thee, Caesar.

564. NICIAS: *On a Bee.*

Yellow bee, thou showest the delicious bloom of variegated spring. O yellow bee, revel madly on the season's flowers and fly to the sweet-scented field, busying thyself with work to fill thy waxen-plastered cell.

566. CALLIMACHUS: *On Brevity in Poets.*

O Bacchus, short is a successful poet's speech. "I have won" is the most he says. But if anyone inquires the luck of one, whom thou hast not inspired, he says: "Hard luck is mine". Let him who broods over injustice talk thus and short be my syllables, O Lord.

573. AMMIANUS: *On a Parasite.*

Do not sit, sir, at another's board tickling thy belly with the crumbs of shame, weeping one moment with the weeper and the sad-eyed, and laughing the next with the mocker, sharing the laughter in which thou dost not laugh and the mourning which thou dost not mourn.

574. ANONYMOUS: *On a Suicide.*

I am the thrice ill-fated Anaxis, who dragged life's weary wagon, no life at all. But I did not drag insane existence long, but trampled it under foot to come to Hades.

575. PHILIP: *On Homer.*

Sooner shall Heaven quench the stars and the sun illuminate the visage of night. Sooner shall the sea yield fresh water for mortals to drink, and the dead return to the plains of the living than oblivion of ancient page snatch away the glorious name of Maeonian Homer.

577. PTOLEMAEUS: *Astronomy.*

I know that I am mortal and ephemeral, but when I search the multitudinous revolving spirals of the stars, I no longer touch the earth with my feet, but stand beside

God himself and take my fill of the ambrosial food of the immortal ones.

581. AN ANONYMOUS EMPEROR: *In the Arena.*

Far-shooting archer Apollo, Lord of the Muses, bid thy sister Diana rouse the mighty beasts to do no more than scratch the gladiators' bodies, but enough to rouse an inhuman shout from the delighted people. Let me not watch men being killed since I fill the throne of God the Merciful.

583. ANONYMOUS: *On Thucydides.*

Friend, if thou art well read, pick me up, but if thou art entirely stranger to the Muses, drop what thou canst not understand. For I am not accessible to all. Only the few admire Thucydides, son of Olorus, the Athenian.[1]

592. ANONYMOUS: *On a Shield engraved with the Birth of Christ.*

He was a simple-minded artist to carve the Nativity of the Prince of Peace upon a shield of war.

594. ANONYMOUS: *On a Picture of Socrates.*

Painter, thou hast reproduced the shape of Socrates,
Would thou couldst have cast his soul in wax!

604. NOSSIS: *On a Lady's Picture.*

This board displays the picture of Thaumareta, admirably conveying the pride and beauty of her gentle eyes. Even the little watch-dog would fawn, if he saw thee, thinking that he saw the mistress of the home.

607. ANONYMOUS: *Inscription over a Bath.*

The Graces bathed here, and as a reward for their ablutions they conferred the brightness of their bodies on the waters.

614. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Small Bath.*

O Baths of Zeuxippus, be not wroth with this wash-house rising beside thee, for Erotylus [2] shines so sweetly though close to the Great Wain.

[1] Compare Stendhal's dedication "To the Happy Few".

[2] Erotylus, a small star in the Great Bear (Alcor), or, as the Cambridge Observatory suggest, the Little Bear.

616. ANONYMOUS: *Inscription over a Bath.*

The Graces were once bathing here when little Cupid stole their goddesses' dress and was off, leaving them ashamed to appear naked outside their doors.

620. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On Mixed Bathing.*

Love approaches hopefully, but the women are not to be caught. So little a partition keeps out the mighty Venus. But even this much has its delight, for hope is sweeter than truth where the cravings of passion are concerned.

621. ANONYMOUS: *Inscription over a Bath.*

Women yearning for love (and it is upon all of you), come hither and beautify your charms. If you bathe here, the married will enrapture their husbands, maidens will rouse many proposals for their couch, while she that coins money by her person will have lovers swarming at her door.

626. MARIANUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Bath called Eros.*

Eros once bathed his mother Venus in this bath and warmed the lovely waters with his torch. The sweat poured from her ambrosial body and mingled in the crystal flood. What a breath of spring, what a bubbling roseal stream has always stayed, as though the golden Venus were still bathing there.

633. DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN: *Inscription over a Bath.*

When Hera and Venus and Minerva were eager to win the golden apple, this was their bathing-place. Perhaps their reflection in the silver floods will be a better criterion of their beauty than Paris.

643. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Glutton.*

Why do you groan over headaches and bitterly lament your constipated body and redoubly slap your belly in hopes of ridding your jaws' mastication? You would not have needed such pangs, if you had not exceeded the necessary feasting. But you are a proud trencher-man on your couch, and smack your palate over the meats you

consider bliss. But here you suffer, and your pounded guts expiate the delinquencies of your gullet.

647. ANONYMOUS: *On Constantinople the Second Rome.*
Rome, Queen of all lands, thy fame shall never perish, for from thee wingless Victory cannot fly away.

648. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On an Inn in Cibyra.*
Native or stranger are ever dear to me, for it is not within the bounds of hospitality to inquire who and whence and of whose seed they are.

654. JULIAN, CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On an Unguarded House.*
Robbers, seek other and wealthy houses, for Poverty keeps permanent watch over this.

663. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Marine Garden.*
The sea washes beneath the pillars of the soil and navigable necks of mainland bloom with marine sylva.
Clever was the man who mingled deep with dry, seaweeds with garden flowers, and fresh-water Nymphs with the Mermaids of the tide.

677. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Palace in Constantinople.*
At infinite expense Musonius built me to be his gorgeous and magnificent house, fanned by every northern breeze. But he could not avoid the lampless house of Fate and abandoned me to live underground. As a little dust he lies, while I, his exceeding joy, am lavished upon strangers.[1]

701. ANONYMOUS: *On the Temple of Zeus at Athens.*
This house is worthy of God Himself. Even Olympus would not blame Zeus if he descended here from Heaven.

706. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On a Poplar.*
I am the holy tree. Stranger, hurt me not when you pass, for I agonise when cut. Remember that I am not like the wild pear tree, for my bark is virginal. Who does not know whence the poplars are sprung? [2] If thou

[1] Recalls the delicious sally—"Fools build houses for wise men to live in".
[2] Poplars were the Daughters of the Sun.

scorest me though on the roadside, thou shalt regret it. Though but a log, I am dear to the Sun-god.

710. ANONYMOUS: *On the Pyramids.*

Mythical History invented the lying tale of Ossa and Pelion piled upon Olympus. But even so, the Pyramids near the Nile strike the golden constellation of the Pleiads with their cones' extremity.

731. ANONYMOUS: *On Myron's Statue of a Heifer.*

Myron erected me, the heifer here, but the herdsmen pelt me with stones as though I had strayed.

732. MARIUS ARGENTARIUS: *On Myron's Statue of a Heifer.*

Stranger, if thou seest my herdsman, give him the message that the sculptor Myron tethered me here.

739. JULIAN, CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On Myron's Statue of a Heifer.*

Myron deceived thee also, O gadfly, that plungest thy sting into the cast-bronze flank of the heifer's antitype. But no blame pursues the gadfly, and why should it, since Myron deceived the very herdsmen's eyes.

748. PLATO JUNIOR: *On a Carved Gem.*

This amethyst[1] is protective against drunkenness, and I myself am Bacchus the drunken. Let it either make me totally abstain or itself learn drunkenness.

749. OENOMAUS: *On Cupid carved on a Bowl.*

Why carve Cupid on the bowl? It is sufficient to fire the heart with wine. Do not heap fire on fire.

763. JULIAN, CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On the Ruler's Axe.*

If you have broken the law, your eyes perceive an executioner's axe; but if thou art law-abiding, I am only so much silver metal.

765. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Mosquito Net.*

I hang around beautiful bridal beds. I am not the net of the diligent Diana, but of the delicate Venus. With a

[1] *Amethustos*, lit. "anti-vinal". The stone of Temperance, worn by bishops.

mesh of many holes I cover the sleeper without depriving him of the life-bearing breeze.

769. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Gambling Table.*

To gentle minds this gambling is play, but to the unrestrained it becomes madness and folly and self-inflicted pain. If you lose, say nothing blasphemous nor rage nor shriek aloud. One should not toil at games nor play at work. Learn to give the hour its desert.

777. PHILIP: *On Lysippus' Statue of a Horse.*

Look how proudly this horse stands, thanks to the bronze-worker's art. Fierce are his eyes as he arches his neck and tosses his mane to the wind for the course. I believe if some rider fastened the bit to his jaws and spurred your handiwork, Lysippus, it would gallop against all possibility of hope. For Art would give it breath.

780. ANONYMOUS: *On a Sundial.*

This is a Philosopher's Stone[1] covering the whole heavens and regulated to every altitude of the sun by a little pointer.

783. ANONYMOUS: *On a Hermaphrodite.*

To men I am Mercury, to women I am Venus, and I carry the symbols of both parents. Quite logically they have erected me as their doubtful offspring, the Hermaphrodite, in the baths for androgynous bathing.[2]

787. SOPHRONIUS THE PATRIARCH: *On a Guest-house.*

Formerly you wandered with homeless feet, whether you came off a journey by land or sea. Draw hither now and halt your step where you will find welcome, if you wish to stay. And if you ask who was my founder, citizen, it was Eulogius, the good Bishop of Alexandria.

806. ANONYMOUS: *On a Sundial.*

This place was a garden and the shady leafage obscured the sun till it seemed darkness, but Sergius, contemplator

[1] Lit. *sopha lithos*, Greek for "wise stone".

[2] Mixed bathing. Androgynous to Hermaphrodite is human compared to the divine mixture.

of the mysteries of the Trinity, has splendoured it with sunlight. This stone was fixed to tell the predestined and everlasting revolution of the Seven Planets in the sky.

811. ANONYMOUS: *On Justinian's Palace.*

I am the splendid estate which the Emperor Justinian built to astonish the rising sun, who had never before seen such beauty upon the earth, as he mounted his upward path across the sky.

819. ANONYMOUS: *On the Chalice.*

I am the Spiritual Cup pouring into men's hearts the stream of repentance by the effusion of the Holy Spirit.

820. ANONYMOUS: *On the Entrance to the Heraeum.*

This is the splendid seat which Justinian built overhanging land and water with beauty.[1]

822. ANONYMOUS: *On the Zodiac on a Dish.*

Here are the Heavens wrought in silver, wherein the Moon gazes on the Sun filled with his antitype of light. On either side the fixed stars and the planets running opposite in their courses work out all the fortune of mankind.

823. PLATO: *Pastoral.*

Silent be the rocks in their oaken vesture. Silent be the waters falling from the rock and silent be the mingled bleating of the sheep, for Pan himself is playing his melodious pipe and passing moist lips over the fastened reeds, while Nymphs of the Water and Nymphs of the Oak-trees [2] have begun to dance around with lively feet.

[1] The English reader recalls Gibbon's splendid chap. 40 of the *Decline and Fall.*

[2] Lit. Hydriads and Hamadryads.

THE HORTATORY EPIGRAMS

3. ANONYMOUS: *On an Athenian's Grave.*

Straight is the descent to Hades whether your corpse journeys from Athens or Meroe. Be not grieved to die far away from your native land. The same wind blows from every point to Hades.

5. THYILLOS: *On a Statue of Priapus.*

Swallows are mud-building already and the Zephyr embosoms soft sails along the tide. Already the meads shed flowers upon their leaves and the rough passage has hushed itself quiet. Wind the cables and haul your anchors aboard and loose your whole canvas to the ropes. This is the advice that I, Priapus, the harbour-guardian, inscribe to all who would sail sea for merchandise.

10. ARCHIAS JUNIOR: *On a Statue of Pan.*

The fishermen dedicated this image of me, Pan the beach-comber and guardian of the secure harbourage, on the sacred cliff. Sometimes I protect the weels and sometimes the fishermen, who net this shore. But sail by, stranger, and for their kindness I will send thee a gentle southern wind behind.

13. SATYRUS: *On an Oasis.*

Lovely are the laurels, and lovely the water trickling from their roots, while the dense grove gives leafy shade, a running course for the Zephyrs and a defence to wayfarers from thirst and toil and the heat of the sun.

18. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS: *Epicurean Advice.*

Gobrys, take thy joy in Bacchus and in lover-loving

Venus, and in the sweet-lettered Muses. Pluck their wisdom, but enter upon love with her and set lip upon cups blest of him.

21. PHILODEMOS: *Litany to Venus.*

Venus, Lady of Calm!
Venus, Lover of Bridegrooms!
Venus, Ally of the Righteous!
Venus, Mother of the tempest-footed Loves!
Save me snatched from my saffron bridal-room and frozen to the soul by the snows of Gaul. Save me, Venus, a man of peace, unboastful over others but tossed upon thy purple seas. Venus, thou lovest the harbour and thou lovest secret rites. Venus, my Queen, bring me unto harbour, unto my Naias.

24. CRINAGORAS: *Prayer to Neptune.*

Holy spirit of mighty Neptune, be gracious unto others who cross the Aegean Sea as well. To me, driven by the Northern [1] breeze, thou hast gently granted the harbour where I would be.

26. LUCIAN: *True Economy.*

Enjoy thy goods as though upon the brink of Death, but spare thy possessions as though Life lay before thee. Wise is the man who understands both these mottoes and moderates both thrift and spendthrift.

28. LUCIAN: *Time and Eternity.*

To the fortunate all life seems short, but to the unfortunate one night is an eternity.

29. LUCIAN: *Philosophy of Love.*

Love does not wrong the human race, but Love is made an excuse by the unrestrainable souls of men.

31. LUCIAN: *Mortalia.*

Mortal are the affairs of mortals and all things pass us by. And if they do not, 'tis we who pass by them.

[1] Lit. "Thracian".

33. ANONYMOUS: *On Charity.*

It is well to speak compliments of all, but maligning others is criminal even if they merit our criticism.

34. PALLADAS: *On Worry.*[1]

If worry is any good to you, take thought and worry. But if God concerns for you, why worry for yourself? You can neither have nor escape worry without the Will of God, but whatever worries you must concern God.

35. LUCIAN: *On Bad Luck.*

If luck is good, you are the beloved of men and gods and readily they hear your prayers. But in bad luck you have not a friend left. All are against you and change over with the winds of Fortune.

41. LUCIAN: *On Wealth.*

Spiritual wealth is the only true wealth. All else brings more trouble than the possession is worth. The man who can use his possessions is the real plutocrat. But the man who wears himself over figures and eagerly piles fortune upon fortune, his labour is as the bee's in her many-combed hive, for others shall harvest his honey.

42. LUCIAN: *On Gossip.*

Set a seal upon thy tongue lest she speak what she should not, for it is better to guard thy words than thy wealth.

45. PALLADAS: *On the Genesis of Man.*

If thou rememberest, man, how thy father sowed thee, thou wilt cease from thine exaltation of soul. Plato the dreamer hath swollen thy vanity by calling thee an immortal sprig of Heaven, as one might say with some embellishment of thine origin. Thou comest of clay. Why so haughty? But if thou asketh the word of truth, thou art derived from uncontrolled lust and a drop of mud.

48. PALLADAS: *On making a Judge.*

It is proverbial never to make a slave woman a mistress, and I will tell you a parallel. A barrister should never

[1] *Merimna* is used in the N.T. phrase "take thought". *Melein* is worry to man but concern to God.

become a Judge, though he were more eloquent than Isocrates. For how can a man, accustomed to be no more respectable a hireling than a harlot, judge cases clearly?

52. PALLADAS: *The New Comedy.*

True to the fosterage of the Muses and Graces, thou didst most excellently call Opportunity a god, Menander, for often some spontaneous idea opens a better opportunity than much meditation.

53. PALLADAS: *Time's Murder.*

I do not wonder to see murderers prosper, for it is the privilege of Jupiter. For if Time, his hated father, had happened to be mortal, he would have killed him. But instead of killing him he punished him by hurling him, bound like a robber, into the pit with the Titans.

57. PALLADAS: *On Gluttony.*

May God hate the belly and the meats of the belly, for they open the flood-gates of Chastity.

58. PALLADAS: *On Mortal Life.*

Naked I came upon earth and naked I shall descend beneath it. So why do I toil fruitlessly seeing the end is naked too?

59. PALLADAS: *Life and Death.*

Death's expectation is pain and agony, and freedom therefrom is what a man gains by Death. Weep not then for one who has gone from Life, for Death is unseconded[1] by grief.

60. PALLADAS: *On Mortal Wealth.*

You are rich and what is the end? When you go, you are dragged into the grave, but do you pull your wealth after you? You spent time gathering riches, but you cannot pile up time above and beyond life's measure.

62. PALLADAS: *On Fortune.*

Fortune knows neither law nor logic, but carried upon her senseless flood, she tyrannises over men. She leans toward the unjust preferably and the just she detests, as though to show her brute unreasoning power.

[1] Lit. "Grief is no second (no successor) to Death".

64. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On an Exiled Ruler.*

Where is your haughty manner and where have the clustering flatterers disappeared? Far from the City thou art exiled now and Fortune has given those, who were outcast, power to vote against you. Great thanks to thee, glorious Fortune, for thou mockest all alike to our perpetual amusement.

65. PALLADAS: *On Life's Ending.*

Life makes perilous sailing, for often we suffer wintry weather therein and strike more treacherous rocks than the shipwrecked. We sail uncertainly upon a high sea, some to a fair journey and others to the reverse, as long as Fortune is helmsman to Life. But all alike make the same anchorage under earth.

67. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Memory and Oblivion.*

All hail, Memory and Oblivion! Memory at least of life's good things, but Oblivion of the bad.

69. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On Death.*

Why do you fear Death, the mother of peace, the stiller of sickness and of the pangs of poverty? Death comes but once to mortals and no man ever beheld it come twice. But many and various are the changeful forms of disease coming to one man or another at different times.

72. PALLADAS: *The Drama of Life.*

Life is a stage and a play.[1] Either cease seriousness and learn to play or else endure the pains.

73. PALLADAS: *Acceptance of Fate.*

If Fate the bearer bears you, bear and be borne. But even though you vex and torment yourself, that bearer will bear you along.

76. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On Wisdom.*

Life has little charm unless we banish the temple-whitening cares from our hearts. Wealth I want in sufficiency, but lust for gold is an overwhelming and heart-eating care. So amongst mankind poverty will be often

[1] Compare Shakespeare's "Life's a stage".

found to be better than wealth and Death than Life. Knowing this, make straight the ways of your heart and look for your only hope in wisdom.

77. PALLADAS: *On Fatalism.*

Man, why labour in vain and disturb everything? Thou art the slave of thy lot at birth! Resign thyself and do not struggle against the Divine. Love thy lot and embrace tranquillity; and strive rather, if fate does not make it impossible, to lead thy soul to happiness and joy.

78. PALLADAS: *On Quietism.*

Cast laments aside, fret not over the little time thou remainest here compared to all the life hereafter. Ere thou art thrown into the tomb and worms take thee,[1] torment not thy soul as though it were damned in thy lifetime.

82. PALLADAS: *The Swoon of Paganism.*

Do we Greeks only seem to live or have we died? Fallen into misfortune, do we fancy our life is dreaming, or surely we live amidst a living death.[2]

85. PALLADAS: *Death-fodder.*

We are all like Death's herd of swine, penned and fatted for meaningless slaughter.

87. PALLADAS: *Laughter or Worry.*

If we do not laugh when Life runs away and Strumpet Fortune[3] moves upon the currents and the worthless enjoy better fortune, we give ourselves endless worry.

88. PALLADAS: *On Body and Soul.*

The body is the soul's pain and the soul's Hell, Fate and burden, necessity, strong chain and punishment of Torture. But when the soul leaves the bonds of bodily Death it flies to immortal God.

94. PALLADAS: *God the Philosopher.*

Even God, I think, is a Philosopher, for He is not suddenly wrathful against blasphemies. He allows Time to increase the punishment of wicked and miserable men.

[1] Reading *labein* for *balein*. [2] The Christian world.

[3] Shakespeare's *King John* supplies this exact translation of *Tuchēn pornēs*.

98. PALLADAS: *Silence Golden.*
An uneducated man is wise to be silent, and hide his speech like a most disgraceful affliction.

105. SIMONIDES: *Death-Duties.*
A certain Theodorus exults over my death. Another shall exult over his. We are all debited to Death.

108. ANONYMOUS: *On Blind Prayer.*
Jupiter King, give us the good whether we pray for it or not. And fend evil from us even though we do pray for it.

112. ANONYMOUS: *The Evil Trinity*
Wine and baths and the Venereal impulse makes the way quicker to Hell.

114. ANONYMOUS: *Life's Hell.*
Judgment and the torture of Tantalus are waiting below. I am no unbeliever, for my poverty keeps me practising for the infernal punishments.

118. ANONYMOUS: *On Life's Nothingness.*
How was I born? Whence am I, and why did I come? To depart again? How can I learn anything, since I know nought? Nothing I was and nothing I was born. I shall again be the nothing I was before. Nothing and naught are the race of men. But pour me out the delightful liquor of Bacchus, for this pharmacy is an antidote to evils.

119. ANONYMOUS: *One Way to Poverty.*
To feed many a body and build many a house is the readiest road to poverty.

120. ANONYMOUS: *Woman's Love.*
Every woman loves more than a man loves. But she hides Love's sting through shame, though she may be mad for love.

123. AESOP: *The Law of Compensation.*
Life, how shall one escape thee without Death? for thy ills are myriad, and it is not easy to endure or escape them.

Sweet are the beauties in Nature, the earth and sea, the stars and the orbs of sun and moon. But all the rest is fear and pain, and if a man suffers a stroke of good luck, he pays by a counter-stroke of Nemesis.

124. GLYCON: *The Universal Nothing.*

All is laughter and all is dust, and all is nothing, for all things are begotten out of Unreasonable Void.[1]

125. ANONYMOUS: *On Friendship.*

A friend is a very unsatisfactory arrangement. Many indeed are, nearly all are only "how-do-you-do what-fine-weather" friends.

[1] Lit. "the Illogical"—*ex alogōn.*

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

3. ANONYMOUS: *On Coffins.*

I would have desired to be as rich as Croesus once and Emperor of Asia Magna. But when I observe the coffin-maker Nicanor and learn what he makes those whistle-cases[1] for, I mix my meal and steep it with pints. Asia can go for the price of perfumery and wreaths.

5. CALLICTER: *On Cuckolds.*

Whoever finds his bread at home without going to market must have a wife providing him with the Horn of Abundance.

8. ANONYMOUS: *On Expensive Funerals.*

Do not give my lithic columns the charity of perfume and wreath, nor quench[2] my flame with libations. Vain expense! Give me your charity while I live if you will. But if you mingle wine with mine ashes, you will make mud, and thereof the dead will not drink.

13. AMMIANUS: *Death's Dealings.*

Dawn proceedeth out of dawn and then, when we are all unheeding, cometh a figure purple-clad. Some he shall melt and some he shall roast and some he shall swell,[3] but he will cast us all into the same pit.

17. NICARCHUS: *On a Gardener.*

Stephen was an impoverished gardener, but now he has made social progress and money. He has suddenly become

[1] Greek *glossokoma*—"cases for mouth-pieces of flutes", or satirical for coffins. "Whistle" perhaps covers both meanings of the Greek.

[2] Reading *brexēs.*

[3] Consumption, fever or dropsy.

Lord Stephen, adding four fine letters to his original name. In due time he will be calling himself Earl Hippo the cavalier or, thanks to his extravagance, the Marquess of Parsley. But the whole market will still know him as Stephen.

19. STRATO: *Nunc est Bibendum.*

Now is the time to drink and love, Damocrates, for we shall not always drink nor accompany the lads for ever. Let us bind garlands on our heads and drench ourselves with perfume before others bring them to our graves. Now is the time for my bones within to drink more wine. When my bones are dead, the Deluge[1] can overwhelm them.

23 ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *The Use of Wine.*

Men learned in the stars say my fate will come quick. I am, Seleucus, and I do not care. There is one road for all below, and if mine is the quicker, I shall see my Judge the sooner. Let us drink, for the truth is that wine is as good as a horse on the road, while the sober pad the by-path to Hades.

26. ARGENTARIUS: *The Unfairness of Wine.*

I totter drunken with untempered wine, but who shall save me from the wine-god who makes my limbs dance? Unjust I find thee, as a god, Bacchus, for I carry you, but in return you only carry me astray.

28. ARGENTARIUS: *A Philosophy of Life.*

When thou liest dead, thou shalt occupy five feet and behold neither the joys of life nor the rays of sun. So take thy wine-cup neat, and quaff it with delight, Cincius, and throw thine arm around thy beautiful wife. But if thy mind turns unto wisdom as being everlasting, know that Cleanthes and Zeno[2] descended into the deep of Hell.

31. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA: *On Gossip.*

The setting Pleiads cause no dread to me nor the breakers

[1] Lit. "Deucalion" or "Noah". [2] The Stoic philosophers.

roaring on the stubborn rock nor the mighty heaven alight with fire. But I rather dread the evil man and the hydropots who remember gossip.

33. PHILIP: *The Vine to the Ivy.*

I am the lovely clustering child of Bacchus whom thy furtive feet circle upon and throttle, O ivy. But thou spoilest thyself more than thou fetterest me, for who would bind brow with ivy without pouring wine.

39. MACEDONIUS OF THESSALONICA: *Remorse.*

Yesterday I made symposium with a woman, whose repute runs unhealthy. Smash the cups, ye slaves!

41. PHILODEMUS: *On Xanthippe.*

Already seven seasons of the sun are added to thirty similar pages torn from my life. Already white hairs besprinkle me, Xanthippe, like angels[1] of the age of wisdom. But still my speech is song and revelry my care, and still the flame smoulders in mine insatiate heart. But, O ye despotic Muses, write her name quickly as the crowning finish of my madness.

42. CRINAGORAS: *The Eleusinian Mysteries.*[2]

Though thy life is always sedentary and thou hast never sailed the sea nor traversed the highroads, nevertheless travel to Athens and watch through the great nights that are sacred to Demeter. Thus shalt thou escape affliction even among the living and, when thou joinest the majority, thou shalt be lighter in conscience.

43. ZONAS: *The Cup.*

Give me the sweet Cup wrought of that clay from which I was begotten and under which I shall lie in death.

46. AUTOMEDON OF CYZICUS: *Lupus Homo Homini.*

When we drink together in the evening, we are men. But the dawn rouses us like wild beasts against each other.

[1] Lit. "messengers". Greek *angelos.*

[2] The mysterious sacrament of Pagan Greece.

50. AUTOMEDON: *The Blessings of Life.*

The man most blest owes nothing to anybody and the next blest is the unmarried and after him comes the childless. But if a man is mad enough to marry, he is lucky if he buries his bride quick and keeps a good dowry. Be wise in the knowledge of this, and leave Epicurus to his vain inquiries concerning the where of the Void and the meaning of Atoms.[1]

51. ANONYMOUS: *Time's Passing.*

Enjoy thy beauty's prime. Swiftly all things fade away. One summer produces the shaggy goat out of a kid.

53. ANONYMOUS: *Rose and Thorn.*

The rose blooms a little while, and, when it is past, you will find the rose replaced by briar.

54. PALLADAS: *Old Age.*

The women ridicule me for being old and tell me to contemplate the lees of my life in the mirror. But when I approach the term of life, I do not care whether my hair is black or white. With sweet-smelling perfumes and fair-petalled flowers and with wine I call halt to carking cares!

56. ANONYMOUS: *Life's Compass.*

Drink and delight thyself, for the morrow or the future no man knows. Do not hurry nor weary thyself. Be generous and give according to thy means. Eat thy meat and think the thoughts of a mortal. There is no absolute difference between living and not living. All life is like that, a turn of the scale. If thou helpest thyself in time, everything is thine. But if thou diest, everything goes to another and thou hast nothing.

61. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *Doctor's Orders.*

When I was sick yesterday, my enemy the doctor stood over me and forbade me bumpers of nectar. He ordered me to drink water. What a windy fellow not to have learnt that Homer calls wine the strength of men.

[1] He expounded the Atomic Theory.

62. PALLADAS: *The Pleasures of Life.*

All men owe a debt to Death and no man knows if he will be alive to-morrow. Make this clear within, O man, and thyself merry, since thou possessest wine, the Letheal of Death. Also cultivate the pleasures of Venus while dragging this ephemeral life. Let Fortune manœuvre the rest.

65. PARMENION: *A Choice of Two Evils.*

Hard is the choice between starvation and an old woman. Hunger is grievous, but the hag's embrace is more painful. Starving Phil prayed for an old wife, but when he found himself in her clutch he prayed to starve. Behold the anomaly[1] befalling sons without allowances.

68. LUCILIUS: *On an Old Woman.*

Nicylla, some say you dye your hair, but really you only bought the blackest on the market.

69. LUCILIUS: *On an Old Woman.*

Thamistonoe is as old as three crows. When she dyes her grey hair, she suddenly becomes the Mother of the Gods[2] instead of a young goddess.

71. NICARCHUS: *On an Old Woman.*

Niconoe had a prime I admit, but her prime occurred when Noah[3] was watching the Flood. We know nothing of her then; but we know by now she should be hunting a tomb not a husband.

76. LUCILIUS: *On a Boxer.*

Olympian fighter, with a jowl like that, do not go near a fountain nor look into transparent water. For when you see your own face as clear as Narcissus, you will die his death out of self-hate.[4]

79. LUCILIUS: *On a Boxer.*

Cleombrotus retired from boxing and married. Now he gets all the knocks of the Isthmian and Nemean games at home from a quarrelsome hag, who hits like an

[1] Greek *anomalian.* The sense is rather dilemma.
[2] Lit. "Rhea"—not *Nea*, "young".
[3] Deucalion.
[4] Narcissus died of self-love.

Olympian, and he is more frightened of his own house than he ever was of the Ring. Whenever he has his wind, he is well pommelled to make him play the man. And then when he does, he is pommelled again.

80. LUCILIUS: *On a Boxer.*

This statue of Apis the pugilist was erected by his rivals, for he never hurt one of them.

82. NICARCHUS: *On a Runner.*

The marvel is that in the Arcadian long-distance race Charmus, with five competitors, came in seventh. You will promptly say: "How seventh, when there were six?" A friend of his accompanied him coat and all, crying: "Buck up, Charmus!" which resulted in his coming in seventh. And if he had had five more friends, he would have ended twelfth.

88. LUCILIUS: *On a Dwarf.*

Little Erotion was playing when a gnat snatched her up. "What is happening to me", quoth she. "Dost thou want me, Father Jupiter?"

91. LUCILIUS: *On a Thin Person.*

Thin Stratonicus fastened a grain to a reed and, tying himself by a hair, hung himself. What then? He was not heavy enough to drop—but his dead body is floating in a dead calm above.

93. LUCILIUS: *On a Thin Person.*

Mark was so thin that his head once pierced and went right through the middle of an Atom of Epicurus.[1]

97. AMMIANUS: *On One Arrogant.*

Either build another city for the man from Stratonicea or build another city for the inhabitants of this.

101. LUCILIUS: *On a Thin Person.*

So thin was Artemidora that, when Demetrius fanned her in her sleep, he blew her out of the house.

104. LUCILIUS: *On a Dwarf.*

Wretched Menestratos rode an ant as though it were an

[1] The first recorded division of the Atom (Greek "uncuttable").

elephant, when suddenly he was thrown flat. When he found himself mortally kicked, he cried: "'Tis Envy, for Phaethon likewise perished from his steed".[1]

113. NICARCHUS: *On a Physician.*

The physician Mark yesterday touched the stone statue of a god, and though it is god and stone, its funeral is to-day.

115. NICARCHUS: *On an Oculist.*

If you have an enemy, Dionysius, do not invoke Isis against him nor Harpocrates nor any god that blinds men but Doctor Simon, and you will know the difference between the Simonian power and the Divine.

118. CALLICTER: *On a Physician.*

Doctor Pheido neither purged nor felt me, but I remembered his name while suffering a temperature and died.

122. CALLICTER: *On a Physician.*

Five sick patients Doctor Alexis purged one time, five he dosed, five he examined and five again he anointed, and all enjoyed the same cure, the same night, the same undertaker, the same grave, the same Hades and the same dirge.

123. HEDYLUS: *On a Physician.*

Agis neither purged nor felt Aristagoras, but as soon as he came in, Aristagoras passed out. Where will you find such aconite in nature? Ye undertakers, cast wreaths and garlands on Agis.

125. ANONYMOUS: *On a Physician.*

Crateas the physician and Damon the grave-digger swore alliance in common. Damon sent his friend the wrappings he stole from shrouds to make bandages, and in return Crateas sent him all his patients to bury.

132. LUCILIUS: *On the Critics.*

Lord Caesar, I hate the people who never approve a young writer though he sing an old ballad of Troy.[2] If a man is not half-bald and crippled and as old as Priam—

[1] The Horses of the Sun.

[2] Lit. "sing, Goddess, the wrath"—the opening line of the *Iliad.*

he is no good for writing as much as an Alpha. If this is really the case, God in Heaven! inspiration must be the perquisite of the ruptured.

133. LUCILIUS: *On a Bad Composer.*

Eutychides the melodist is dead. Fly, all ye shades, below earth! Eutychides is coming with his Odes. By his testament he directed twelve harps and twenty-five cases of music to be cremated with him. Now is Charon come amongst you! Whither can one depart in future if Eutychides possesses even Hell?

138. LUCILIUS: *On a Grammarian.*

If I only think of the Grammarian Heliodorus, my tongue is immediately tied up on the point of solecisms.

139. LUCILIUS: *On a Tutor.*

The tutor Menander with the beard is kept by Zenonis, who says she has entrusted him with her son, but he never stops practising with her at night and conjugating love in every mood.

145. ANONYMOUS: *On a Rhetor.*

It is the picture of Sextus, which rehearses his speeches, for Sextus is dumb. The picture is a speaking one, and the orator is only *its* reflexion.

153. LUCILIUS: *On a Philosopher.*

Nobody denies in the least that you are a Cynic, Menestratus, and that you shiver barefoot, but if you shamelessly sneak loaves and crusts, well, I keep a cudgel and Cynics are called dogs.[1]

156. AMMIANUS: *On a Philosopher.*

Do you imagine that your beard breeds brains and that is why you grow your fly-whisk, my best of friends. Take my advice and shave it on the spot. For that beard breeds vermin, not Minerva.[2]

159. LUCILIUS: *On a Fortune-teller.*

All the astrologers, as it were, unanimously foretold my

[1] The Greek for a dog and a cynic is the same—*kuōn*.

[2] The Greek conveys a pun, *Phtheirōn . . . phrenōn* (nits, not wits).

brother's long old age to my father. Hermoclides alone mentioned his premature fate, but he said so when we were already lamenting his corpse within the house.

162. NICARCHUS: *On a Fortune-teller.*

Someone came to ask the prophet Olympicus whether he should sail to Rhodes and how to sail there safely. Quoth the prophet: "First take a new boat. Embark in summer not winter. If you do so, you will get there and back—unless of course a pirate picks you up at sea."

164. LUCILIUS: *On a Fortune-teller.*

Aulus the astrologer traced his own horoscope and declared his time had come, and that he had four hours to live. When five hours passed and he had to live on like a fool, he grew ashamed of his master Petosiris and hung himself.[1] And he is dying in mid-air, but not from the tree of knowledge.[2]

165. LUCILIUS: *On a Miser.*

Crito the miser does not revive himself by sniffing penny-royal when he has a stomach-ache, but by smelling a copper.

166. ANONYMOUS: *On a Miser.*

Everybody says you are rich but I say you are poor, Apollophanes, for wealth is proven by use. If you use your share, it is yours, but if you save it for your heirs, it belongs henceforth to others.

170. NICARCHUS: *On a Miser.*

Thrift the miser does not weep because he is dying, but because he had paid twenty pounds for his coffin. Give it him gratis and as there is room inside, throw one of his many brats into the bargain.

176. LUCILIUS: *On a Burglar.*

As he removed the winged statue of Mercury, servant of the gods, Lord of Arcadia and cattle-lifter, which

[1] This was the end of Burton the Anatomiser of Melancholy according to the Oxford tradition.

[2] Lit. "aloft but knowing nothing".

stood guard over this gymnasium, Aulus the burglar remarked: "Many a pupil surpasses his teacher".

178. LUCILIUS: *On a Cattle-lifter.*

Pasture thy flock afar, herdsmen, lest thieving Pericles steal thy cattle and thyself with them.

184. LUCILIUS: *On a Burglar.*

Meniscus stole three golden apples from the Emperor's garden like Hercules of old from the Hesperides. What then? He was caught and made a fine spectacle for the crowd, when he was burnt alive like Hercules of old.

186. NICARCHUS: *On a Singer.*

The night-raven sings for death, but when Demophilus sings, it is death for even the night-raven.

188. AMMIANUS: *On a Musical Doctor.*

When Nicetas sings, he is the Apollo of song, but when he doctors, he proves Apollyon[1] to his patients.

191. LUCILIUS: *On a Barber.*

Oh, Mars! murderous, man-slaying Mars! stop cutting me, barber, for there is no place left to cut. Change to my muscles and my calves. You can cut me there. Already the place swarms with flies. If you continue, you will see vultures and ravens flocking.

192. LUCILIUS: *On Envy.*

When Diophon saw another crucified on a taller cross next to him, he was consumed with envy.

196. LUCILIUS: *On an Ugly Woman.*

Bito with the mug of three monkeys, ugly enough I think to choke Hecate with envy, says: "Lucilius, I sleep in single chastity". Perhaps she is ashamed to confess virginity. Well, let whosoever hates me marry that pest and have children of similar chastity.

198. THEODORUS: *On a Large Nose.*

Hermocrates belongs to his nose, for if we mention the nose of Hermocrates we should be attributing the big to the small.

[1] The root meaning of Apoll- means "destroyer" according to folk etymology.

200. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Large Nose.*

When Zenogenes' house was on fire, he was moiling mightily to escape from the window. When benches nailed together failed him, he noticed Antimachus' nose and made it his ladder to escape.

201. AMMONIDES: *On a Bad Figure.*

If anybody had shown Antipatra naked to the Parthians, they would have bolted beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

202. ANONYMOUS: *On Marriage Sense.*

Moschus buried his old woman, but kept her dowry intact at home. Then very sensibly he married a young girl. Moschus deserves to be commended for his sense. He alone knows whom to inherit and whom to embrace.

208. LUCILIUS: *On a Runner.*

Eutychides was a slow runner in the Stadium, but when he was running to supper, they remarked: "Eutychides has wings".

211. LUCILIUS: *On a Coward.*

When the warrior Calpurnius saw the ordinary fresco of the Battle by the Ships[1] painted on the wall, that warrior collapsed green and cried out pulseless: "Take me alive, ye Trojan friends of Mars". He inquired if he were not wounded, hardly knowing whether he was alive, and agreed to pay ransom to the wall.

213. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On a Painter.*

Diodorus painted the portrait of Menodotus and made it excessively like everybody except Menodotus.

215. LUCILIUS: *On a Painter.*

Eutychus the painter begot twenty sons, but he never got even a single likeness amongst his own children.

226. AMMIANUS: *On a Wretch.*

Be the dust light upon thee underground, O miserable Nearchus, that the dogs may easily drag thee out.

[1] From the *Iliad.*

227. AMMIANUS: *On a Wretch.*

Sooner a beetle shall make honey or a gnat milk than a scorpion like you do any good. For you do no good willingly yourself nor let anybody else. You are as hateful as the Star of Saturn to everybody.

232. CALLIAS OF ARGOS: *In Vino Veritas.*

Polycritus, you were always pure gold, but under drink you suddenly became a raving pest. I think you were always rotten. Wine is the touchstone of manners. You have not just become rotten. You are shown up what you were always.

236. DEMODOCUS: *On the Cilicians.*

All Cilicians are bad, but Cinyras is the only good one amongst the Cilicians, and Cinyras is a Cilician.

237 DEMODOCUS: *On the Cappadocians.*

A nasty viper once bit a Cappadocian, but it was the viper which died of tasting his poisonous blood.

250. ANONYMOUS: *On a Portrait.*

The painter painted the fat man successfully, but curse him, if we must see two insatiables instead of one.

251 NICARCHUS: *On Deafness.*

The stone-deaf sued the stone-deaf before a Judge deafer than both. One of them contended the other owed five month's house-rent and the other that he had querned at night. Fixing his eyes upon them the Judge said: "Why do you quarrel? She is your mother. Maintain her, both of you!"

255. PALLADAS: *On an Actor.*

Monkey-nosed Memphis played the parts of Daphne, who became laurel, and Niobe, who became stone. He was wooden in one cast and petrified in the other.

256. LUCILIUS: *On an Old Woman.*

They say you spend long time in the baths, Heliodora. You have not given up though you are a hag of a hundred years. But I know why you do so. Like old Pelias you hope to grow young by being boiled.

257. LUCILIUS: *On a Physician.*

Diophantus while asleep saw Hermogenes the Doctor, and never woke up though he was wearing a mascot.

258. LUCILIUS: *On a Boxer.*

The pugilist Aulus dedicates his skull to the Lord of Pisa after collecting the bones one by one. And if he escapes the Nemean games, Jupiter Master, he will perhaps dedicate any surviving ribs as well.

264. LUCILIUS: *On a Miser.*

Hermon the miser dreamed he was extravagant and hanged himself from sheer vexation.

266. LUCILIUS: *On an Ugly Woman.*

Demosthenis has a sham mirror, for if she saw the truth she would not want to look in it at all.

274. LUCIAN: *On a Bore.*

Mercury, answer my question, how did the soul of Lollianus descend to the house of Persephone? If he kept silence, it was a marvel. Perchance he wanted to teach talkative you.[1] What a misfortune even to meet that man dead!

277. LUCILIUS: *On a Lazy Man.*

Lazy Marcus one night ran in his sleep. He never went to bed again for fear of another run.

281. PALLADAS: *On a Good Physician.*

When Magnus the physician descended into Hades, Pluto trembled and said: "He has come to revive even the dead".

282. ANONYMOUS: *On Cowards.*

No longer do I lament those who have left the sweet sunlight, but those who live in constant expectation of death.

287. PALLADAS: *On an Ugly Wife.*

He that is unlucky to have an amorphous wife looks into the dark when he lights the evening lamps.

[1] Mercury was called eloquent, *logios.*

293. PALLADAS: *On a Hack.*

Olympius promised me a horse and brought me a tail with a panting jade attached.

294. LUCILIUS: *On a Miser.*

Thou hast a rich man's riches but a pauper's soul. Thou art the wealth of thine heirs and thine own poverty.

300. PALLADAS: *On a Chatterer.*

Much thou chatterest, man, but soon shalt thou be laid underground. Be silent and meditate upon death while alive.

302. PALLADAS: *On Poverty.*

Not myself but my poverty hast thou insulted. But if even God were a beggar upon earth, He would have suffered insult.

305. PALLADAS: *On a Dunce.*

Shameless creature, utter dunce and folly's fosterling, why are you conceited over knowing nothing? Among Grammarians you are a Platonist, but if anybody asks about Plato's dogmas, you become a Grammarian again. From one you escape to the other, without knowing either Grammar or Plato.

310. LUCILIUS: *On a Woman's Make-up.*

You purchased your hair, rouge, honey, wax and teeth in the market. You could have bought a face for the same amount.

312. LUCILIUS: *On an Empty Tomb*

Passer-by, nobody dead lies here, for the poet Marcus built me as a tomb in order to write and inscribe an Epigram of one line: WEEP FOR MAXIMUS A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY FROM EPHESUS. I never saw any Maximus, but to show off the poet I tell passers-by to howl.[1]

315. LUCILIUS: *On a Thief.*

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes again on the cushion.

[1] The Greek phrase means also "to go to perdition".

322. ANTIPHANES: *On the Alexandrian Grammarians.*

Over-curious race of Grammarians, rooting up the poetry of others, unsuccessful bookworms wriggling over thorns, like blots upon the great, you boast of your Erinna, dry and bitter pack of Callimachus, you plague of the poets and obscurity of young schoolboys, like bugs your teeth secretly bite the euphonious—to Hell with you all!

331. NICARCHUS: *On the Yacht called the "Saviour".*

Philo had a yacht named the "Saviour", but perhaps God Himself could not be saved in her. It was only Saviour in name, and its passengers either went aground or visited the Queen of the Underworld.

332. NICARCHUS: *On a Leaky Ship.*

Eikander the boatswain appears to have embarked us on his boat not to sail but to bale her. She is full of water, and Neptune seems sailing in her to the other side. She is the first case ever seen of a ship with dropsy, but I am only afraid you are boarding[1] a coffin, not a boat.

343. PALLADAS: *On Wine and Sleep.*

Silvanus keeps two servants, Wine and Sleep. Friends and poetry he loves no longer. When he leaves his bed, Wine percolates his mulled wits. When he goes to bed, Sleep keeps him snoring.

349. PALLADAS: *On Man and the Universe.*

Tell me how you manage to measure the Universe and the world's ends with your little body composed of so little earth? Add thyself up first and know thyself and then compute the boundlessness of the Universe. But if you cannot count the clay of your little body, how can you learn to measure what is measureless?

355. PALLADAS: *On a Dilettante.*

You say you are omniscient, but you lack accomplishment in everything. You sip everything and make no subject your own.

[1] There is a pun in the Greek—*soron . . . eikosoron* (coffin . . . twenty-oared).

364. BIANOR: *On a Nobody.*

This is a nobody, a simple servant, but notice that he is lord of some other's soul.

366. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On a Miser.*

A certain miser sighted treasure in a dream and so enjoyed his wealthy slumber that he wished for death. But when he woke and sensed his former poverty after the shadowy fortune of his dream, he turned over to sleep again.

367 JULIAN ANTECESSOR: *On a Face like a Bird.*

You have a face exactly like an ostrich. Did Circe give you a potion to drink and change you into feathered kind?

369 JULIAN ANTECESSOR: *On a Dwarf.*

Live in town for safety lest the crane who likes Pygmy blood peck you!

372. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Ghost-like Person.*

Your body is shadowy and unsubstantial as the viewless wind. You should not venture to approach anyone. Somebody might draw in breath and sniff you up his nose, for you are lighter than a breath of air. You need not fear death, for you would not suffer change but become the phantom that you are.

375. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL: *On a Hated Wife.*

I sneezed near a tomb and wished on the spot for the news I hoped of my wife's death. My sneeze went to the winds, for none of the misfortunes of mankind, neither the plague nor death, touched her.

381. PALLADAS: *On Woman.*

Every woman is a nuisance, but she has two glorious hours—once in her bridal chamber and once in her coffin.

384. PALLADAS: *On the Monks.*

Why are there so many solitary monks? and if they are so many, how again do they stay solitary? You crowd of solitaries! you give the lie to solitude.

385. PALLADAS: *False Love.*

Your love is imitation and you love from fear and necessity. But nothing is more treacherous than such love.

389. LUCILIUS: *On Wealth.*

If thou livest the long life of a stag or crow, thou mayest pardonably heap enormous wealth, but if thou art a mortal and quickly stricken by old age, let not the lust of unmeasurable possessions take thee, lest thou destroyest thy soul in unbearable pains and they, who have not toiled, use thy goods.

390. LUCILIUS: *On Friendship.*

If thou lovest me, love me well and cheat me not by making friendship the beginning of injury. For all men I declare that hatred is often better than treacherous friendship, for they say that clear rocks are preferable to sunken reefs, when ships are travelling at sea.

397. LUCIAN: *On a Millionaire.*

Artemidorus counts all his millions and spends nothing, living the life of the pack-mule, which often carries a huge load of precious gold on his back and only gets hay to eat himself.

398. NICARCHUS: *On Baldness.*

A man dyed his head and killed the actual hair so that from being thick on top he became bald as an egg. The dyer achieved this much for him that he needs no barber to cut hair white or black for him.

403. LUCIAN: *On the Gout.*

Goddess of pauper-hating Gout, victrix of wealth, how well thou always knowest how to live. Though it is thy pleasure to pitch upon the feet of others, thou knowest what it is to wear felt wrappings and to hanker for perfumes. Thou delightest in wreaths and bumpers of Italian wine, things unknown to Poverty. Wherefore thou avoidest the penniless threshold of the poor and delightest to come to the feet of the rich.

408. LUCIAN: *On a Painted Woman.*

You dye your head, but you will never dye old age nor smooth your wrinkled cheeks. So don't plaster your whole face with white paint until you have more of a mask than a face. What is the use? Are you mad? Rouge and white paint will never make Hecuba into Helen.

409. GAETULICUS: *On a Drunken Woman.*

Four times Silenis placed lip to lip and drank the jar to the dregs. Fair-tressed Bacchus, with water she defiled thee not. But unsparingly she drank thee as thou first camest from the vineyard, and she nursed the cup until she descended to the sands of the dead.

413. AMMIANUS: *On a Vegetarian Dinner.*

Apelles gave us dinner as though he were sacrificing a vegetable-garden and imagined he was feeding sheep, not friends. There was radish and chicory, leeks and lettuce, onions, sweet-mint, rue and asparagus. After which, I was so afraid he would offer me hay that I swallowed some sodden lentils and away!

414. HEDYLUS: *On the Gout.*

The limb-loosening Gout was the daughter begotten of limb-loosening Bacchus and limb-loosening Venus.

416. ANONYMOUS: *Harlot's Gold.*

Wealth cometh to harlots also. What do I care? If the accursed gold loveth them, it can hate me.

418. TRAJAN THE EMPEROR: *On a Sharp Nose.*

Turn your nose sunward and open the chasm of your mouth and you will make a sundial for everyone passing by.

421. APOLLINARIUS: *Praise in Abuse.*

If you abuse me in my absence, you do me no injury. But praise from you to my face is as good as abuse.

422. ANTIOCHUS: *On an Illiterate.*

If Besas had wit, he would have hung himself. But now

his folly induces him to live and grow rich even after his maiden speech.

425. ANONYMOUS: *On marrying the Ancient Wealthy.*

Placianus, I wish you to understand that every old woman with the brass is a wealthy coffin.

428. LUCIAN: *On a Blackamoor.*

Why dost thou vainly wash thy Indian's body? Chuck the trick. Thou canst not enheliate[1] black night.

429. LUCIAN: *On Soberness.*

Acindynus wished to be sober when all were drunk, and as a result he was the only one supposed to be drunk.

432. LUCIAN: *On a Fool.*

A ninny bitten by a swarm of fleas put out the lamp, saying: "You can't see me any more".

[1] A coinage for filling with sunlight. Greek, *katheliasai.* Cp. the Miltonic verb "to sun-clothe".

THE MUSA PUERILIS

2. STRATO: *On his Muse.*

Seek not Priam at the altar in my pages nor the woes of Medea and Niobe, nor Itys in his marriage chamber nor nightingales among petals. The former poets gushed about all these. But seek sweet Love mingled with the hilarious Graces and Bacchus. Scowling brows fit them not.

5. STRATO: *On his Tastes.*

I love the white-skinned and I love the honey-coloured and I love the yellow-haired and I love the dark-tressed. Nor do I despise eyes that are blond, and above all I love eyes that flash black.

32. THYMOCLES: *On Beauty.*

Remember, remember the sacred verse I quoted thee: "Beauty is exceeding fair and Beauty is exceeding fragile". The swiftest bird in the Heavens shall not outstrip Beauty. Now behold how every flower of thine is shed to earth.

45 POSEIDIPPUS: *On Love's Arrows.*

Then fire and fire away, ye Cupids. I lie a target for you all at once. Spare me not, ye babies, for if ye conquer me, your names shall be among the immortal Archers as lords of a mighty quiver.

46. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Indifference.*

I am not twenty-two and I am weary of life. Why is this evil upon me, O ye Cupids? why do ye burn me? For if

I perish, what will ye do? It is obvious that you will play with your dice like babies as before.

47. MELEAGER: *Love's Gamble.*

Baby Love playing with dice of a morning still in his mother's lap played my soul for a stake.

48. MELEAGER: *Love's Cruelty.*

I am prostrate. Trample my neck, thou cruel demon. By Heaven I know thee, and thou art grievous to bear. I know thy flaming arrows. But if thou hurlest thy torch at my heart, there is nothing to kindle. Already all is ash.

53. MELEAGER: *Love's Ships.*

Nobly burthened ships of the main sailing the Hellespont with the North Wind bosomed in your sails, if you see Phanion on some beach of Cos watching the azure sea, give her this message, ye beautiful ships, that my passion brings me faring not by ship but on foot. And if you tell her this, be it well forthwith, and Jupiter will puff favourably into your sails.

58. RHIANUS: *On a Nurse.*

Troezen nurses beautiful boys. You will make no mistake in praising even the last of her boys. But Empedocles is as much the brightest as the fair rose shining among the other flowers of spring.

60. MELEAGER: *Love's Blindness.*

If I see Thero I see everything, but if I see everything and no Thero, then I see nothing.

76. MELEAGER: *On the Loveliness of Zoilus.*

If Love had neither bow nor wings nor quiver nor the flame-dipped arrows of Desire, I swear by winged Love himself that thou wouldst never know by their shape which was Zoilus and which was Love.

80. MELEAGER: *The Torture of Love.*

Tear-drenched soul, why is the appeased wound of Love again flaming in your core? No! for God's sake no! for God's sake, thou lover of folly, do not stir the fire that

glows beneath the ash. For if Love catches you again flying forgetful of your sorrow, he will torture you like a runaway slave.

89. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Victim.*

Venus, why have you made me the one target for three arrows? Why are three bolts lodged into one soul? I am burnt by one and dragged by another. I am bewildered which way to turn, and my whole being burns in the raging fire.

98. POSEIDIPPUS: *Love's Defeat.*

Desire bound the poet's soul like a singing cricket wishing to lull it among the thorns and to heap its flanks with fire. But the soul had suffered too much toil of old among books not to be able to scorn and reproach that ruthless god.

100. ANONYMOUS: *The Poet's Suffering.*

Venus, to what harbour of strange desires dost thou pitilessly bring me, although thyself hast made trial of the agony? Dost thou wish me to suffer the insufferable and to say that he who was wise in the Muses could be wounded by Venus alone.

102. CALLIMACHUS: *Love's Sport.*

Epicydes the huntsman tracks the hares in the hills and the footprints of the deer in spite of sleet and snow. But if anyone say, "there is a wounded beast!"—he leaves it. And the same instinct makes my Desire follow in pursuit, but pass over what lies in the middle way.[1]

104. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Jealousy.*

Let my love abide with me alone. If it frequent others, Venus, I hate sharing love.

105. ASCLEPIADES: *On a Happy Love.*

I am the fledgling Love—easily caught since I just left my mother, but I do not flight high up from the house of Damis, for, finding and giving Love here to few without rivalry, I sink into sweet and single minglement.

[1] The earliest description of the "sporting" instinct. Cp. Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice*—"with more pleasure chased than enjoyed".

109. MELEAGER: *The Lover burnt.*

Effeminate Diodorus fired the youths, but since he is caught by Timarion's bold eyes and carries the glucipicric[1] dart of Love, I perceive a new wonder—blazing fire burnt by fire.

111. ANONYMOUS: *On a Beautiful Boy.*[2]

Love is winged and you are swift-footed. Your beauty is equal—only, Eubius, we fall to both your arrows.

114. MELEAGER: *On the Star of Love.*

Hail, Lucifer, herald of Dawn! but come back quickly as the Evening Star and secretly bring her whom thou takest.

115. ANONYMOUS: *Love's Shield.*

I have drunk untampered madness and, intoxicated with mighty words, I have armoured myself with frenzy for the approach. I will serenade her, and what care I for thunder or lightning? Let them fall upon my invincible shield of Love.

117. MELEAGER: *Love's Holiday.*

Throw the dice and light the links! Out go I! Look at my drunken daring. What is the trouble? Revelling go I! Revelling I go! Whither dost thou turn, soul of mine? Does Love reflect? Light up quick! Where are my studies and learning of aforetime? Hellward with learning's long labour! I only know that Love wrecked the very resolution of God.

120. POSEIDIPPUS: *Reason against Love.*

Well-armoured I will fight thee, nor will I give in, mortal though I am. But Love, attack me no longer. If thou findest me drunk, carry me off prisoner, but as long as I am sober I have Reason marshalled against thee.

123. ANONYMOUS: *On a Boxer.*

When Menecharmus, the son of Anticles, won at box-

[1] A coinage from the Greek—"sweet-bitter".

[2] To make sense presume the writer a running victor.

ing, I crowned him with ten pliant wreaths and thrice I embraced him saturated with blood that was sweeter to me than myrrh.

131. POSEIDIPPUS: *The Courtesan's Prayer.*

Thou that hauntest Cyprus and Cytherea and Miletus and the lovely horse-trampled plain of Syria, come graciously to Callistion, who never thrust a lover from her doors.

132. MELEAGER: *Love and the Soul.*

Did I not cry to thee, O my soul: "By Venus, Love's luckless one, thou wilt be taken if thou fliest again and again into the lime". Did I not shout so? and now the snare has caught thee. Why dost thou vainly struggle in the fetters? Love himself has bound thy wings and set thee over the fire. Love has sprayed thee in thy faintness with perfumes and given thee hot tears to drink in thy thirst.

134. CALLIMACHUS: *Love's Wound.*

Our guest has a secret wound. Saw ye the pain with which he drew breath through his body when he drank the third cup? And all the roses upon the fellow's garland lost petal and fell to the ground. Something burns him fiercely. By the gods, I do not guess haphazardly. A thief myself, I know the signs of a thief.

137. MELEAGER: *Love and Chanticleer.*

Thou crier of the Dawn, thou art an ill herald unto the love-worn. Thrice accursedly thou flappest and crowest exultantly above my bed at night and sweetly mockest my agonies when so little night is left for love. Is this thy kind gratitude to thy breeder? By the morning dim I swear this is the last time thou singest thy bitter tune.

147. MELEAGER: *Love's Anxiety.*

She has been carried off! Who would be so cruel as to make such an armed attack? Who so strong as to make war against Love? Quick, light the links! But a foot

falls!—Heliodora's! O my heart, return into my bosom again.

153. ASCLEPIADES: *Love's Complaint.*

Once Archeades and I lay close to each other, but now, wretched girl that I am, he does not even turn my way in play. Honeyed Love is not always sweet, though often he becomes the sweeter to the lovers he has tortured.

166. ASCLEPIADES: *Defiance of Love.*

Whatever is here left of my soul, let it have peace, O ye Cupids, for the love of the gods. Or else fire upon me with lightning instead of arrows. Reduce me to utter ashes and cinder. Fire away, fire, ye Cupids, for in my withering sorrow I only crave this least favour from you.

172. EVENUS: *The two Pains.*

If hatred is pain and Love is pain, I prefer of the two miseries the gentler sorrow for my wound.

173. PHILODEMUS: *Forbidden Fruit.*

Demo and Thermion are my death. Thermion is a courtesan and Demo as yet knows not Venus. One I may touch, but the other is forbidden. Venus, by thee I swear, I know not which to call the more desirable. Say the original Demo, for I do not want what is procurable. I desire the guarded.

188. STRATO: *Love's Punishment.*

If I wrong you by a kiss and you consider it an insult, take me and kiss me back for punishment.

190. STRATO: *On the Picture of the Beloved.*

Blessed is he that figured thee and blessed is this colouring, which was knowingly melted by thy beauty. Would that I were the mite and the crawling wood-worm to rise and devour the boards of thy picture.

197. STRATO: *The Virgin Charm.*

"Know when the season is," said one of the Seven Sages to Philip, for all things are more lovable in their flower.

Admirable too is the sight of the prime cucumber upon the garden beds. But ripened, it becomes pigs' fodder.

199. STRATO: *On Intoxication.*

I have already measured sufficient wine to release my stability of mind and speech. The flame of the lamp seems torn in two, and the oftener I try, I count the recumbent guests double. My fevered eye hunts not only the wine-pourer, but glances out of all season for Jupiter's Water-pourer in the Heavens.[1]

203. STRATO: *Love's Timidity.*

You kiss me when I don't want it, and when I kiss you, you don't want it. You are easy when I fly from you, but difficult when I approach.

215. STRATO: *The Aging of Youth.*

Now thou art Spring and Summer afterwards and what next shalt thou be, Cyris? Take thought, for thou shalt also be Autumn stubble.

234. STRATO: *The End of Beauty.*

If thou art boastful of thy beauty, know that the rose also blooms and is suddenly withered and thrown upon the midden. An equal hour is allotted to flowers and loveliness, but envious Time withers both together.

[1] Aquarius, the constellation occupied by the cup-bearer of Jupiter, Ganymede.

EPIGRAMS IN VARIOUS METRES

4. ANACREON: *On a Dead Soldier.*

Best of my valiant friends, I grieve for thee, Aristocleides. Thou didst sacrifice youth to defend thy fatherland from slavery.

7. CALLIMACHUS: *On a Bow.*

Menoetas of Lyctus dedicated his bow and remarked, "Serapis, here I give you my horn-handle and quiver. But the arrows I have given to the men of Hesperis.[1]

21. THEODORIDES: *On a Bad Poet.*

The tomb of Mnasalcas the Plataean elegist. His poetry was a rip from the page of Simonides, an empty noise of dithyrambs on tap. He is dead. Cast no stones, but, were he alive, he would be blowing his own trump.[2]

[1] Cyrenaeans—his enemies.

[2] Greek *tympanon*, "drum".

RIDDLES

5. *Smoke.*

I am the black child of a white father, a wingless bird flighting to the clouds of heaven. I bring bitter tears to the pupils of the eyes I meet. At my birth I dissolve instantly to air.

9. ANDROMACHE.

My father-in-law killed my husband. My husband killed my father-in-law. My brother-in-law killed my father-in-law. My father-in-law killed my father.[1]

17. *Sport.*

Hunting is practice for war. Hunting teaches catching the hidden, resisting the aggressor and the pursuit of flight.

22. *Silence.*

Without speaking, you disclose my name. But if you must speak, you can again by speaking disclose my name. Marvellous!

33. NESSUS AND HERCULES.

I slew my slayer but to no pleasure of mine, for Death made the slain immortal.

40. *Day and Night.*

I am born of my mother and my mother is born of me. Sometimes I am longer than her and sometimes shorter.

46. *Scandal—Sandal.*[2]

Add a letter to my name and it makes a stumbling-block. But by itself it will prevent a man hurting his feet.

[1] Achilles killed Hector. Pyrrhus killed Priam. Paris killed Achilles. Achilles killed Eetion.

[2] The Greek pun is the same—*sandalon—scandalon.*

64. *The Sphinx concerning Man.*

One name covers two-foot, three-foot and four-foot on the ground. It is the only creeping creature moving in earth or sea or air, which changes its nature. But the more feet it moves upon, the less speedier it is of limb.

70. THE ORACLE OF SERAPIS.

Stranger, do not ever blame the gods in aught, but blame the hour in which thy father sowed thee.

71. THE ORACLE OF THE PYTHONESS.

Stranger, approach pure and holy of soul to the divine precinct and dip thy hand in the water of the Nymphs. So little purification suffices for the good, but all the streams of Ocean cannot cleanse the wicked.[1]

110. *Sleep.*

No one sees me when his eyes are open but only when his eyes are shut. Then he speaks but speaks not, runs but runs not. I am unreal, but I reveal all truth.

[1] Compare Lady Macbeth—"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood?"

A MISCELLANY

3. ANONYMOUS. *On a Martyr's Tomb.*

God made me, Nikander, His faithful Martyr while I was seventeen, pure and unstained.[1]

17. CONSTANTINUS OF RHODES: *On the Ikon of the Mother of God.*

He that would paint thee, O Virgin, would need the stars rather than colours, and to paint thee as the Gate of Light would need the lights of Heaven. But the stars do not obey mortal command, and therefore we draw and paint thee by natural means and by laws of art.

18. ANONYMOUS: *On a Draught Board.*

Palamedes, your bones should have been sawn to make the pieces for the game of mimic warfare. For when you were on service, you taught friends to play a new form of war on a wooden board.[1]

19. ANONYMOUS: *On a Physician's Romance.*

Doctor Asclepiades eloped with a girl, and after his outrageous elopement invited a crowd of dancers and sluts to his real wedding. In the evening the house fell down and all were cast into Hell. Corpse lay fallen upon corpse and the noble bride-chamber dripped scarlet slaughter among the rose wreaths.

20. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA: *On Quietism.*

Imitate the silences of Time himself, and pass over this

[1] One of the martyrs under Diocletian.

[2] Palamedes invented draughts in the trenches at Troy.

miserable life in silence. Manage to live unnoticed. You will manage to be so when you are dead.

35. THEOPHANES: *A Wish.*

Would that I were the argent lily, which thou couldst take in thy hands and sate me closer to thy skin.

39A. IGNATIUS: *On Plato.*

By exploring the depths of Plato thou hast uprooted the passions amongst thy reasoning powers imputed.[1]

42. ANONYMOUS: *On a Charioteer.*[2]

Since Constantinus entered the house of Hades, all the glory of charioteering is gone with him.

[1] The only rhyming Epigram in the Anthology.
[2] In the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

THE PLANUDEAN EPIGRAMS

9. ANONYMOUS: *On the Belly.*

Belly, thou art a dog-fly, for whose sake flattering parasites sell the law of liberty for a mess of pottage.[1]

13. PLATO: *On a Bower.*

Be seated by the lofty foliage of this murmuring pine tree, trembling in the gusts of Zephyr, and beside my splashing streams the flute shall cast a coma[2] upon thy tranced eyelids.

14. ZENODOTUS: *On a Fountain dedicated to Love.*

Who sculpted Love and placed him over the fountain, thinking that his fire could be quenched with water?

16. ANONYMOUS: *Nothing in Excess.*

All the superfluous is unseasonable, for there is an old saw that even too much honey maketh bilious.[3]

18. ANONYMOUS: *On dealing with Money-dealers.*

Please thy soul by borrowing and leave the money-lenders to get scrivener's-finger-palsy[4] counting up the figures.

19. ANONYMOUS: *On a Bishop's Lady-love.*

"Patience[5] be unto all", said the Bishop on his arrival. How can he distribute Patience, when within he keeps her to himself alone?

[1] Lit. "a sop", *zōmos*.
[2] Greek *kōma*, "drowsiness".
[3] The motto at Delphi ran *mēden agan*—"nothing in excess".
[4] All in one glorious Greek word—*dactylokampsodyne*.
[5] The Greek is Irene (Peace), but Patience is the only name giving the necessary pun.

27. ANONYMOUS: *On Sardanapalus.*

Well thou knowest thou wast mortal-born. Lift up thine heart and enjoy the feasting. There is no profit in being dead. I ruled great Nineveh and I am ashes. What I ate I keep and I keep my riotings and my love-making, but my multitudinous wealth I left behind. This is the wise rule of life for mankind.

58. ANONYMOUS: *On the Statue of a Bacchante.*

Hold the Bacchante lest, stone though she be, she leap the threshold and escape from the temple.

60. SIMONIDES: *On Scopas' Statue of a Bacchante.*

Who is this? A Bacchante. And who carved her? Scopas! And who drove her mad, Bacchus, or Scopas? Oh, Scopas!

64. ANONYMOUS: *On the Statue of the Emperor Justin.*

I, Theodorus the Prefect, erected this glittering statue by the shore to the Emperor Justin that he might shed his peace upon the harbour as well.

77. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS: *On a Picture of the Empress Theodora.*

The pencil has scarcely rendered the girl's eyes and her hair not at all nor the supreme sheen of her skin. If anybody can draw the splendour of the sun, he can draw the splendour of Theodora.

80. AGATHIAS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Courtesan.*

I was a Courtesan in Constantinople favouring anybody with purchased Love. I am the richly dight Callirhoe, whom the love-stricken Thomas pictured here with melting wax and as melting heart, showing the immense desire of his soul.

81. PHILIP: *On Pheidias' Statue of Olympian Zeus.*

Pheidias! either God came to earth from Heaven to show thee His likeness or thou didst find a way to see God.

83. ANONYMOUS: *On a Picture of Ajax.*

Ajax, Timomachus is more really thy father, for thy

nature lies caught in his art. The painter saw thee going mad. His hand shared thy frenzy and his painted tears mingled with all thine agonies of woe.

98. ANONYMOUS: *On Hercules Drunk.*

He that is now weighed down with drowse and drink slew the Centaurs when he was sober and they were gravid with wine.

108. JULIAN: *On the Statue of an Airman.*

Icarus, remember you are but bronze. Let not your craft nor the feathered yoke upon your shoulders delude you. If you fell into the Ocean's wave in life, how can you now wish to fly in bronze?

116. EVODUS: *On a Centaur.*

There was a headless horse and an unfinished man, whom Nature for a freak grafted to the swift steed.

120. ARCHELAUS: *On a Statue of Alexander.*

Lysippus modelled Alexander in all his daring. What a power there is in bronze! This bronze seems to gaze upon God and say: "I have laid the earth under me. Do thou keep Olympus, O God!"

129. ANONYMOUS: *On Praxiteles' Statue of Niobe.*

The gods turned me into stone from life, but Praxiteles made me live once more!

139. JULIAN, CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Picture of Medea.*

When Timomachus painted Medea, he threw two souls into her soulless likeness. He united the jealous wife with the loving mother, and showed her with eyes torn different ways.

145. ANONYMOUS: *On a Statue of Ariadne.*

No mortal sculptured thee, but thou wast wrought as thy Lover Bacchus saw thee resting on the rocks.

162. ANONYMOUS: *On Praxiteles' Statue of Venus.*

When Venus saw the Venus at Cnidos, she said: "Alas, Alas! where did Praxiteles see me disrobed?"

174. ANONYMOUS: *On a Statue of Venus armed.*

Minerva saw Venus armed and said: "Venus, would you wish that we went thus to the Judgment?" Lightly laughing, Venus answered: "Why should I pick up the shield against you? If I can conquer naked, how much more so when armed."

197. ANTIPATER OF SIDON: *On a Statue of Love bound.*

Who bound thy hands to the pillar with unescapable knots? Who captured fire with fire and guile with guile? Child, sprinkle not thy sweet face with tears, for in young men's tears is thy delight.

207. PALLADAS: *On a Statue of Love.*

Love is naked and smiles and is gentle therefore, being without his bow and flaming arrows. Not emptily does he brandish a flower and a dolphin in his hands, for the one showeth his possession of the earth and the other of the sea.

222. PARMENION: *On Pheidias' Statue of Nemesis.*[1]

I am the marble, which the hopeful Persians brought as a trophy, but which occasion changed to a statue of the goddess Nemesis, justly seated on Rhamnusian shore in testimony of Athenian victory and Athenian art.

253. ANONYMOUS: *On a Picture of Diana unarmed.*

"Diana, where is the bow and the quiver upon thy neck and thy Cretan hunting-boots and the brooch of wrought gold and thy purple habit lifted over the knee?" "That is my hunting panoply, but I pass as I am to meet the holy incense upon the altars."

270. MAGNUS THE PHYSICIAN: *On a Picture of Galen.*

Galen, there was a time when, thanks to thee, men born mortal upon earth were reared immortal. By force of thy healing hand the over-mournful halls of Hades were themselves laid in bereavement.

[1] The capture of the Turkish trophy at Kut affords a modern parallel.

272. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Beloved Physician.*

Iamblichus, the dearest of men, reached old age pure of converse with women. He followed his medical practice and taught his art to others without stretching a palm even for his just earnings.

284. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC.

I am Byzantian Helladia and here I stand, where the folk dance in spring-time and where the straits appropriately divide the land, since two Continents admired my steps.

285. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On the Picture of a Flute-player.*

No man gilded Anthusa, but Jupiter poured himself upon her as once upon Danae. But her body he approached not, shame overcoming him lest he might unwittingly mingle with a Muse.

301. ANONYMOUS: *On Homer.*

If Homer be a god, let him be worshipped amongst the immortals; but if he be no god, at least let his reputation be divine.

304. ANONYMOUS: *On Homer.*

Homer, by thy recital of one city's burning, thou hast stirred envy amongst the cities of the unsacked.

314. ARABIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On an Upright Judge.*

The State would have offered Longinus his statue in gold, did not queenly Justice spurn gold.

318. ANONYMOUS: *On the Picture of a Dull Orator.*

Whoever painted your ineloquence under the figure of an orator? You are silent and speechless—nothing really could be more lifelike!

320. ANONYMOUS: *On the Statue of Aristides.*

Aristides stopped the ancient feud between the Cities of Ionia for Homer's birthplace. For they all say that Smyrna must have borne the divine Homer, since she also bore the eloquent Aristides.

325. JULIAN THE CONSUL OF EGYPT: *On a Statue of Pythagoras.*[1]

The sculptor wished to finish Pythagoras meditating in silence rather than explaining the subtle nature of numbers. Perhaps he has hidden the voice within, which he could have given as well.

357. LEONTIUS THE SCHOLASTIC: *On a Charioteer.*

Venus loved Anchises and the Moon loved Endymion, for such are the myths of the ancients. But now a new myth shall be sung, how haply Victory fell in love with the eyes of Porphyrius the charioteer.

365. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Charioteer.*

Ever since Constantine entered the house of Hades, the racecourse is full of disappointments. The spectators have lost their pleasure, and you no longer see even the friendly rivalries in the streets.

369. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Charioteer.*

Deathless Constantine, thy high-splendoured course embraced the bounds of East, and West, North and South. Let none say thou art dead, for Hades cannot lay her hand upon the undefeated.

380. ANONYMOUS: *On a Dead Charioteer.*

Porphyrius, the wonder of the Blue partisans, conquered every charioteer on earth. Nobly he rises upon his heavenly course. The victor of all drivers below mounts to drive his horses with the Sun.

[1] The Greek Einstein.

KAI TO TELOS THANATOS

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